THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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I looked, and I saw you writing his name...
Oh! love is a stupid, nonsensical game
If a woman must write with trembling hand
The name of a man in the shifting sand,

For the tides will wash what you write away,
(Yes, I know, for I tried it yesterday),
But copy it deep in your heart again
And not tide nor time shall erase it then.

You must carve it deep, that's part of the game,
Oh! I know the rules for I've done the same...
You're wondering now are his thoughts for you
And I know how you feel . . . I love him too.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

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DIVORCE *is on the* INCREASE

Latest Australian Figures are Striking

By The Australian Women's Weekly Special Commissioner.

Latest figures for the three principal States show that divorce is increasing in Australia.

New South Wales appears to be the most divorce-minded State, the number of petitions lodged being more than double that of Victoria and Queensland combined.

An important development of divorce jurisdiction is the fact that judges have been exercising a wider discretion in granting relief in cases of domestic unhappiness.

COURT records show that divorce is increasing in Australia out of proportion to the increase in the number of marriages being celebrated.

In New South Wales no fewer than 1958 petitions were lodged during last year, of which 1400 were disposed of, and approximately 400 cases were left to be dealt with during the present year.

The list of unheard cases is being added to daily at the rate of six per day. In 1932, 1867 petitions were filed in the Sydney Divorce Office, the figures for that year being an increase of 400 on those of the year 1930, when 1476 petitions were lodged.

In Other States

THE Victorian figures also show a substantial increase on previous years—601 petitions were filed, of which 341 were by wives and 260 by husbands. Of this number, decrees were granted in 495 cases, of which 127 were for misconduct and 335 for desertion.

Over 100 actions are still pending for the February sittings of the Divorce Court, and as is the case in N.S.W., the list is being added to daily.

Divorce is not quite so popular in Queensland, as in the Northern State only 112 petitions were received during 1933, the number representing only a slight increase on the figures of recent years. Seventy cases were dealt with, and 37 were stood over until the present year.

For the years 1901-1910 the average number of divorces granted in Australia was slightly over 6 per 10,000 existing marriages, while for the last period over which they have been calculated (1921-1930) it had risen to nearly 16 per 10,000 marriages.

One explanation would appear to be that not only have the Divorce Acts of N.S.W. and Victoria made the severing of the marriage tie comparatively easy, but Judges of the Courts of both States have for some years past been following the practice of the English Judges and exercising a wider discretion in the granting of relief in cases of domestic unhappiness.

* * *

THIS has been particularly so in cases where it has been shown that the wife, who is petitioning, has herself been guilty of misconduct, which has been brought about by the ill-treatment or neglect of her husband having forced her into the arms of another man.

Formerly a woman who had been guilty of adultery herself had little hope of relief from the Court, but a much broader view is now taken, and Judges consider all the circumstances of the case, and base their decisions on what is the best interests of the parties themselves, and also from the point of view of the public morals.

Divorce a few years ago was a comparatively costly luxury, and noted cases during the past couple of years have shown that where the parties have money to burn, it can still be extremely costly, but when either party to a marriage is without means, assistance is given by the Divorce Office, and a divorce can now be secured in N.S.W. for something in the vicinity of seven guineas.

It is interesting to note that the English divorce figures for 1932 (the latest available) show that a record was established for the largest number of petitions filed in a year since statistics were first compiled in 1908.

Over the past 24 years the average number of divorce suits dealt with in England was 1027, and in 1932 it had increased to 4638.

By comparison with N.S.W., however, with a population of slightly over 2,000,000, with 1958 petitions, the English figures show that recourse to the Divorce Courts is almost eight times as popular in N.S.W. as in England.



FACE POWDER SO PURE THAT IT CANNOT POSSIBLY MAKE YOUR SKIN ROUGH.

1/6 and 2/6 box

Here is a face powder that never makes the skin dry or coarse, no matter how often you use it. Atkinsons powder

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- Will not coarsen the skin.
- Never irritates — contains no harmful ingredients.
- Contains NO rice flour or bismuth.

Atkinsons powder gives the same wonderful results on every type of skin. Lightweight powders will not hide shine, and very heavyweight powders "cake" on the skin. But the specially blended texture of Atkinsons powder makes it spread smoothly and evenly—and eliminates constant re-powdering.

A shade to match your skin exactly!

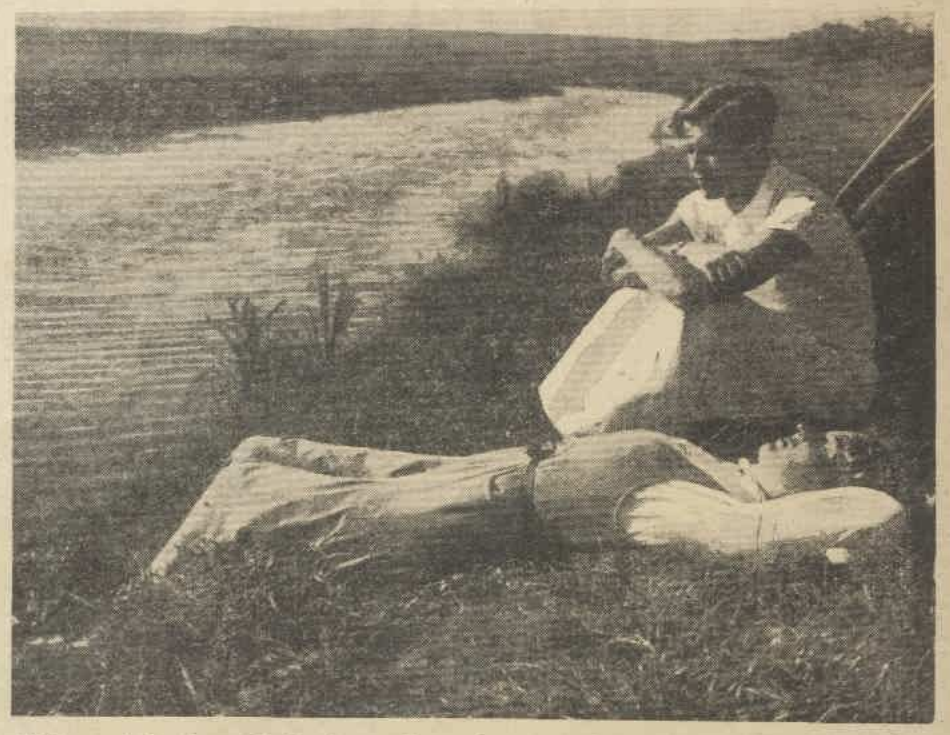
Among these six new shades you'll find just the right tint for your complexion. Choose from Rachel, Natural, Suntan, White, Brunette, Rachel No. 2. Suntan and Rachel No. 2 are very smart for daytime, and Brunette is the newest of the dark shades.

ATKINSONS Face Powders

Black Tulip . . Californian Poppy . . White Rose 1/6 and 2/6 Box.

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A COUNTRY IDYLL



IT IS not only by the seaside that Nature offers enchantment and peace. These two happy holiday-makers are enjoying the serene beauty of a country river.

WANTED...1000 *Opinions on* WIRELESS MUSIC!

As there is no organised body of listeners to express opinions on the wireless programmes, we have opened our columns to readers to enable them to have their say.

CRITICISM has been levelled by us at the "A" class programmes provided by the Australian Broadcasting Commission, the body which gets all the license fees. We have especially challenged the standard of the musical and kindred items, which form nearly two-thirds of the programmes.

Last week we published the reply of Major Conder, general manager of the commission, indicating that he is generally satisfied with the present programme standard. This attitude is apparently endorsed by the Commission itself, as in the annual report issued recently the following is stated:

"No radical changes are contemplated, since the encouraging increase in licenses for the year sets the seal of public approbation on the work that is being done."

As a matter of fact two very notable radio events of last year were the development of "B" class stations, and the improvement and cheapening of sets. These factors probably were the main causes of the increase in licenses issued.

* * *

THE next big event that can happen in the radio field is a reduction of license fees. Sets can now be obtained at low cost and on easy terms; but the initial license fee of 24/- is too steep for thousands of would-be listeners.

If the fee were halved the number of listeners would perhaps be doubled.

Another important event would be the complete overhauling of the present system of programme building and presentation by the Commission.

Our "So They Say" page will probably receive a thousand or more letters from listeners. Such a large number must be regarded as a representative cross section of listeners. We await the verdict with interest.

* * *

TO ensure the letters being as impartial and informative as possible, readers are asked to keep in mind the following general questions:

1. At what times do you mostly listen and what kind of music do you prefer?
2. Are you satisfied with the musical programmes of the "A" class stations, particularly the evening concerts and revues?
3. Do you listen more to the recorded items from the "A" and "B" class stations than to the local artists from the "A" class stations?
4. If you prefer records, is it because of the quality of the performances, or the more interesting range of items rendered?
5. Which six recorded performers or orchestras do you prefer?
6. Which six local artists or orchestras do you prefer?

You need not answer all the questions unless you desire to.

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Spirit of MADNESS WILL *Possess* US!

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Correspondent in Europe.

After the years of depression, will returning prosperity bring a spirit of madness to Australia? Mr. Bruce thinks so.

AS the only other Australian representative present, I felt quite responsible for the showers of admiration heaped upon the Commonwealth on the occasion of the annual dinner of the London Women Advertisers' Club.

Mr. Bruce was the guest in honor of the amazing recovery made by Australia which has set Europe gasping in wonder.

In introducing Mr. Bruce, the president, Miss B. S. Fielding, said:



MR. S. M. BRUCE.

"In calling to your minds the picture of Australia three years ago, faced with financial and economic disaster after a period of great prosperity, the determined way in which Australia tackled the depression will be passed down in history as the story of a people who shouldered sacrifices under which many would have sunk."

Mr. Bruce, in his best after-dinner manner, then told the assembly of all the biggest advertising firms in London what a fight Australia has put up.

"We have paid back every farthing of our overseas debt, and it is time you stopped raving about importation, and thanked God you got your money instead of throwing hot bricks!" he said.

He then spoke of the impending spirit of madness which is likely to pass over Australia when prosperity first returns. There is bound to be the reaction to all these years of depression.

"We must consider how we are to get on during the period of madness which is inevitably coming!" he said.

* * *

THE next speaker, a prominent woman advertiser, talked of how little the average English person knew of Australia.

"We would say, 'Australia? Oh, yes, Australia is a huge continent on the other side of the world, with a big town called Sydney, and outside Sydney a lot of scrub called bush, and inhabitated by blacks, and after that there's just desert!'

"Frankly that's what most of us would have to answer. Why don't we know all about this wonderful country?

"What are the women like? Do they like Paris frocks? Are they interested in fashions? What films? What books?"

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Let's Talk Of— INTERESTING PEOPLE . . .



—Women's Weekly photo.

SUCCESSFUL COMPOSER

AUSTRALIAN songs for Australian people might well be the slogan of Miss Meta Maclean, who has herself written the words and music of many popular numbers which have figured in official celebrations in Queensland.

She is the composer of the official song of the Country Women's Association in Queensland—a song that is all Australian in its theme, and could be equally successful as the song for the Association in every State.

Miss Maclean's latest success was the song of welcome written especially for the arrival of Sir Kingsford Smith in Brisbane after his last flight from England, and she also wrote the official songs of welcome for Amy Johnson, Bert Hinkler, the Duke and Duchess of York and other notabilities.



—Dickinson Monteath.

BUSY ORGANISER

MRS. D. A. SKENE, M.B.E., was a happy choice as organiser of the Women's Centenary Committee, Melbourne, being herself the descendant of a pioneer family.

Mrs. Skene has been an executive member of the National Council of Women for many years. She is a past president of both State and Australian National Councils, and is secretary of the Australian Council and international secretary of the State Council.

Mrs. Skene is at present on leave from her position as hon. secretary of the Children's Hospital, a position she has held for 15 years, and she has been for some years on the committee of the Victorian Baby Health Centres Association.



PORTRAIT IN PALACE

MARY LLOYD, now frail and old, with silver hair and soft brown eyes, has been the subject of more world-famous masterpieces than any other woman alive.

There is a portrait of Mary Lloyd on the walls of Buckingham Palace. Three portraits stand in the Tate Gallery. There are statues of her in the Royal Exchange, in the heart of the City of London, and in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Because her face typified purity, Sir William Richmond designed the angels' faces in the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral after her.

She is now 70 years of age, and does odd jobs in London whenever she can.

IS *Your* BRAIN CLUTTERED with FALSE *Facts?*

BEFORE you read further, take a look at the statements in the panel opposite, and write "Yes" or "No," according to what you have been accustomed to think about these subjects. If you are honest with yourself, you will perhaps be surprised at the results.

But do not be surprised if you get the answers wrong. If you knew everything that was known by human beings, you still would not know a very great deal.

OWING to our faulty methods of thinking, our brains are storehouses of false knowledge. In many respects, we are still as ignorant as the people who thought the world was flat.

The 24 statements set out on this page are not intended to suggest a field of general knowledge with which people should become acquainted; their purpose is to indicate that there are many subjects upon which we think we are well informed when really we are misinformed, and that, if this is the case with superficial subjects, how much more inclined to error may we not be on subjects of real importance.

The world has scarcely started to think properly yet. Sir James Jeans, the celebrated scientist, illustrates this point by saying that if you took Cleopatra's Needle (about 100 feet high), and then placed a penny on top of it, and then placed a postage stamp on top of the penny, the postage stamp would represent the last thousand years of history, the penny would represent the number of years man has been known to exist, and Cleopatra's Needle would represent the age of the world.

He then goes on to say that if you take the pillar, the penny and the stamp and set them beside Mont Blanc, one of the highest mountains in the world, and then add postage stamps one by one to the first one, until you have reached the top of the mountain, you will have an idea of how many thousands of years more, each stamp being one thousand, there are for men to gain knowledge.

When talking of what we know in relation to the thickness of a postage stamp we are dealing with what experts know.

The knowledge of the average person is even less. In fact it is not measurable at all. This, however, is not entirely the fault of the average person; it is the fault of our antiquated methods of education and our next to useless curriculums.

Children waste the best years of their student days studying subjects which they forget all about when they are grown up. Subjects that really matter as, for instance, psychology, biology, sociology, physiology, physical culture, dietetics, musical appreciation, dramatic art, self expression and voice production, deportment and dancing, color harmony, art and simple philosophy, current history in relation to geography and general knowledge are scarcely touched on.

Instead years of work are wasted on algebra, trigonometry, geometry, Greek, Latin, history of no consequence, geography of no consequence, and half a dozen other entirely useless subjects.

As a result, when the student leaves school, all her or his natural desire for knowledge has been stifled to death by pure boredom.

Here are the correct versions of the statements given in the panel:—

(1) Wonderful things are claimed of palmistry, but there has never been any real proof. One thing is certain: The lines on the palm of the hand are always changing. So that what a palmist may see one year, will be different a few years later.

(2) The idea that white is antiseptic is a fallacy which started during the Boer War. To-day many hospital operating theatres and wards are being done in colors.

(3) There is no mention of the apple in the Bible. See for yourself.

(4) Brown bread is white bread colored. Under food regulations brown bread does not have to contain wholemeal. But bread sold as a "wholemeal" does.

(5) There is no such place as Arc. Joan of Arc's real name was Joan Darc. The English mistakenly took her surname to be d'Arc, meaning Joan of Arc.

(6) This statement and numbers 9 and 10 are answered in the negative. Physiognomy, or the art of telling persons' characters by the shape of their hands, the color of their hair, or facial features, is not a true science.

(7) Fish is no more a brain food than any other food. Anyhow food does not go to the brain.

(8) A fish drowns in water if the movement of its gills is interrupted.

(11) The sponge is one of the lowest forms of animal life.

(12) According to zoology experts the monkey is searching for, and eating, a salty excretion from his fellow-monkey's fur.

(13) The large pipes of the organ are there only for show purposes.

(14) Man has only two skins, the epidermis and the dermis.

(15) The heart beat is felt on the left of the body because the most muscular chamber, the left ventricle, is on the left, but the heart itself is really in the middle of the body; if anything it is more to the right.

(16) Earwigs are so called because the hind wings are shaped like an ear.

(17) Camels do not carry water in their humps.

(18) Dr. Guillotin imported his supposed invention from Persia. He died in his bed.

(19) This is nonsense.

(20) Australia was discovered by Dutch, French and British navigators at least 100 years before Captain Cook landed in Botany Bay.

(21) The shortest distance between two points is a straight line, only in three dimensional space.

(22) Sherlock Holmes was a fictitious character created by the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

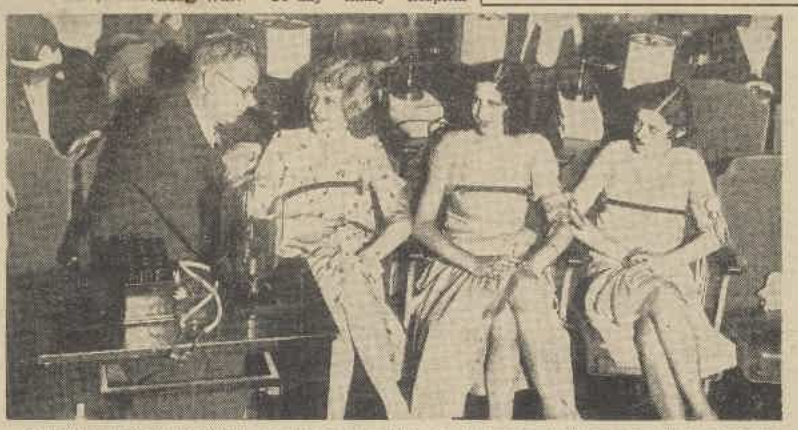
(23) If everything has a beginning there can be no infinity, and vice versa. If you believe there is infinity, it must stretch both ways. Try and figure it out.

(24) The answer to this statement is "Yes."

Are These Correct?—YES or NO

1. You can read a person's future by the palm.
2. White material, white enamelled metal, or white painted furniture is antiseptic.
3. The Bible says Eve tempted Adam with an apple.
4. Brown bread is wholemeal bread.
5. There is a place in France called Arc, which produced Joan of Arc.
6. Long, slender hands indicate a sensitive nature.
7. Fish is a brain food.
8. A fish drowns in air.
9. Red hair is a sign of temper.
10. A heavy, square jaw is an indication of strong will.
11. Sponges are sea plants.
12. Monkeys comb each other's fur for vermin.
13. The large pipes in an organ play.
14. Man has seven skins.
15. The heart is on the left of the body.
16. Earwigs are so called because they get in the ear.
17. Camels carry water in the hump.
18. Dr. Guillotin invented and died by the guillotine.
19. A person who does not look you in the eye is dishonest.
20. Captain Cook discovered Australia.
21. Shortest distance between two points is a straight line.
22. There was such a person as Sherlock Holmes.
23. Everything has a beginning but there is such a thing as infinity.
24. The human baby, before it is born, is at one stage covered with hair like a monkey, and has a tail.





THESE THREE GIRLS are being tested by an American professor for their peculiar reactions. One is a blonde, the other a brunette, and the third a red-haired girl. The popular notion that brunettes are more nervous than blondes, and that red-headed girls are quick-tempered could not be proved scientifically when tested.

HOLLYWOOD!—The Land of *Beautified Women*

Says
DOROTHY DUNCKLEY, writing from Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD is delightful, full of enchantment, but it is the land of beautified, not beautiful, women. Even then their allure is mostly in the pen of the publicity man, the art of the camera, and in the genius of the director.

However, Hollywood's reputation for glorious women has brought into existence every conceivable aid to beauty.

Plastic surgeons are working overtime, removing every trace of curve from wealthy Jewish noses—there are bandaged faces everywhere.

Eyelashes and eyebrows are being dyed, a not so harmless process, as several victims to blindness testify.

Every store, druggist, frock shop, milliner, even shoestore, has dozens of attractively-advertised creams, lotions, powders, etc., all very moderately priced.

Chemists—I mean druggists—sell peroxide and ammonia till their arms ache, and they are responsible for the sorry spectacle of hundreds of amateur platinum blondes one sees in the streets.

These pathetic creatures are usually young, usually pretty, but their masses of dead straw hair in every stage of discouragement kill every charm. With the new, very sensitive, film now used, ordinary fair or golden hair registers so indefinitely that a strong bleach has to be endured by talkie actresses, but in the studios the locks of the bottle-blonde are kept in perfect order and made to shine by frequent spraying with brilliantine.

RELIABLE WRIST WATCHES

For Lasses and Lads

They are neat and good in appearance. Every one is a "Goer." Each is complete with the mounted wrist ribbon or buckled strap illustrated.



17/6



21/-

17/6

21/-

Young Lady's neat Nickel Wrist Watch, with silver-mounted moire ribbon band.

Pretty Nickel Watch with engraved case, reliable movement and mounted moire band.



LUMINOUS GUINEA WATCH

Special value Nickel Wrist Watch, for young gentleman's wear. Dial tells the time in the dark. Complete with suede buckled strap **21/-**



TWENTY-FIVE SHILLINGS

Richly engraved chromium-finished Watch with luminous dial. Suitable suede wrist strap included for **25/-**

ANGUS & COOTE

500 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

MODEL PLANES AND PARTS ALWAYS IN STOCK

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GIRL PARACHUTIST

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative In Europe.

ENA SPENCER, joint owner with her brother, of Spencer Bros., the only aeronauts and balloon manufacturers of the kind in Britain, is probably the only woman in the world managing a business of this kind. She is at present carrying out a huge Government contract for the supply of parachutes.

"A parachute is the lifebelt of the air!" she says. "Everybody who flies ought to have previous experience of dropping with one instead of waiting for the emergency when they have to."

As well as being one of the most daring parachute jumpers, this 25-year-old blonde is an experienced aviatrix.

From her earliest days she has been familiar with balloons and parachutes. At 12 months she made her first trip in a balloon, and at 12 she jumped with her parachute for the first time. "There is nothing in it," she says, "after the first drop, and drifting lamily earthwards is a wonderful sensation."

STRONGHOLDS *of* SOCIETY

Peeps into Our Exclusive Clubs

There will be quite a lot of social tabulating going on for the next few months, owing to the promised visit of Royalty.

Though claiming to be a democratic country, Australia has adopted many of the conservative customs of the Motherland, especially in the matter of exclusive clubs, and these, at least, are justified in anticipating the honor of entertaining His Royal Highness, Prince George.

IT is interesting to note that none of our exclusive clubs have "gone modern," either in their schemes of decoration, or customs in entertaining.

All are conservative in these respects, despite the fact that membership includes many sophisticated young people, brimful of modern ideas and customs.

OFFICIAL engagements will take up a lot of the Prince's time, but if he is anything like his brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, he will sandwich in quite a lot of private engagements.

This is where the social tabulating enters into the picture.

Membership of our exclusive clubs will ensure at least a peep and perhaps a handshake of the young Prince, if he is a guest, but even in this regard there will be such details as order of precedence to be decided upon, and eligibility for inclusion on committees elected to arrange receptions or dances for H.R.H.

But the greatest tabulating of all will come when guest lists are being arranged.

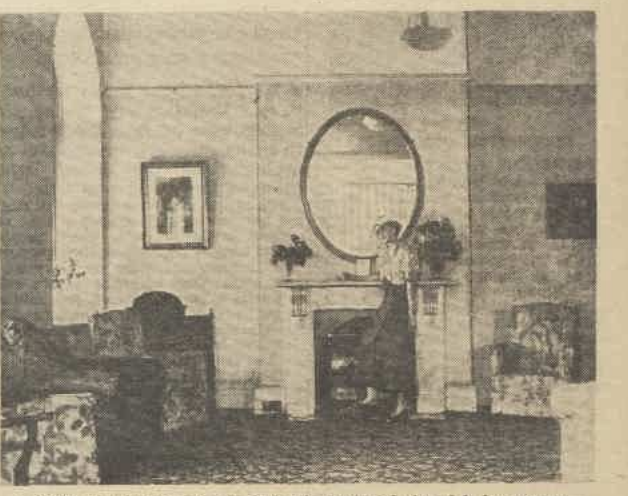
It's surprising the number of men and women who nicely, but none the less firmly, by insinuation or direct methods, stress the claims, the privileges and the responsibilities friendship entails when guest lists are in the offing.

* * *

EVERY capital city has its exclusive clubs, where membership is confined to the socially select who have some claim to a background of family tradition, and where money, though not essential as a passport, is at least a necessity if the advantages of membership are availed of to the full.

Social Supremacy

MEMBERSHIP of the Queen's Club sets the seal of social supremacy in N.S.W., Even the name-plate which formerly lowered its tone has been removed, so that its portals are now quite correct and "English."



A PEEP of a lounge room in Sydney's most exclusive club for women—the Queen's Club, King Stree —Women's Weekly photo.

For many years the downstairs afternoon tea rooms were furnished with leather seats, smoking-lounge style, but about a year ago cretonne covers and colored cushions arrived to give a more feminine atmosphere above the Persian rugs and felts.

On the first floor is the drawing-room, the card-room and the dining-room. As they open into one another, it is ideal for wedding receptions. The bedrooms are simply, but very solidly, furnished.

The substitution of mats for white table-cloths on the dining tables proved a matter for serious debate. Finally the mats were approved by the committee, so the dining-room has "gone modern." The ordinary lunch served at the club is in no way remarkable, but there are "special" lunches (if, say, one has guests), and on these occasions the food is the best in town. The secretary (Miss Mackay) is noted for her efficiency in these matters.

Men visitors used once to be admitted only on Thursday evenings, but may now come any time—if they dare! The atmosphere is not depressing; it is kindly—but all the same it is very ladylike.

The Young Sister

The Queen's Club had an undisputed rule of social supremacy for a long time, until the waiting list grew so long that something had really to be done about it.

The outcome of this position was the establishment of the "Macquarie," which includes in its membership our socially select matrons, as well as those of a younger generation.

The "Macquarie," after being unsettled in its habitation for some years, is now established in the former University Club, Castlereagh Street. It is a bright, cheerful place, and its furnishings include Macquarie relics, and a grandfather's clock. There is residential accommodation for about 40.

The club possesses a cocktail bar, and a Japanese waiter, whose experience was gained partly at the Union Club.

The food is good at the "Macquarie," and though the club possesses many purposeful members, whose attitude towards life and its responsibilities rather suggests a soul above such things, they show their appreciation for this attribute of the club by frequent attendance at its dining-room.

Diverse Aims

SYDNEY, like all other capital cities of Australia, has clubs that are not purely social in their aims, but which succeed in blending the pursuit of study and achievement with social activities.

Among these are the Women's Club, the Forum, the Lyceum, and the Feminist Club.

* * *

THE Women's Club is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in Sydney, and perhaps the most conservative of them all. For many years its young and more modern members battled against its bulwarks of conservatism, and even to-day the club retains some of the atmosphere of bygone years, when certain habits and customs, now accepted in everyday life, were not permitted among those who claimed a heritage of gentility and refinement.

This club has a beautiful panoramic view of Hyde Park from its rooms in Beaumont House. Its founders were University graduates, and its members are mostly professional women. Its aims, if it admitted to any, are cultural, and its snobbery, again if admitted, is an intellectual, rather than a social, one.

* * *

THE Forum Club, to use a slangy colloquialism, "has it all over" the other clubs in the matter of a view.

From its windows, far up in St. James's Building, Elisabeth Street, can be seen one of the finest panoramic views of Sydney, with the green of Hyde Park, the Botanic Gardens, and the Domain contrasting with the blue waters of the harbor in the background.

The furnishing of the Forum is artistic with a scheme of mauve coloring in the drawing-room, and green in the dining-room.

* * *

THE Lyceum Club attracts women of letters and the arts, and as it forms one of a group of sister clubs throughout the Empire, with the parent club in London, it attracts women interested in international affairs.

Various circles are included in its composition, and the study of cultural subjects, as well as of every-day affairs, comes within the scope of these.

The Lyceum entertains many visitors of note to Sydney, and in this way its members are kept in touch with what is happening in various parts of Australia as well as overseas. It has done much, too, to foster latent talent.

* * *

THE Feminist Club is first and foremost the **Feminist** Club.

This must not suggest a fanatical type of member, militant and aggressive, but women who seek to gain equality of opportunity for men and women.

This is the club's primary aim and object, but it achieves success because, while keeping its objective ever before its members, it demonstrates the power and charm of women as women, and its club life is a blending of happy conviviality and stern purpose.

Rose Bay Citadel

The waiting list at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, Rose Bay, is famous.

One time the list of waiting members could have been measured by the yard, and the social-conscious attitude of waiting members almost equalled that of those who subtly convey the information that they "belong" to this exclusive club.

A lot of private entertaining is done at the club, in addition to purely club parties. Many of its members go daily about 5.30 p.m. for their game of "squash." Naval people abound, and professional men seem to devote Wednesday or Thursday afternoons to joining their wives for a slice of social round. The verandah is wide and airy, with a harbor view, the rooms are large with cheery cretonne furnishings and bright carpets.



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Something SPANISH



That song, he knew, would give her the chance for which every chorus girl prays. It would bring her into public notice at once.

A Complete Short Story

By . . .

P. A. Darbyshire

Illustrated by Boothroyd



EVERYBODY at the Frivolity Theatre was working like a demented beaver, hammering together a new revue. And "hammering" described it literally.

The noise was awful. The pounding of the carpenters' hammers as they threw sets together; the banging and thumping of the "effects" crew; the strumming and booming of the orchestra; Barinoff's yells of anguish at his unfortunate "ladies of the ballet," who were working like dogs to achieve the effects their tyrant imagined so clearly and was so determined to obtain.

Young Marsh Holden, the director of the orchestra and composer of several of the songs of the new piece, was working furiously on the orchestral score in a tiny room which barely contained a cottage piano, a chair, and a small desk.

"Pink Legs," the opus Brian Blue, the theatrical baron and owner of the Frivolity, had put on only a month before was dying on its shapely legs. Theatrical infantile paralysis had attacked it, and its days were numbered. Just what had happened to an apparently healthy, f.a.q. musical revue nobody could fathom, but there was no doubt it was a hopeless flop, and that was all about it. Something else had to be thrown together and put on in its place; there was no time to waste. Its successor was to make its bow in three days.

Marsh's pen flew quickly but surely over the blank manuscript paper. He knew his business, and if "Well, I Never," the new offering, was another flop, it would not be because of poor orchestration. Only a dozen yards away the orchestra, under his assistant, was practising the scores he had already completed, but he was so intent that he scarcely heard it.

Suddenly the call boy ran breathlessly into his room.

"Mr. Holden!" he gasped. "Miss Lisa wants y' at once!!"

"Does she?" asked Holden indifferently. "Well, she knows where I am."

"She says fer you t' go on the stage," continued the boy. "She 'nd Mr. Blue's havin' a row. It's somethink horful what she's callin' him 'nd you."

Holden grasped his round ruler threateningly.

"Get out," he snapped, half rising.

The boy shot out as if he had been fired from a gun and Holden got busy again, cursing at the interruption.

He had scarcely collected his thoughts when the boy rushed back.

"She says y' gotta come, or she walks out," he said agitatedly. "She wants t'see y' strite away."

Holden almost hurled himself at him.

"Out!" he roared. "Tell her to come to me if she wants me."

The boy flew, panic-stricken, and Holden again grappled with the score.

A few minutes later his door was thrown open with a bang, and Miss Mona Lisa, the star of Blue's famous company, rushed in. Marsh had expected her.

"I sent you a message to come to me," she said furiously.

"I know you did," he said calmly; "but I didn't go. I just couldn't be bothered."

She went scarlet with wrath. Her large and devoted public would have been surprised had it seen its sweetheart at that moment; it simply wouldn't have believed its eyes.

"You'll do as I tell you, or get out," she screamed.

"Some other time, little girl," he said soothingly. "But run along now, there's a little lady. Papa's busy."

She choked, gasped, then turned on her heel and ran out.

Just as Marsh had picked up a few loose threads, she came back triumphantly with Brian Blue himself.

"What's the matter here, Marsh?" he grumbled. "Miss Lisa has complained to me that you insulted her."

"Insulted her?" Marsh was genuinely grieved. "Impossible."

"You're a liar!" she spat at him Marsh bowed.

"And as a gentleman to a lady, there are two of us," he said, entirely unperturbed.

That seemed to displease her altogether, putting it mildly.

"Are you going to stand there and hear me insulted?" she demanded of Blue, shrilly. "If you are, I'm walking out—now!"

"Now, don't lose your temper," Blue urged her. "I'm sure Mr. Holden will be only too pleased to settle everything for you very nicely."

She tossed her head.

"He'll give me what I want, or one of us will go," she stormed.

"Anything—to oblige a lady," said Marsh sweetly. "What is the little bother? So far, I haven't heard."

"It's that song you doped out for Miss Lisa," Blue explained. "It doesn't seem so good, and . . ."

"Good!" sniffed the leading lady. "It's rotten."

"Over-ripe, please," Marsh admonished her. "Personally, I thought it was a good job. You asked for something Spanish, and I gave it to you. I'm quite satisfied with it."

"Well, it isn't satisfactory to me," she snapped, "and if you can't write a better number for my Spanish scene Mr. Blue will have to buy one outside—no matter what it costs. I won't sing muck like that."

"O.K.," sighed Marsh, knowing the uselessness of argument. "I'll have another stab at it. Take her away, Mr. Blue, and I'll talk it over with myself."

And that spilled the fat right into the fire.

"I'm walking out," screamed the gallery girls' darling. "I'm not gonna be insulted by no man, and don't you forget it." In her excitement she forgot her pose of being a clergyman's daughter.

Blue winked desperately at Marsh over her shoulder.

"I demand an apology, Marsh," he said sternly. "I won't have Miss Lisa annoyed."

Marsh rose, and bowed low.

"I apologise humbly, sincerely, and irrevocably," he assured her gravely. "And if you would like me to lick your darling shoes, I'll do that, too."

"You're a fool," she sneered, and walked out, feeling she had done him an injury. She hated him, mainly because he refused to take her at her own valuation.

"Don't annoy her, Marsh," Blue asked him, when she had gone. "She's a spiteful cat, but she draws the cash customers, and I can't afford to let her go. So whatever happens, take it and smile, there's a good chap."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Blue," said Marsh, regretfully. "But she gets on my nerves. I feel as if I could bite her, but for your sake I'll refrain."

She was right when she said she could make a hit of the song. She breathed life into it.

Blue hurried after the spoiled favorite of the public, and Marsh again attacked the huge task he had in hand.

HE had had ten minutes' peace and was splendidly under way when he glanced up to see Nancy May regarding him shyly from the door. She was a nice little girl, and he liked her enormously, but at the moment she was far from welcome.

"My boy is away with the axe, putting an edge on it," he told her solemnly. "Be off before he brings it back. I am in the mood to lay about me recklessly."

"I know you're busy, and I'm awfully sorry to bother you, Mr. Holden," she said timidly, "but I thought I just had to see you before somebody else asked you for it."

"Asked me for what?" he demanded.

"That Spanish song you wrote for Miss Lisa. You know—

'Little Senorita,
You're dancing in my heart.'

I've been humming it ever since I heard her singing it."

What composer could resist such artless flattery? Holden's heart warmed towards her.

"You're a good judge," he said. "That's one of the best things I've done, although Lisa's too thick in the head to know it."

"As a matter of fact," she said, gaining confidence, "the reason is that she can't do anything she hasn't already seen done."

"Don't I know it?" he asked bitterly. "But to Heaven with Lisa. What exactly do you want? I'm busy. Out with it."

She gulped.

"Well, Mr. Blue said that if I could find a song to suit me he might fit me in with a little scene of my own, and this song of yours is just what I've been praying for."

Marsh shook his head.

"It's out of the question," he said. "Lisa's doing a Spanish scene, and although revue patrons will swallow a lot they certainly wouldn't stand two Spanish scenes in the one revue."

"But she's not going to do a Spanish scene," she said.

For once Marsh was startled out of his equanimity.

"What's that?" he ejaculated.

"I heard her telling Mr. Blue a few minutes ago that she wasn't going on with the idea. She wants something French instead."

Marsh tore his hair.

"Heaven protect her," he groaned. "I've met some snags in my short, but adventurous career, but she outsnags them all. So her Spanish scene is out, she wants a French one instead—and we open in three days. Ah, merciful Heaven!" He shook his head dolefully.

"It will mean a lot more work for you," she said.

"Work? You've said it." He heaved a sigh. "Well, that's what I'm here for. Just a poor composer; that's me."

But much as she sympathised with him, she kept on the main track; she craved that song.

"Will you let me sing it?" she asked wistfully.

"It's yours," he said kindly. "Tell Gurner to run it over for you with the orchestra when you can get a bit of the stage for yourself, and he can spare a few minutes."

"That's lovely of you," she cried, red with excitement. "I'll—I'll make a hit with it, Mr. Holden; you'll see. It will give me my chance to get out of the chorus."

"'Chorus Girl Makes Big Hit, Song Makes Her Star Overnight,'" said Marsh, quoting imaginary headlines. "Go to it, and my love go with you."

"You're a darling," she said, joyfully.

"You ask Lisa," he said, with a grin.

She ran out, as pleased as a child with a new toy.

MARSH tried to settle down to work again, but somehow he could not. His mind kept wandering back to little Nancy May, and finally he gave up any pretence of working.

He lay back in his chair, blew smoke rings at the ceiling and ruminated on Nancy May who was in the chorus, and so obviously not of it. He wasn't knocking the other girls—good girls and good sorts, all of them—but Nancy simply outclassed them. She was too genuinely ingenuous, and her air of breeding was the genuine article. She was clever, too, and pretty, and had a more than adequate voice. Altogether, she was a charming young person . . .

He sat up straight, and spoke sharply to himself.

"Are you falling in love, Marsh Holden—darn you?" he asked. "Come on! Answer a plain question—are you?"

It was an idea. He examined it carefully, found it absolutely flawless and decided to keep it.

When he heard the orchestra playing the opening bars of "Little Senorita" a little later, he went out and stood in the wings to listen to Nancy May.

She was right when she said she could make a hit of the song. She breathed life into it, gave it a decided, a glowing, personality; there was no doubt about it. Even the hammering ceased as she sang, for the carpenters stopped to listen, and that was a compliment indeed, coming from those hard-boiled gentlemen to whom a star is only a person and very often a pest.

Marsh looked about him for Brian Blue, but he had evidently gone out. He was disappointed, for he had no doubt that if he had heard Nancy he would have given her the coveted scene on the spot. What a shock for Lisa when she found the song she had discarded so contemptuously was a decided hit!

When Nancy finished he walked on the stage and found her agog with excitement.

"What did I say?" she demanded.

"You couldn't go wrong with a song like that," he told her, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"The song's O.K.," said Gurner, his assistant conductor, "but Nancy's a darned sight better."

Nancy? thought Marsh, with a vague feeling of annoyance. Another in the field, eh? He'd have to step on it. He couldn't—he positively couldn't—get along without Nancy May; he had known it for the past twenty minutes!

"Try it over again," he said bluntly. "I missed the first verse."

He watched her calculatingly as she sang, trying to subdue Marsh Holden, the lover, and accentuate Marsh Holden, the competent and usually caustic critic. Even the latter, however, had to admit that she was doing her stuff very well.

That song, he knew, would give her the chance for which every chorus girl prays. It would bring her into public notice at once, and it might very well prove a springboard from which she would leap to success; so are stars made. It was scarcely a year since she had joined the chorus, he reflected, and yet here she was putting over a song with all the ease and aplomb of a veteran!

Please turn to Page 6

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In the 180th Lottery drawn on Monday, Whiddon continued his run of Lottery Luck when he won the 4th prize with Ticket No. 34776 for Mr. C. Groves, of 40 English Street, Camperdown.

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NEW BOOKS



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Australian Nurse's Fine Book

May Tilton, nursing sister with the A.I.F., 1915-'18, has written a very good book, "The Grey Battalion." Her story is extremely well told and is full of typical Australian humor.

SOME readers may be disappointed because she does not describe the more gruesome details of warfare, and others may say that her book is too much like a travel book, in parts; but no one can deny that the author writes with a simplicity and sincerity which make very good reading.

Here is an anecdote from a restaurant in Egypt.

Two English privates were sitting in a cafe one evening, conversing loudly in French. A couple of Australians at an adjoining table decided they would not be outswanked by Tommies, so one who came from New South Wales remarked to his companion:

"Wagga wagga, walgett! Woolloomooloo wee waa wallerawang woolgoolga yarramalong?"

"Woolloongabba!" replied his companion who came from Queensland.

"Woolloongabba?" said the other. "Toowoomba toowong, thargomindah indooroopilly camooweal goondiwindi."

"Bondi coogee maroubra," the second Australian said with very great determination.

"Excuse me," said one of the Englishmen, "but what language is that you are speaking?"

"Oh," was the reply, "that is our Australian language. We learnt English before we left home, but always prefer to speak our own language amongst ourselves."

Loved Their Horses

SISTER TILTON tells of the Australians' great love for their horses.

"The pathetic stories of their beloved horses touched our hearts. The boys talked of their intelligence, too. During an air raid they seemed to know what to do better even than some of the men. They would lie flat and work their legs and bodies into a hole in the sand, and lie without a movement.

"When the war was over, the hearts of these mounted men were sore at parting from their faithful chargers who were left behind to an unknown fate. 'Trooper Bluegum' wrote:

"'I don't think I could stand the thought
of my old fancy hack
Just crawling round old Cairo with a
Gyppo on his back.
Perhaps some English tourist, out in
Palestine, may find



MISS MAY TILTON

My broken-hearted waler with a wooden plough behind.'"

Sister Tilton was in Egypt first, and was then transferred to France, where she was right in the thick of things.

"The Grey Battalion." May Tilton. (6/- Angus and Robertson.)

Short Reviews

"EDEN." Allene Corliss. The story of a happy, utterly feminine girl who is, nevertheless, not at all clutching or possessive. She is modern enough to be unconventional, and, at the same time, sane and normal. She fell in love with and married a young banker. For a while they lived a happy-go-lucky, rather picnic existence in a New York apartment, their more tender moments interspersed with all-night cocktail parties and the rather wild life of a large city.

Eden finds it a bitter pill to leave this freedom and go with her husband to his home town where his mother, an iron-willed, self-satisfied, intensely possessive, woman, insists upon them living in her house, where she can dominate her son's life and gradually separate him from his wife, justifying herself to her conscience on the grounds of his career.

Mrs. Corliss has told a human story in an easy, natural way. She introduces a number of characters into her story all different and all very well portrayed. A book worth the reading.

"Eden." Allene Corliss. (Hutchinson. 7/6.)

"Mr. Digweed and Mr. Lumb." Eden Phillpotts. Mr. Digweed was poor and liked gardening. Mr. Lumb was fairly well-to-do and collected postage stamps. These two were close neighbors near "that rising Hampshire watering-place, Wellbrook-on-Sea." All goes well till one of them disappears and a manservant is poisoned. To comment on the methods of the murderer and of the detectives would give away the secret. (Hutchinson. 7/6.)

"Drury Lane's Last Case." Barnaby Ross. There is much unreality and little intrinsic interest in the robberies that are committed in this book. The story, too, lacks the definiteness of outline and incident which would probably keep the reader's interest. (Cassells. 7/6.)

"The Judson Murder Case." A. B. Leonard. This story is a careful and conscientious tale of detection. A rapacious, tyrannical millionaire is murdered, and a young medico, Dr. Blair, brings home the crime to its perpetrator. (Thornton, Butterworth. 7/6.)

Something SPANISH

Continued from Page 5

"THAT'S fine," he commented, when she turned to him confidently for approval. "You're in the show, young lady; there's no doubt about it. I shall see Mr. Blue and get his sanction, but I don't think you've much to worry over."

"Honestly?" she gasped.

"I'll put it in writing, if you like," he offered, smiling.

"Let's try the chorus over again, Nancy," suggested Gurner.

"When you're ready, Johnny," she answered.

Nancy! Johnny! I'll have to get busy, thought Marsh, as he walked back to his room, cursing the fate which kept his nose to the grindstone. With his heart and head full of thoughts of Nancy he had to compose a French song for the detested Lisa. What a life!

Of course, if Nancy made a real hit of "Little Senorita," it would lift him up quite a few pegs in his profession, and he would get out of the ruck. Some other mutt could slave over orchestrations, and he could devote his whole time to the more pleasant task of composing.

He fumed inwardly, and set to work, trying his best to push Nancy to the back of his mind, so that he could concentrate on his difficult task.

AN hour or so later, he suddenly discovered that it was seven o'clock, and time for dinner. He took up his overcoat and hat, shut his door, and walked across the stage, with his weather eye cocked for Nancy.

Evidently even Barinoff had had enough for the day, because the chorus girls were streaming out of the stage door, chattering like the excited monkeys they were. Nancy stood alone, by the door. She seemed to be waiting for somebody, and he hoped it was he.

"Did I remember to thank you for letting me have that song?" she asked anxiously. "I was in such a terrific hurry and so excited that I'm sure I forgot."

"You thanked me most becomingly," he assured her. "Went down on your knees, if I remember rightly. . . . Would you care to have dinner with me?"

"Thanks awfully, but I've a previous engagement," she said regretfully. "I'm dining with Johnny Gurner."

"Slip him up," he suggested jokingly. "He'll get a swelled head if he takes a pretty girl like you to dinner."

She took that literally.

"Sorry, but I can't. I have dinner with him most late nights, and he's been so very nice to me that it wouldn't be fair," she replied.

Somehow, the answer stumped him, and he was busily turning over in his mind a number of replies—all hopelessly inept or simply silly—when there was a diversion.

"What's this!" exclaimed Joe Glover, the leading comedian of the company. "Our one and only Marsh dating up with a young lady. Marsh, the misogynist; Marsh, the woman-hater! Oh, tut! Oh, tut, tut, tut, tut, tut!"

"Dry up," growled Marsh.

"Now, don't be peevish," grinned Joe. "You're taking a step in the right direction, and it warms the cockles of my old heart to see it. I'm interested in you, my boy. God bless you!"

Marsh ignored him.

"I'll see you in the morning, then," he said pleasantly to Nancy. "Good luck with the song, and good-night."

She bade him good-night happily.

Marsh and Joe Glover went out together into the narrow lane which led into the street.

"So we've got it at last!" chuckled the irrepressible one. "Well, it was bound to come."

"Sometimes," snapped Marsh, "you're positively not funny."

Glover gasped at him.

"And this from you, young Holden!" he gurgled. "Ah, what a fall was there, my countrymen."

Marsh, annoyed and furious with himself that he could not conceal it, strode on without replying.

He worked until early morning on the new score and on writing Lisa's new French song, for which he knew that Winzer, the librettist, could write adequate words. He was so tired that he slept in and was late at the theatre.

He discovered Nancy standing just inside the stage door, and she looked forlorn.

"Oh, Mr. Holden!" she began, and then broke off.

"What's the matter?" he asked anxiously. He saw that she was trying desperately not to break down.

"That song you promised me!" she said in a shaky voice.

"Well, what about it?"

She cleared her throat before she answered.

"Miss Lisa says she has decided to sing it. I believe she heard me singing it last night, and made up her mind to have it. Will you see Mr. Blue, and tell him you promised it to me?"

He made an exclamation of disgust.

"Come along!" he said abruptly. "We'll have this out right away."

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The Gargoyle

By FRANK SWINNERTON



Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

There was a kiss and some smothered laughter from a girl.

CHAPTER I



MILLICENT thought she had never seen such an ugly young man. He was not only ugly in a passive way, as many men are; but he had a grotesque, gargoyle-like face, and it was further distorted by an expression of great cheerfulness and good nature. A large nose that was slightly awry, a large mouth, a queer-shaped skull, beaming eyes, and nearly six feet of solid-looking flesh—such was Mr. Domayne. He advanced into the drawing room, grinning (she felt) at her surprise, at that slight ruffling of temper which she could not wholly suppress in contemplating so odd a stranger; and Millicent resented everything about him. She resented his coming, and his happy ugliness, and the air he had of being more at ease than she was herself; and, worst of all, she resented the fact that there was nothing really to resent about him at all. On the contrary.

"I'm sorry that my father is away," she remarked, trying to hide her annoyance, "He was called away unexpectedly by a telegram."

"Is that so?" answered the stranger, becoming serious. "I hope it's no bad news."

"We don't know yet. I don't expect so. Telegrams are always vague, aren't they? But we didn't know your address, and so we couldn't save you a useless journey."

"Ooh!" said the Gargoyle, reassuringly. He beamed afresh. Nothing, it seemed, could prevent him from beaming. "That's quite all right. Don't worry about me. I'll amuse myself easily. But I do want to see your father. He's promised to help me, you know."

"I know. You're writing a book, aren't you?" Millicent had a terrible fear that she was speaking to this man as if he were a slum-child in her charge for 24 hours; but she **could not** alter her tone. She wished that Everard had been there to help her—Everard was her fiance—but unfortunately Everard was never there when he was wanted. That was Everard's chief quality as a fiance, indeed.

"I'm writing a book!" agreed the Gargoyle, seriously, and yet as if he were amused by Millicent. As if **she** were the child, and as if she were in **his** care. Ridiculous! Humiliating! She had never been more conscious of her two-and-twenty years; of the half-hoop of diamonds and sapphires which decorated the third finger on her left hand; of her five feet two inches of maturity.

"What will you do, then?" she asked. "Father, I think, suggested that you should stay with us; but——"

"Don't you trouble about that!" answered the young man, grinning hideously and almost paternally, as if he were patting her hand and setting everything right. "I came down on my motor bike; and when I passed through the village I noticed a pretty little inn. The Crown, isn't it? I'll just get a room there, and come back, if I may, when Mr. Pearson returns."

"That would be——" began Millicent, with dignity. "Of course, I don't know how long. He might be away for **days**——"

"It wouldn't matter. The book I'm writing is about Roman remains in Britain, you know. Perhaps you **didn't** know? Well, your father is a great expert on the subject; and he's promised to read over some of my notes and discuss some theories of mine. It's a great privilege——"

"I know that Daddy——"

"He's the **greatest** authority. But meanwhile I can get about this part of the world. I mean, there are several places——"

"Of course, if I can **do** anything!" Millicent said. "You've come such a long way."

"No. If you don't mind my calling to ask——"

He was upon his feet. There was every indication that he considered their interview to be at an end. And then something fatal happened. It was not seen at the moment to be fatal, but that may be said of every small event in the world's history from which crises have developed. Annie—officious Annie, the Pearsons' maid of all work—dropped something tinkling in the passage outside the door, and a moment later came blundering into the room bearing the best tea-tray, upon which, like lightning, she must have set the best tea-things as soon as the stranger had been admitted.

CHAPTER II.

"OH!" said Millicent, quickly. And then, confronted by Fate, she added:

"You'll have a cup of tea, Mr. Domayne? After your long ride——"

The Gargoyle was again distorted by that recurrent smile. It become almost handsome with delight.

"There's nothing I should like better," exclaimed Mr. Domayne, with enthusiasm. "Thank you."

Again Millicent had a sense that he was amused by her dignity. Nobody had ever before been so amused by her dignity. Or by herself. But this ugly young man did not seem able to take her seriously. He was quite unlike Everard, who was never amused at anything she did. Everard adored her. It was nice to be adored. It was nicer to be adored than it was to be laughed at. With increased dignity, Millicent busied herself with the tea-tray.

"Sugar and milk?" she inquired.

"Neither?"

It was 4 o'clock upon Midsummer Day, and this old house lay in the heart of Sussex, amid scenery that was almost distractingly beautiful. For a wonder, Midsummer Day was radiantly fine. The sun shone hotly, and a fresh breeze stirred the leaves. Stirred, too, the tendrils of Millicent's fair hair, and fluttered about her soft cheeks. Blackbirds were warbling thoughtfully in the garden beyond the wide-open French windows; sparrows were chirping; a thrush was varying his note with all the well-known impatience of thrushes. The setting was ideal. The silences of this part of the world, which was seven miles from a main road and a station, and 65 miles from London, were miraculous in a noisy modern world.

And tea at "Rest Harrow" was the kind of tea that one reads about in old-fashioned books, for the Pearsons were old-fashioned people. Millicent had not been to London more than a dozen times in her life. The fact was to be read in her pretty face with its delicious complexion, and in her ordinarily simple manners; but it handicapped her, she felt, in pouring out tea for a young man with a face like a gargoyle, about whom she knew nothing, and who seemed to regard her smilingly as a child of 14.

She passed him his tea, and then looked quellingly at Mr. Domayne. She might have spared her pains. Nothing could quell such a young man. Even Everard's mother, the vicar's wife who was frightfully freezing, could not have quelled him. He would have beamed at her, too. How dearly Millicent wished that Daddy had been at home to talk to this young man! Daddy, or even Everard, who was so clever, and so adoring, and who could talk (she was confident) to anybody about anything in the whole world, even Roman antiquities, because he was so learned and was so glad to put everybody right about what they did not understand.

Unconsciously, as she longed for the support of Everard in this present ordeal, Millicent sighed, and as she had just placed a piece of Annie's rich home-made currant cake in her mouth a crumb flew instantly into her windpipe. Embarrassment upon embarrassment! Choking, she knocked against the folding table which bore the tray and spilt her tea into the saucer and into the tray. Tears—not of grief, or anger, or shame, but of mere ignominious choking—started to her eyes. She was blinded, suffocated.

She knew that the Gargoyle had jumped to his feet, that he had moved the folding table a little to one side, that with his pocket handkerchief in his hand he stood ready to give any necessary assistance, from that involved in carrying her into the fresh air to that which went no farther than dabbing the stain upon her dress with a motor cyclist's pocket handkerchief. The knowledge, and the dread of any application of that terrible handkerchief, made Millicent choke more than ever, and her face burned cruelly. Overwhelmed by mischance, she began quite definitely to dislike Mr. Domayne. She thought him officious as well as ugly. She also thought of him as the cause of all her misfortunes. She was right in this; but worse was to follow.

For just as Millicent stood upright, quite scarlet in the face, resisting Mr. Domayne's hand, which pressed upon her the grimy handkerchief from which she shrank; just as the gargoyle face was near her own, beaming reassuringly, and with something in the eyes which looked like laughter; just as they must have looked the most extraordinary couple in the world, the oldest of friends, the newest of sweethearts, laughing and embarrassed, Millicent's prayer of a moment earlier was answered. It was answered too late, or too soon, to be of any use to her. It was answered at an excessively inopportune moment. Through the open French windows, suddenly, in silence, and with great precipitation as if he had been running, came a young man.

"Everard!" cried Millicent, gaspingly. And, as if that were not enough, she must needs add: "How you startled me!" Well, of course, that was the worst thing she could possibly have said. The words proceeded from a mind as flushed as her cheeks, which were as red as they could be.

CHAPTER III

EVERARD was younger than the Gargoyle. He was a year older than Millicent, whereas the Gargoyle looked as if he might be about 28. Everard was the vicar's son. He was extremely learned for his age, but he did not look learned, and, in fact, he did not look his age. He had very round, pink cheeks, and a little chin with a dimpling cleft in the centre of it. He had a large mass of curly flaxen hair, and wonderfully red, pouting lips. The ten young women who composed the eligible population of Pigglesdown and its neighborhood were all discreetly half in love with Everard, and Millicent a year earlier had been given the prize, so that she was really a very lucky girl indeed. She knew this. She had known it—almost monotonously—for 12 months. She knew it more distinctly than ever as she gazed at Everard after her idiotic remark, and saw him gazing at the Gargoyle with a most peculiar expression upon his face. She had only to look from Everard to the Gargoyle and back again to realise her good fortune very acutely. Everard was well-favored. By contrast with the strange ugly young man he became positively beautiful.

"Everard!" cried Millicent, eagerly. "This is Mr. Domayne. He's come to see Daddy, and Daddy's been called up to London. Come and sit down. Or, first—call Annie. Oh, there you are, Annie." She was speaking feverishly, the color still flaming in her cheeks. "Yes, Annie; I was just going to ask if you'd bring them. Thank you. Mr. Domayne is writing a book, Everard. It's about that he's come to see Daddy."

"How d'you do?" said Everard, stiffly, frowning with intense distaste.

"How d'you do?" responded the Gargoyle, beaming.

And, having exchanged these courtesies, the two young men appeared not to notice one another, after the best model for the deportment of young English gentlemen who meet for the first time. An age passed. Millicent gazed in despair at Everard. He looked black. He looked terrible. She ignored his expression, and dwelt upon his features. She saw with joy and pride how the sunlight caught his mop of curly flaxen hair, and could not resist peeping at the Gargoyle in order to observe the degree to which he was impressed. To her indignation, his ugly face wore its apparently customary expression of hideous benevolence, but in the depths of those frank and comprehending eyes there lurked once more the indescribable shadow of deep laughter. It was too much. Having seen Everard limply return his cup to the tray, and having satisfied herself that the Gargoyle also had finished his tea, she jumped to her feet.

"Now, Mr. Domayne," she said, briskly. "Would you like Everard to telephone to the Crown, asking them to keep a room for you, while I show you the garden?"

"That would be delightful," said the Gargoyle. "Would he mind?"

"I'll ask him," dryly responded Millicent. "Will you dear?"

"For to-night?" asked Everard—she feared rather sulkily. Nay, she knew it. Very sulkily

"For an indefinite period," said the Gargoyle, beaming with amiability. "Thank you so much."

CHAPTER IV

IF Millicent had not by now thoroughly disliked Mr. Domayne, so that she was delighted when his horrible motor bicycle snorted away to the village, she would have found Everard's new silence of jealousy rather gratifying. It pleased her vanity that Everard should be jealous; but it irritated her to know that the jealousy must be giving immense amusement to the Gargoyle. Also, Everard behaved in a rather ignominious way which made her ashamed of him. He ignored the stranger; but he ignored overstudiously, until it seemed as though the Gargoyle glittered by comparison with a perfectly dull schoolboy. And so, in spite of the Gargoyle's tact, their walk round the garden was less than a triumph of sociability. It gradually became a funereal promenade. And at last, much to Millicent's relief, Mr. Domayne took his leave, promising to call again the following afternoon.

And as the loud clattering of his motor bicycle died away in the distance Everard committed an indiscretion. Instead of clasping his beloved in his arms, and murmuring, "At last!" (to which Millicent would have responded with a heartfelt "Thank goodness!") he looked distantly away from her, with a scowl as black as thunder upon his plump, child-like face, and uttered terrible words. He said:

"I want to know how it is I found you kissing that bounder, Millicent."

Millicent could not believe her ears.

"Everard!" she demanded.

"I want to know why **you** let that beast kiss you," said Everard, doggedly.

Millicent's heart seemed to lurch sharply. She felt sick. The blood swept up to her face exactly as it had done when she choked over the crumb which leapt into her windpipe.

"How dare you!" she cried, in a rage. "I'd never seen the man until an hour ago."

"That only makes it worse!" retorted Everard, with trembling lips.

Millicent could not speak. She was choking again—this time with indignation.

"I'll never speak to you again!" she declared. "At least, not till you've apologised!"

And with that she turned swiftly upon her heel and ran back to the house.

Please turn to Page 8

A LONG COMPLETE STORY

By a Girl of 16

BIRTHDAY CAKE

A pound of cheer, a pound of fun,
A pinch of friendliness;
An ounce of all the charm and grace
You happen to possess.
A world of love, a kiss or two,
A cup of teasing guile;
And bake it well within the warmth
Of your beloved smile.

—Yvonne Webb.

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THE GARGOYLE

Continued from Page 7

CHAPTER V

SHE was still furious when she arrived indoors, and for five minutes afterwards. She walked about the sitting-room with her heart beating and her teeth clenched. And at last her breath caught in a rather hysterical laugh of excitement.

"How ridiculous!" she exclaimed. Again she quivered with anger. "How shameful!"

Her finger flew for one instant—so indignant was Millicent—to the half-hoop, as if she would cast it from her. But the action was not completed. Her hands dropped to her sides.

"To think that I'd—— That man! Good gracious; what can Everard see in him? It's disgraceful of Everard. It's disgraceful!" At last she thought: "He'll be coming in to apologise in a minute, and say he's sorry. Then I'll explain. We'll laugh at it."

Slowly her head shook.

"I wonder if we shall?" she thought. "It's quite true, Everard's not easily amused. He's serious. It's because—— Oh, how disloyal I am! He's perfect. He's perfect." And all the time a little voice was saying within her, "He isn't. He's been silly and insulting." But her conscious thought continued: "He's just different from Mr. Domayne who's amused at everything—even if it's nothing at all. Here he comes."

It was Annie, come to collect the tea-things. Millicent turned away to hide her bright eyes. Annie was another woman, who "noticed" such things.

CHAPTER VI

MEANWHILE Everard, his heart swelling at thought of the fickleness of woman—of modern woman—had reached the vicarage. He had entered the drawing room of the vicarage, where sat his mother, eagle-eyed, rather eagle-nosed, a large rather short, magisterial woman who wore a large square-patterned dress of grey flannel and held her head very high.

"Everard!" cried Everard's mother.

Sulkily, Everard sat down at a distance.

"What is it, my dear?" demanded his mother. "You're upset. Tell mother what it is."

Haltingly the tale was told. And to an accompaniment of exclamations of incredulity and amazement, Mrs. Manners became more eagle-like than ever. She looked first at Everard, and then, scathingly, as if at an imaginary Millicent.

"Scandalous!" cried Mrs. Manners. "Her father not two hours gone from home. Scandalous! I always suspected it. The girl's no good. I must think what's to be done."

CHAPTER VII.

IN his room at the Crown, the Gargoyle was staring at the tiny rose-pattern of his wall-paper, and at the pictures of race-horses and dogs which hung irregularly about the room; and he was thinking, "What a very nice, pretty, attractive girl! And what a young prig of a sweetheart she's got!" And at the same time he thought with pleasure of the fact that he would be seeing Millicent again within 24 hours. Because although Maurice Domayne was quite the most learned man of his age regarding the Roman occupation of Britain, he had not gone so far into personal antiquity as to be blind or insensitive to young women as charming as Millicent Pearson.

He was still thinking of Millicent as he took a stroll through the lanes about Pigglesdown after his supper that evening. The hedges were high, the roads were white under a large moon, except where they were deeply shadowed by overarching trees, and little bats were whisking about in the gloom, blundering about his head in their flight. Sounds carried very far, and a thousand faint rustlings caught Maurice Domayne's ear as he walked. Presently, when he had gone perhaps a couple of miles from the village he stopped to gaze through a gap in the dark hedge and across several moon-bleached meadows, to the lovely shape of a low hill which stood at a little distance. Tempted by such beauty, he even slipped through the gap, and sat down upon the grass, in the shadow, with his knees up and his arms clasping them. His position—although Maurice did not realise this until later—was such as to conceal him from the rest of the world. It was completely shrouded by the darkness and by heavy undergrowth. Puffing gently at his big round-bowled pipe, Maurice sat in silence, exulting at the radiance of the scene, and thinking idly and pleasantly of Millicent.

For several minutes he had sat thus without hearing anything but the distant noises of the village, and the hushing of the soft leaves, and the hardly perceptible movements of birds and creeping things in the hedges about him, when without warning there came through the evening air a whisper.

Maurice started. The first whisper was answered by another.

"You're late, I say."

"I couldn't get out before. Mum kept on at me."

There was a kiss, and some smothered laughter from a girl. A rustling as if two persons had brushed heavily against the hedge behind Maurice.

"Don't be so rough!" said one of the whisperers. "Ooh!"

Maurice became very uncomfortable. The role of eavesdropper was a new one for him, and he did not like it. Should he plunge suddenly out from his place of concealment? Or should he stay where he was? The voices seemed to be nearer. He remained still.

"I'm not rough." It was the thick voice of amorous youth.

"Yes, you are." It was caressing, enticing. "Nice rough."

There was another rustling. For a moment Maurice thought the lovers were upon him. Then came silence. Had they gone? No. There was a whisper which he did not catch. It was indignantly answered—this time almost aloud, and by a man.

"I don't, Nellie. I swear I don't. Yes. I know; but she doesn't, either. I caught her kissing another fellow this afternoon. I'm sick of it. But you know my mater. No, it's you. I swear it is."

"What are you going to do, then?" came a quick murmur in reply. Was it a little harder?

"I'm going to—oh, I don't know. A fellow can't——I mean—— You'll have to wait a bit. Yes, wait."

"But, Everard——"

"Sh!"

They had passed, leaving Maurice staggered. "Everard"—wasn't that the name of the young man with the red face and the mop of yellow hair? Goldilocks? The donor of that appalling half-hoop upon— And "Nellie"—what was Miss Pearson's name? Hadn't the fellow called her "Millicent?" Yes, of course he had. "Millicent Pearson." Not "Nellie," or whatever was the original of "Nellie." Besides, there was a burr in this girl's speech. This was a country girl. Millicent spoke otherwise. It was not she.

"Oho, Master Everard!" muttered the Gargoyle to himself. "So that's you, is it? Not a prig, but a cad, is it? A Don Juan! Oho! Now this is decidedly interesting!"

And with that he puffed again at his pipe, relighted it, came forth from his resting-place, and resumed his walk. The lanes were shadowed hereabouts; but they were not so shadowed as to prevent him, a few minutes later, from seeing two figures withdrawn into the darkness under the trees, hardly breathing, alarmed by his footsteps, and hiding from his eyes. He had no difficulty—now that he had been warned—in recognising the figure of the young man; and as he did this Maurice drew his breath sharply.

"Kissing another fellow, eh?" he thought. "You liar! And what are you doing?"



Lady Customer: I don't know whether my husband will like this pipe I'm buying him for his birthday.

Tobacconist: If he doesn't, he can come in and pay the extra few shillings and I'll exchange it for a decent one.

CHAPTER VIII

"DOMAYNE? Look here, I'm so sorry about yesterday." The voice was raw and unrecognisable over the telephone. "I was called away. I got back an hour ago. Can you come up? Bring your traps. What's that? No, no, no; of course, you're coming to stay here. That's all nonsense. My invitation holds good. The room's ready for you. Come along at once, will you? We'll have a good talk before dinner."

Maurice Domayne's beaming face had a little dry turn as he heard Millicent's father ring off. He backed from the telephone which was in the passage-way of the Crown, between the parlor and the bar, and saw Mrs. Howard, the landlady, standing at a little distance, watching him and smiling. Mrs. Howard was a very trim, plump, smooth-faced woman to whom everything was—it seemed—as much of a joke as it was to Maurice. And she had taken a liking to the Gargoyle, reading, perhaps, his heart, and not (as Millicent had done) his face.

"So I've got to go, after all," Maurice said to her, a little ruefully.

"Perhaps you'll come back again, sir."

"Perhaps I shall. I hope I shall. Oh, by the way——" A thought struck Maurice. "Do you know a girl in the village—I should say about 20—called Nellie?"

Mrs. Howard considered, her eyes bright with curiosity.

"Fair or dark?" she asked.

How was Maurice to know that? He had not seen the girl. Her voice? Some instinct guided him.

"Dark," he said promptly.

"Ah, that's Nellie Rich, over at the farm about a mile out of the village, sir. Parrott's Farm they call it. She's a good girl: the eldest of seven bonny children. Mrs. Rich was a Furll, daughter of the baker here. Her mother was—— Why was it you asked, sir?"

For answer, the Gargoyle beamed.

"I just wondered," he said, pleasantly. 'Only curiosity. She's very pretty."

CHAPTER IX

MR. PEARSON received him warmly—an oldish, but not an old, loosely-built man with a long chin, a wide, thin, humorous mouth, and some thin grey hair. He was all grey, it seemed, for the light suit he wore was grey, and his shirt and tie were grey. Even his face was rather grey. In a particularly gentle fashion he was very genial. He was extremely tall, and he stooped, so that his arms hung loose. And he, too, as Mrs. Howard had done, took an instant liking to Maurice, and in shaking hands with him raised his other hand to the Gargoyle's shoulder.

"Well, my boy, you were unlucky yesterday. Or, rather, I was unlucky. My poor sister-in-law—Aunt Doris, as we call her—fell downstairs; and as I could be of no possible use they telegraphed for me. They thought she'd die. But of course when I arrived she was quite well again, and the whole thing looked a fraud. You had tea here, I heard. You saw Millicent. She's my prop. But she's in some trouble, it appears, and has gone for a bicycle ride to let off steam. She'll be back for tea. Sit down, my boy, sit down. These young people have their troubles that we never dream of. Though I suppose—— Now that I look at you, I suppose you'd regard yourself as young enough to have troubles. Eh? Eh?"

"Almost," agreed the Gargoyle. "Or, at least, to sympathise with the troubles of others."

The old man shot a sharp glance from under tufted grey brows.

"I'm young enough for that myself," he observed, dryly. "Did you see a young man here yesterday? Yes, of course you did. Yes, of course you did." There was a great twinkle in Mr. Pearson's eyes. "What did you think of him?"

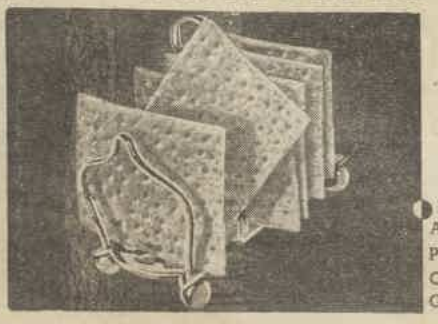
Please turn to Page 38



too much soft food ... *too* silly!

WHEN you masticate the firm, crisp slices of Vita-Weat you give your teeth and gums their proper exercise—exercise they must have, as dentists always tell us, for strength against disease and decay. And how delightful this whole-wheat Australian crispbread is to crunch! Your enjoyment of it means that you benefit the more from the nourishment it offers you—all the goodness of the whole wheat grain, with all its precious vitamins. Start to-morrow to eat Vita-Weat at every meal.

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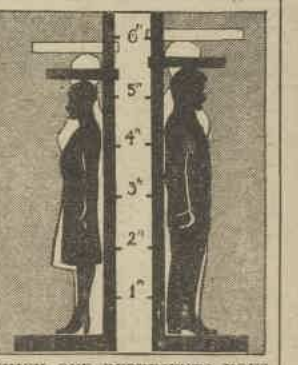
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About STARTING *a* NEW MOVEMENT!

Lower Puts It Over Hitler & Major Douglas

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by WEP



My book tells you all about it, says Lower.

This hurts me more than it's going to hurt you, but seeing that Major Douglas (inventor and proprietor of the Douglas Social Credit System, with which is incorporated the Douglas Credit System Publishing Company) is visiting Australia, the time is opportune for the introduction of a new movement.

THE only difficulty about this is the shirts. The Nazis have brown shirts, the Douglas Credit Systemers wear green shirts, the Fascists wear black shirts, General O'Duffy's team have blue shirts, and the unemployed wear no shirts. This limits the choice of a really snappy line of shirtings.

After mature consideration I have decided that followers of the Lower Social Debit movement shall wear heliotrope shirts with red hoops and pink cap. The salute will be made by extending the hand, palm up, somewhere on the level of the waist, the saluter at the same time adopting a wistful expression. Women members will, of course, adopt a threatening expression. This ought to come easy.

The financial policy of the movement will be to get as much money as possible for nothing. Should it be found necessary to borrow money, an exceptionally high rate of interest will be agreed to, but not paid.

All funds received over and above working expenses will be used for purchasing lottery tickets. A dictatorship will be established, and a committee composed of Gandhi, Eric Campbell, Mr. Jardine, Mrs. Pankhurst Walsh, Mr. J. T. Lang, W. M. Hughes, Jim Hackett, and Primo Carnera will also be formed. The committee will submit any legislation to the Dictator (me) for final consideration, when I will immediately veto it.

Poker and housie-housie will be compulsory subjects in all schools.

More Babies

HITLER and Mussolini are doing a great deal towards increasing the population of Germany and Italy, assisted, of course, by a lot of other Germans and Italians, and I think that we could well do with a drop of that sort of stuff in this country in order to populate our great open spaces. Accordingly, under the Lower Plan any woman producing a child under 28lbs. at birth will be fined. At least one baby a year for the first ten years will be required from married couples, after which, having had a solid grounding in the subject, three babies a year will be demanded. This may sound like extortion, but it's all in a good cause.

Euripides, the Greek tragedian, who was named after a well-known steamship, has said "O wad some power the giftie gie us, to see oursels as ithers see us."

Which, being translated from the Greek, means: "Why can't I look through a telescope at myself?" For some time I have observed a growing laxity in our public morals. I have seen with my own eyes numbers of people not crossing the road at right angles. I have asked myself, are we on the downward path? The answer is, unfortunately, "Yes."

* * *

WHAT the country wants is uplift. A cleansing. A winnowing. A sweeping and garnishing. A purifying . . . (You forgot the Augean stables) yes, the Augean stables must be cleansed. The best way to do this is to start off by lynching somebody. Some people prefer pogroms. It was even suggested to me by one of my Brain Trust that the hours for pogroms should be from 9.30 a.m. till 5 p.m. with an hour off for lunch. I vetoed this. I just took my vetoer firmly by the handle, and that was the finish of that suggestion.

Start On This

But before we can hope to do any stable cleaning we must get hold of the means of production and consumption. Then we can lift the purchasing power of the masses to the level of the industrial equatorial basis as a first step towards the stabilisation of interest to the point of blasphemy. Then, having done that, it should be a simple matter to codify the exchange rate and peg the monetary system at value commensurate with the cost of living on the one hand and the fluctuations of the fundamental necessities of the workers with a margin for skill and heredity, even if this means resigning from the League of Nations.

You will see that this work must be started at once. We can't go on like this, betting in half dollars and smoking second-grade cigars, scraping for our taxi fares. Let us then be up and doing somebody!

On! On!

CULBERTSON on *Contract Bridge*

Principles of Bidding and Play

This is the second of a series of articles dealing with the elementary principles of bidding and play. In this series every necessary element of bidding and play will be discussed by Mr. Culbertson. Dr. F. V. McAdam, one of Australia's foremost contract authorities, gives an explanatory footnote of definitions.

By ELY CULBERTSON, World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst.—Bridge Fundamentals, Article II.

MORE INVOLVED FINESSES

SO far I have given only examples of the most elementary finesses. Actually, the complex type of finesse is much more frequent than the simple type, as the play of almost any tenace combination is really a finesse. All tenace positions should be played in the same fashion—in other words, the lead should come from a weak hand to a strong hand. Study the following hands:

	A 6 5	A J 6	A Q 5
West	☐	☐	☐
	Q J 10	Q 10 5	J 10 6

In the first two hands the proper play is to lead the Queen and play low if West plays low. In the third, the situation is really identical except that this time the Knave must be played. If in each instance the card led holds the trick, the second finesse can also be taken. In this fashion three tricks can be won in the suit.

A finesse should practically never be taken unless some sequence position exists between the two hands. For example, in this situation:

A 6 5
☐ East
Q 4 3

the Queen should not be led toward the Ace because if the King is placed on the Queen the Ace will be forced to take the trick, and no more than one trick can be won. The proper play is to lead low from Dummy and play the Queen if East plays low, in the hope that that hand holds the King.

It is also possible to take a double finesse, which consists of an attempt to encircle two honors.

A Q 10
West ☐
6 5 4

Here the low card is led and the Ten finessed the first time, in the hope that West holds both King and Knave. Even if the Knave wins the trick, the finesse of the Queen can be taken the second time.

The combination below demands the same treatment as a tenace position—in other words, the lead should come from the weak hand twice and if West holds the Ace two tricks will be won.

K Q 6
West ☐
5 4 3

Sometimes it is possible to take a finesse in either of two ways, in which case the matter is one mostly of guesswork. For instance:

A J 6
☐
K 10 5

Here the player must guess which hand contains the Queen, and finesse accordingly. However, if Declarer's hand did not contain the Ten there would be only one way of finessing—that is, up to the Ace-Knave in Dummy.

The combination finesse is a finesse which is made with the idea of deliberately losing the first trick.

A J 10
☐
6 5 4

In this example the Declarer leads low and finesses the Ten. If this card is won by either the King or the Queen he must plan to return to his own hand and take the finesse of the Knave the second time.

There are many other combinations similar to the ones given in this lesson, but they are all dependent on the same theories.

(Copyright, by Ely Culbertson)

By DR. F. V. McADAM

WE now come to the more complicated types of finesse, which are of more frequent occurrence in play, and which are more likely to be mismanaged by an inexperienced player. These plays constitute one of the most fascinating aspects of bridge, and in the hands of an expert make the mechanism of play appear to run on oiled wheels.

DEFINITION

Sequence.—Two or more cards are said to be in sequence when they occur in the hand in their natural order, thus: A K Q, Q J 10, 9 8 7 6 are examples of cards in sequence.

Combination Finesse.—This may be a double finesse with an A Q J or A J 10 combination, when the hand opposite to these cards holds but small cards in the suit; or the lead from the top of a sequence towards a higher card which is not in sequence, in the hope of enmeshing the missing honor.

An example of an enmeshing finesse would be leading from Q J 10 in the one hand towards A x x in the other. When a combination such as A J 9 has opposite it Q 10 x an identical position arises.

HOST HOLBROOK says: Spread Holbrook's Anchovy Paste on hot buttered toast. Remove crust, cut into strips. Ah! how tasty***



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An Editorial

FEBRUARY 3, 1934.

CONCERNING GIRLS AND JOBS



SCHOOLS are opening again, but thousands of girls and boys will not be returning to their desks. Nor yet are they going to work.

Alas, the depression has not entirely lifted. The problem of these youngsters is a grave anxiety to parents. Boys are in worse plight than the girls.

Even worse is the problem of those older girls and boys who left school two or three years ago, and have not been able to find employment. They are too old to be given a start in those industries where prospects are looking up; their younger sisters and brothers are preferred. They have no skilled training, and are faced with a lifetime in the unskilled ranks.

Another cause of anxiety is the steadily increasing percentage of girls and women who are being employed in relation to boys and men.

By "anxiety" we do not mean the academic discussion concerning woman's right to work. There is no argument about that right as far as we are concerned, of course. The anxiety arises from the practical fact that women are so often employed as cheap labor to displace the men who should be maintaining homes.

Equal pay for the sexes is the only remedy.

There are many cases to-day where girls and women are the main support of their parents, and other members of their families. They have to meet this burden on what the law calls a female wage. This wage is, of course, less than a family wage. Being less, it encourages the employment of women—and the unemployment of men.

All these difficult matters should give food for thought to those women who never bother about how the policies of their various political parties are shaped. —THE EDITOR.

Lyrics of Life

THEN

In the far years, proudly we stood alone,
Strong in our youth and defiant of life.
We had not breasted seas of waste and strife
Nor learned the cost of sacrifice . . . our own.
We did not know that life held rotted dreams,
Things that had bloomed a day or two and died,
Buried in hearts that laughed, and, laughing, lied,
Striving to hide their pain, in vain it seems.

We did not know in those unsullied years
That shame and love and sacrifice were one . . .
We thought to win the game we had begun,
Nor knew the disillusionment of tears.
But we have learned, and blundered into pain . . .
Life's battlefield where dreams, our dreams, were slain.

—P.D.B.

POINTS of VIEW

Economic See-Saw

IT is interesting to note that in 1933, which we can safely call a bad year now that it is over, 17 people, in England, joined the ranks of the millionaires.

In America millionaires, according to cable, have fallen from 513, in boom years, to 20, but in England there are now 150, including the 17 new ones.

A millionaire is not, as some people think, a person with an income of a million a year. If you have an income of £100,000 a year, you are one.

But the fact that 17 new millionaires came into being in England, in 1933, is the illuminating point. It does seem to prove that somebody is getting rich all the time, and that one man's depression is another man's boom.

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Self-Raising Alarm

FOLLOWING an epidemic of bag-snatching which has spread to most capital cities, women would be well-advised to keep a strong clasp on their handbags. Keen scissors and a furtive manner make up the working technique of the bag-snatcher. Others, of course, have little finesse. Never to carry large sums of money nor to allow a handbag to dangle carelessly, is one way to counter the onslaught of the thief.

In America at the moment a rather novel method of countering these thieves is being adopted with considerable success, and women attacked by the bag-snatcher nearly always get their man.

Women are told to carry little bags of flour with them, and when attacked to threw them at the thief. The thief is then easily identifiable, and the hue and cry is at once set up in crowded streets.

Apparently the flour-bag is a sort of self-raising alarm. But what happens when one misses the thief or the bag strikes the wrong man?—C.H.

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Overdone

THE "War Cry" thinks there is a point at which self-sacrifice in a mother may be badly overdone.

"I have seen," says the writer of "A Page For Women," "a mother spending every moment of her life and bending every energy in service for others, and, in so doing, she has neglected her health, her appearance, her mental and spiritual refreshment," and adds, "Mother does not realise that her self-sacrifice is often unfair to the rest of the family."

Her health, her mental state, her spiritual life, this writer thinks, are all of immense importance to those about her, as well as to herself. Her nerves are of the greatest importance, because, if she becomes jaded and irritable, her family, which depends largely upon her for courage, inspiration, and serenity, will suffer almost as much as she. If you do not take care of yourself for your own sake, do so for the sake of those about you to whom your condition means so much.

A Professor on Women

WHAT do Australian women think of Professor Francis Anderson's remarks last week? As president of the N.S.W. branch of the League of Nations he said, "Soldiers no longer sing hymns of hate, and patriotic soldiers do not fight for fighting's sake. A good soldier never shows hate; it's the women who are bitter."

Professor Anderson's comments on the soldier of to-day are true. Very few of the Diggers bore any personal hatred of the enemy. The Turk was referred to affectionately as "Old Jacko," and the German was "Fritzie."

But the professor's remarks about women are not so true, though they might have been nearer the mark ten years ago.

The women of to-day realise the stupidity of war quite as much as men.



MISS MERLE OBERON, the 21-year-old Australian girl, who, according to cables, has signed a contract with Reliance Pictures, Hollywood, for £5000 a week. She has already made her name as a film actress in England. She is seen above as Anne Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Miss Oberon will play opposite John Barrymore in "The Count of Monte Cristo" as soon as she gets to America.

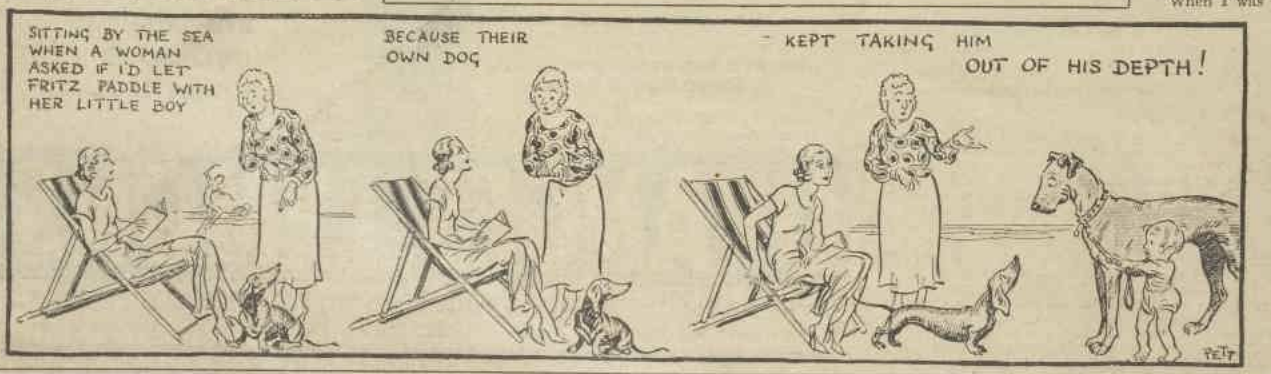
A Plucky Girl

WHAT would you do if you awoke at midnight to see the shadow of a man against your bedroom window, to see the hand of the shadow rummage in the drawer of your dressing-table?

The courage of Miss Myra Roberts, 23-year-old East Melbourne bookkeeper, in such an emergency one night last week deserves to go into the records. She lay still, considering, for a moment. Then she jumped out of bed and made for the electric light switch. She tried to block the man, but he felled her with a savage blow.

Then afterwards she crowed over the burglar (in his absence, you understand!) because while he had found 10/- in one place, he had missed 25/- in another.

JANE'S JOURNAL — The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.



No Sympathy for "Mere Married Philosopher"

An article published the other week, in this column, by a "Mere Married Philosopher," created a great stir. Numerous anonymous wives have taken up the pen to state the wife's point of view. Here are some of the letters.

"A MERE, MARRIED PHILOSOPHER" writes: "Married life is just exactly what a couple decide to make it. Well, my married man, you are one of a couple. Have you made it, or failed? Are you quite fair to your wife? No good woman resents married life. You may think she does, she may even say she does, but in her heart she does not.

"If I were a man I should be so good to my wife that she would have no time to be discontented. We love our home, our babies, and bad-tempered husbands.

"Cheer up, Mr. Man. Perhaps wifey expected you to be manager at the office, just as you thought she would blossom forth into a perfect nurse house-keeper. Don't quit, because Mum might feel that way herself and get off first."
—"HOPING HE READS IT."

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I WOULD suggest that "Mere Married Philosopher" send his wife for a good holiday, free of all cares and worries, as that is what she evidently needs, and, on her return, be more considerate of her, especially when he returns home to dinner, take a little more interest in her affairs, and complain a little less; then tactful suggestions re any improvement in her system would probably bring about the right results.—"A HAPPY PARTNER."

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INEXPERIENCED, often ignorant, knowing each other only superficially, two young people promise "To love, honor, and obey, till death us do part." There is no other contract signed for life. It is this feeling of finality

Whose wives wrote these letters in answer to a "Mere Married Philosopher"?

that often wrecks marriages, and one cannot but wonder if the system of marriage is not at fault. Why not a "Five Year Plan"? If, after five years, a couple decide that they would be happier apart, let their marriage certificate be endorsed "Discharged" in the same way that a mortgage is discharged. Of course, clerics and other well-meaning people would disapprove of this plan for their several reasons, especially the legal profession, who would no longer collect fees for untying the tangled knots which were once true-lovers' bows.—"LET'S TRY IT."

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BEING a mere woman, and an unhappily married one at that, I venture to say some of "Mere Married Philosopher's" remarks are bosh.

I know; I've been through the mill. I happen to be a deserted wife and have had to bring up my children on my own.

But my sin was that I grew old with worry. I'm white-haired now, and that is another unpardonable sin.

The eleventh commandment of to-day is: "If you want to keep the home fires burning now, don't grow old." Management doesn't count these days, neither does loving service, to the everyday man; a flapper's painted face can make him forget everything.—"RAMSGATE."

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LET'S have a story of married happiness, one is so tired of married misery.

My husband and I married very young, and we faced our new life together hand in hand; as "he" says, "life is just what you make it."

We started our babies soon, eleven months after, to be exact.

Neither knew the first thing about it; the first night my husband was up all night, giving the baby Nestle's milk on the end of his little finger; he was a very big and hungry baby.

I did not go to hospital, but had a daily nurse, and so hubby had to look after me at night. He loved the tiresome duty—was not King Baby his as well as mine? He made me gruel in the middle of the night, and no gruel tasted so good as that he made.

When I was about again, I hate to think of the muddle just at first, he would come home and help me, would get tea while I did that very unromantic job — wash "nappies." — "THE CONTENTED PHILOSOPHER."

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I HAVE been married 20 years, and I can only remember my husband taking me out three times and they were not voluntary. And yet we are still in love. No, I am not a fool, nor could I be called angelic, but the years' experience and five children have made of me a "Married Philosopher" with a vengeance.—"COUNTRY TOWN."

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For LOVE of a LADY

Final Instalment Of Our Short Serial

The story so far . . .



ROBERTA ERSKINE an obscure English school-teacher, having inherited a large fortune from an unknown uncle in Australia, sets out with her chaperon, Mrs. York, to claim it. They break their journey at Port Said, and in the train to Cairo Gilbert Lane occupies the same carriage. He, too, is going to Australia ostensibly as a jackeroo on a station, and he and Roberta at once become very friendly. Mrs. York, who looks on the young man as a mere fortune-hunter, disapproves of the friendship, but is immediately impressed by Richard Foxley, who joins the train at Ismailia. Several incidents during the journey arouse Lane's suspicions of the other man, which are confirmed when Foxley accidentally drops a photo of Roberta on the platform at Cairo, and later in the vestibule of Shepheard's Hotel when he sees the other man cut a notice from an English paper offering £1000 reward for information of Robert Erskine's heirs. His fears for Roberta's safety are further increased by Foxley stealing into his (Lane's) room at midnight trying to secure the wallet from under his pillow. Rejoining the ship at Suez, Mrs. York does all in her power to foster the friendship between her charge and Foxley, and at the same time discouraging any advances of Lane's. This Roberta resents, and is furious when her chaperon persists in regarding Gilbert as an adventurer. She is amazed and disappointed, however, when she hears that Lane has stolen valuable papers from Foxley, and does her best to persuade the young man to deny the accusation. But Lane remains unaccountably silent. When the ship reaches Fremantle she gives him one more chance to clear his character, but, instead of doing that, he stands before her a self-confessed thief, and she is forced to admit that, after all, Mrs. York's opinion of him is right.

Now read on . . .

THE moment Robin saw "Karoo" she loved it; the ancient house, the bright garden, the swelling paddocks, overlaid now with the faint patina of spring green. But, most of all, she loved the sense of deep, abiding peace.

"To think," she exclaimed, as she and Mrs. York stood on the verandah one morning, "it is all mine! Those darling little lambs in the meadows . . ."

"Paddocks," corrected Mrs. York, who had listened to these rhapsodies many times already.

". . . That patch of brown ploughed land," went on Robin, "the wattle-trees by the pond. . . dam, I mean—the kelpie barking his sweet head off."

Mrs. York clicked her teeth impatiently.

"You'll soon get tired of undiluted lambs and kelpies," she reminded the girl; "and remember your nearest neighbor is five miles away and the township fifteen."

"I don't want to think of either," answered Robin. "Do you suppose," she added meditatively, "my neck and arms will ever get as brown and smooth as Gloria's?"

Gloria was the housemaid and daughter of a boundary rider, and was even less than the kelpie in Mrs. York's estimation.

"I had a letter from Mr. Foxley this morning," she said. "He is going on to Java in about a week's time and would like to come up here for a few days."

Robin frowned and felt some of her enthusiasm evaporate. She wanted to forget Foxley and the boat and everything but the peaceful present.

"After all," added the older woman, adopting an injured tone, "you should consider other people a little. I haven't spoken to anyone but you and the maids for over three weeks."

Robin sighed guiltily. Perhaps she had been selfish in dragging Mrs. York away from the fascinations of Sydney as soon as they landed, but she had been so anxious to see her new home.

"I suppose I am a self-centred beast," she admitted, "but I don't want to see anyone from the ship. Not anyone."

"It's a ridiculous attitude," Mrs. York told her sharply "and, personally, I am sick of the sight of lambs and kelpies, but, of course you are mistress here and have a right to invite whom you want to your own home."

"When does he want to come?" Robin asked.

"He suggested Monday."

"Then write and say we shall be pleased to see him," the girl said trying to infuse a little warmth into her voice. "And now, just to show I am not really a recluse

Illustrated by WEP

what about coming with me into the township this afternoon?"

But Mrs. York, having achieved her objective, declined on the plea of headache. She was wise enough not to mention Foxley at lunch, and soon after Robin set off in the smart little runabout she had already mastered. She felt very happy and confident as she bowled along the quiet road trying not to think of the memories Foxley's name had conjured up. She was a fool, in any case, to brood over Lane, who was a self-confessed thief, and had apparently faded out of her life forever. All the same, she did think of him, and wondered what had become of him, and if he ever thought of her. Presently her musing was interrupted by an ominous jerk, and the little car came to a standstill. With an exclamation of annoyance she got out, and, opening the bonnet, peered in, aware of her complete ignorance of machinery, and a rising sense of panic. Here she was, five miles from home, ten from the township, and no sign of life along the dusty tree-lined road. Still, she assured herself, lighting a cigarette, someone was sure to come along soon, for even in the Australian bush people travelled from one place to another, and she was bound to get help before very long.

Half an hour passed, an hour, and she was beginning to feel really frightened, when suddenly she heard the hum of an engine, and a car appeared in the distance. Quickly it came nearer, and running into the middle of the road she held out her hand. It slowed down, stopped and a tall man came across to her.

"Mr. Lane!" her voice was shrill with amazement.

"Good afternoon, Miss Erskine," he answered, raising his hat. "Are you in trouble?"

"But. . .?" she began confusedly.

"I live five miles from 'Karoo'," he explained, smiling into her eyes. "Of course you don't remember I was coming out as jackeroo on a station. Why should you?"

"I do remember," she told him quickly. "But I didn't know it was near here."

"As a matter of fact," he said easily, "I'm your next-door neighbor. But after our talk that night before we got to Fremantle I didn't think you would want to see me again."

She swept him one swift glance from her dark eyes, then her face hardened.

"When you're stranded five miles from everywhere, you're glad to see anyone," she answered stiffly.

He longed to take her in his arms there and then and kiss her cold mouth into warmth, but instead he went over to the car and examined it.

"I'm afraid I can't be of much use to you here," he said, after a few minutes' silence, "although I could tow you into town or back home, whichever you prefer?"

"I think I shall go home," she answered calmly, "and send the chauffeur along for the car. That is," she added, "if it will not be taking you out of your way?"

"That's all right," he assured her, going across to his own car. "Hop in."

She hopped in, hating the circumstance that forced her to be under a compliment to him, and hating him for his unruffled calm. A thief had no business to be so nonchalant and cheerful, she decided, and kept as far from him as the narrow seat permitted.

"What's it like, being owner of a great sheep station?" he asked after a long silence.

"Heavenly," she answered, with all her old enthusiasm.

Another silence, during which she glanced covertly at his strong brown hands and square chin while he covertly glanced at her slim hands folded in her lap, and the soft, pure line of her cheek. Presently the car turned in at the entrance to "Karoo" and began to drive up the long winding path to the house.

"Ever hear anything of the other passengers?" he inquired casually, as he stopped at the garden gate.

She collected her bag and gloves, and got out.

"Mr. Foxley is coming up on Monday for three days before going on to Java," she told him, and felt a thrill of malicious pleasure at the sight of his angry eyes.

"Thank you for bringing me home," she added, as he did not speak. "But won't you come in and see 'Karoo' . . and Mrs. York?"

"No, thanks," he answered, releasing the brakes; "not now."

She waited till the car began to move, then ran forward. "But you will come, some time?" she said, her hand on the door.

"Yes," he answered, "if you ask me." Her beautiful eyes, on a level with his own, revealed more than their owner knew.

"That's a promise, then," she said.

He nodded, and, lifting his hat, drove off.

She knew then that Lane supplied the only thing needed to make "Karoo" perfect, and, as the days passed without any word from him, she felt her spirits sag. Mrs. York, on the other hand, who had received the news of his whereabouts with disheartening indifference, was secretly thankful when he failed to pay his promised visit. She had no wish for him to disturb her new-found peace.

"In fact," she said, when discussing the matter with the girl, "he shows he isn't quite lost to all sense of decency. I only hope," she added piously, "that he doesn't abuse any confidence his employer places in him."

"Mr. Lane," Robin said, bridling, "isn't a common thief," but Mrs. York, who knew no nuances of crime, merely expressed the hope that they would see no more of him.

"Probably we won't," the girl assured her with some heat, hating Lane for not availing himself of her invitation, and herself for extending it. The arrival of Foxley deflected her attention from her own affairs for the time being and she took a childish pride in showing off her possessions.

"You're my first guest," she told him as they sat at lunch on Monday, "and I've given you my uncle's room next to the library."

"Robert Erskine," put in Mrs. York with vicarious pleasure in the late squatter's appreciation of letters, "was evidently a great reader, and there are some first editions among his books."

FOXLEY, however, was not concerned about literature, his mind being still occupied with the chilling reception he had received from Thompson, Thompson, and Forbes.

He had proved his friendship with the man in the trenches, had shown the fragment of the letter Lane left behind the night he stole the wallet, had assured the lawyer that the dead man had been Robert Erskine's son-in-law, and told of his fruitless endeavor to find the young woman and her son on his own return to England.

But Mr. Thompson had remained unconvinced, and the thousand pounds reward had not been paid.

One thing he gleaned during that depressing interview was the fact that a firm belief existed in the lawyer's mind regarding a missing will. The housekeeper at "Karoo" had sworn to witnessing some document a few days before Erskine died, but this had never been found, and Mr. Thompson was convinced that it contained the authentic information required. Until such time, therefore, as it was discovered, Roberta remained in undisputed possession of "Karoo."

Sitting there at her table he suddenly hated her for her security, and registered a silent vow to comb this house for the missing will. It must be somewhere, and although the eagle eye of the lawyer had failed to find it, he, Foxley, would force the large, lofty rooms with their massive furniture to yield their secret. And then where would this confident, smiling girl be? Back in the obscurity from whence she had come.

". . . such a coincidence," Mrs. York was saying when he remembered what was owing from a guest to his hostesses 'that Lane man is working on the next place. Robin met him the other day."

Foxley was shaken out of his usual composure by this news, but controlled himself.

"It's to be hoped," he remarked as Mrs. York had done on receiving the information, "he hasn't the run of the house while his employer is away."

He glanced as he spoke at Robin, but she refused to be drawn, and went on eating her grapefruit calmly.

"After lunch," she told him, "I'm going to show you just how lovely 'Karoo' is."

She was rather disappointed at his lack of appreciation of the dogs and lambs, but supposed he was more interested in sophisticated things.

"Isn't it all beautiful!" she exclaimed as they stood on the verandah a little later. "Do you wonder I'm so proud of "Karoo"?

"It's very fine indeed," he assured her, "but I'm really looking forward to exploring the inside, especially the library you told me of."

"Then you can indulge your fancy at once," she laughed. "I've some letters to write, and Mrs. York is resting, so you have over an hour to do what you like . . . before dinner."

As she spoke she led him down the hall and, opening a door behind the dining-room, ushered him in.

"Here is the library," she said, "and it leads into your bedroom. If you happen across any secret panels or things, let me know."

Before he could answer she had closed the door and left him alone in the book-lined room whose quiet dignity was in keeping with "Karoo" itself. He glanced at the laden shelves that lined each wall, at the polished surface of mahogany, at the austere beauty of the steel engravings, but he was not actually aware of any of them. To Foxley the library represented the first sphere of his labors.

"A bit of a connoisseur, old pathfinder," he reflected, beginning to examine the books nearest him.

As specimens of literature they did not interest him particularly, but remembering that Erskine had been an inveterate reader, the thought came that possibly the missing will might have been left lying undiscovered in some volume. Robin's words, too, assumed an added significance. How little she guessed his desire to find a secret panel or anything, indeed, that would help to wrest her inheritance from her. Mr. Thompson's face on being confronted with the lost document was also an incentive, and Foxley smiled grimly as he set to work.

Book after book was taken down and the space against the wall explored, and the fact that Lane was only five miles away spurred him on to further efforts.

Many times since his arrival in Australia he had cursed his folly in not definitely accusing the other man of rifling his wallet and reading that blotting paper, but somehow he felt even now he had been wise in ignoring both actions. Later on, when he had secured his authentic information and won his reward would be time enough to triumph over his enemy.

"Who is the fellow?" he wondered for the hundredth time since they met, "and what concern is it of his whether Erskine's real heir is ever found?"

That Lane also might be in need of that thousand pounds never seemed a likely solution to his theft on the boat, for somehow he felt that it was not mere monetary gain that instigated that disquieting young man in his strange behaviour. What then?

Foxley was not aware of the passage of time till the fading light warned him of the approach of dinner, and then, carefully marking the place on the shelves he had already searched, he went into his bedroom. Later on, when the women were in bed, he would resume his work in the library, and, while dressing, he scanned Robert Erskine's Spartan-like bedroom for any likely hiding place. It offered singularly little scope for any exploration.

Please turn to Page 41



"When you're stranded five miles from anywhere you're glad to see anyone," she answered coldly.

By JESSIE URQUHART

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Vibrant YOUTH returns quickly to tired weather-worn faces

Amazing rejuvenating cream enables women to look from 5 to 15 years younger



A face that is tired to-day is OLD to-morrow! Present conditions are leaving their mark upon the faces of many women formerly beautiful. The skins of these women are fast becoming lifeless, dull and, in some cases, quite coarse and open-pored. Refined facial contours are sagging, lines and wrinkles are making their dread appearance. Time is attacking you each day—each hour.

RECLAIM YOUR YOUTHFULNESS—REGENERATE YOUR SKIN

Let Kathleen Court, world-famous cosmetician, charm from your face the mask that hides the natural loveliness that is your real, girlish self. Facial Youth, amazing rejuvenant of this internationally recognised beauty expert, will *INSTANTLY* take from 5 to 15 years off the age you now appear to be!

CORRECT EXISTING FAULTS—PREVENT OTHERS ENCROACHING!

Facial Youth restores and maintains correct oil balance of the skin, guarding it against the attacks of changes in climate, weather, atmosphere or diet. These changes, often sudden, are such as to throw most skins "off balance"—the result is either an excessive dryness or oiliness. Facial Youth keeps the skin at all times smooth, fresh, exquisite; light in tone—soft and appealing as a spring flower. The moment you apply this astounding cream, freckles, small blemishes, yellowness, "brown tinge" and skin-shine fade out; coarse, ugly pores and "crows-feet" lines disappear, while other embarrassing marks of unkindness on the part of Nature or Time become completely obliterated. *Truly this is rejuvenation!*

TEST THIS UTTERLY INDIVIDUAL CREAM YOURSELF—TO-DAY!

Insufficient room exists here to tell you all the wonderful things Facial Youth will accomplish for your skin—and for your entire appearance. There is nothing to compare it with—it stands alone, even to the extent of acting as a retarding agent upon the growth of those ugly face hairs that, in time, ruin the beauty of so many girls and women.

Get a package of Facial Youth *to-day*, and use it as directed. Any high-class chemist or department-store can supply you. There are two forms, for day use, in tubes at 1/3 and 2/-, and in jars at 2/6; also a special cleansing form for night use, in jars only at 2/6. Smooth in this cream—smooth out the years, and any unhappy signs the years may have brought you—be young, fresh, adorable—LOVELY . . . You *must* be if you use



facial youth

by KATHLEEN COURT

WHEN NATURE FORGETS . . .

REMEMBER LUBRI-LAX

Also remember that thousands of testimonials are being received weekly from doctors, nurses and the public—also hospitals.

The great praise attributed to Lubri-Lax by a Sydney Women's Hospital in last week's "Sunday Sun" referred to the Trevallian Women's Hospital, Botany Road, and not the Women's Hospital, Crown Street.

LUBRI-LAX

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS

2/- & 2/9 Medium Strength. Double Strength. 3/6

LIFE—A BUSINESS

It is a paradox, perhaps, that while Home Life is a refuge from business, it is itself a business.

Money enters so largely into everything that it must be planned for in every phase of life.

It is in business that money is earned, in the Home, chiefly, that it is spent, and there is no sound reason why the spending should not be regarded as being just as important as earning. In fact, it is far more important, for earning is difficult, and must employ wisdom, forethought, and energy, while spending is easy, so easy that there is temptation to spend unwisely.

Every Home, then, is a business, and needs an economic system, of which the Savings Bank Pass Book can be the valuable basis.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government.)

A BUSLOAD of THOUGHTS



THE psychologist sat in the corner of the omnibus, his knees hunched in front of him. The bus was half empty and he hoped that it would not fill up at the corner, because it would mean that he had to stand, and he was too tall to stand with comfort in any omnibus.

He stared round him at the others already occupying seats.

"What are these people thinking?" he asked himself.

Every bus has its own thoughts. Every bus is full of them as it rolls down the street.

The psychologist settled himself down to think and eyed them one after the other in turn. He made such a study of the human mind that he was able to read the thoughts of those with whom he came in contact.

The typist across the gangway stifled a yawn.

She was telling herself that she had forgotten to varnish her nails to-day. Well, there hadn't been time—besides, she had been much too worried. Last night . . . Her mind had been going back to the scene all through the day, and she was living it again now.

It was all to do with her boy. Just as the affair was coming along so nicely, too—why, they had been almost engaged. He had said something about a ring only a few weeks ago. They had been going out and about together regularly and he was in a decent job. Everybody expected that they'd get engaged and marry, and with so few boys about—well, the marrying kind of boys—it made a difference. Last night she had been short with him. Everything had gone wrong in the office, too, and all that batch of letters coming back at the last minute to be retyped had made her mad. She couldn't help it. She had sat on grinding them out when the other girls had gone, and she had known that she would be late for her appointment.

When she got to the cinema where she had arranged to meet Montie she was in a panic. He wasn't there. She could have cried, really she could. She told herself it wasn't any good missing a decent picture, so she went inside, and she saw Montie just in front of her with that girl with the tow-colored hair from farther down the road. It had made her sick. She waited till the picture was finished and ran after them. They all walked home together, and when he had said good-bye to the tow-colored hair—a silly, giggling sort of a girl she was, too—she had turned on him. She had felt bitter. She was in a biting mood.

"You've never cared for me," she challenged him.

"Well, I thought you weren't coming."

Why hadn't she left it at that? Why hadn't she realised that there was something in what he said, some fairness? But she hadn't.

"The moment my back's turned, just see what you pick up!"

On and on she had gone, saying things, looking things—awful things.

He had marched off, and all night long she had cried and wondered what she could do. If she wrote to him it would be making herself cheap — she didn't want to do that. Should she waylay him? Oh, heavens, how her head ached. She felt she'd start crying again if she wasn't careful . .

THE mind-reader glanced at her neighbor.

The little parson had come up for a congress because his wife had insisted on it, though he had felt that he ought not to spend the money. Fares were heavy; you had to eat, and restaurant meals were so expensive. Emily had made him up a little parcel of sandwiches and had put a banana inside.

"You could eat it in one of the parks," she had suggested.

He didn't feel like eating it in the park. He thought that it would look a little odd. He had come to London for the day because he thought that it was as well to show oneself as a live wire, though, of course, he wasn't a live wire really. Life in a country parish doesn't tend towards being that, but it was as well to keep oneself under the bishop's eye. He had put on his best suit and his hat had been scrupulously brushed for the occasion. He was quite ignorant of the fact that he still wore his bicycle clips.

As he sat there he was thinking of lunch. Lyons was very cheap. You could get steak-and-kidney pie for sevenpence, and one did not mind asking for water to drink there. Nobody looked down their noses, whereas in most restaurants it was considered dreadful to ask for water. He wondered about the pretty girl beside him. A little got-up perhaps. He was glad that Emily did not look like that, though she could look more like it with advantage.

His thoughts wandered. If he had bread with his steak-and-kidney pie it would be eightpence. The girl beside him wore silk stockings. He wished that Emily did. She was so very serviceable.

He supposed that vegetables would be extra. And if he bought a lunch, where could he leave Emily's little parcel? A litter basket was significant of waste, for surely there were lots of people in this great city, hungry people who would be only too glad of it. It seemed all wrong. He didn't suppose he could get a pudding at any restaurant under fourpence.

His mind spun on and on in circles.

IN front of him sat a highly respectable woman with a large and serviceable market basket. She was looking through her shopping list. She knew now that there was far too much to do; she was convinced that she would never get back to Clapham in time for her old man's dinner unless she hurried. What was worse, you could never get these things at the particular price reckoned on. Things were wickedly expensive, although folks said that since the war prices had come down; they could say what they liked, but she knew that they hadn't.

Of course, you'd always been able to get cheap things cheaply, but then what is the use of cheap things when you want them to wear well? She wanted to buy children's combinations. There was no warmth in cheap combinations. Then there was the mackintosh for her old man. The last mackintosh had been a kind of leather, and the first wet morning he had stuck to the seat of his bicycle and left it there, so that there was a great hole with his trousers showing through. Cheap wasn't the right word for that sort of mackintosh; it was dear at any price.

She must get some new underwear for herself. Fleecy-lined for the winter if she could. Fleecy-lined was good and serviceable. Summer sales were a good time to pick things up; she'd get a good bargain she was sure, and she only hoped that the pudding at home wouldn't have boiled itself away in her absence. You could not tell.

Beside her sat a little city clerk, who was very quiet. Even the racing news, usually so attractive, failed to hold his interest.

AN UNUSUAL SHORT STORY

He was worried about Alice, his wife. Two kiddies, and the younger twelve—you wouldn't have supposed that a thing like this could happen. She wouldn't have believed it either, though she'd got all the symptoms right enough. It was a shame, he told himself. He didn't want to start a family again. His salary would not run to the expense of it, either. Another child was unthinkable, just as the other two were getting off their hands.

IT was really very easy to analyse their thoughts, and easiest of all was the spinster lady. . .

She sat by the side of the psychologist and smiled approvingly at the parson. He was obviously going to the congress, and she thought it very noble and most encouraging. She was given to good works herself; she did things for people that people didn't want done for them. She visited houses where the occupants usually did not want her. She did her best, and it gave her a pleasant feeling of satisfaction.

She worked for the vicar and he was a very good man. Recently his wife had died, leaving him a lonely widower, which was very lamentable and sad for the poor man. People said that he would marry again; the spinster knew that they were saying so, and perhaps linking her name with his. She rather hoped that they were.

She sat there very still indeed, and a little smile twisted her mouth. She had her secrets. Oh, yes, she had her little secrets!

It would be most agreeable to marry,

—By—
URSULA BLOOM

for she had almost given up all hopes of it. She was forty-eight. It was better than being fifty, of course; still, forty-eight is forty-eight, and two years are not a long time. Only yesterday the vicar had said:

"Do you know what people are saying?"

And she had been paralysed as to whether he referred to her.

She had simpered, and then, at the critical moment, old Mrs. Miggs had come into the vestry to clean the church brass. So trying that, when another moment might have been so precious. Perhaps the vicar would have heard more to-day. Perhaps people would be saying more. Perhaps. . . . Her eyes grew brighter with anticipation.

THE psychologist shook his head a little sadly. Life is very strange. It is never so subtle as it thinks.

The conductor whistled gaily on the step. He had put half a crown on Spotty Dog yesterday, and it had romped home at two to one. He'd be five bob up, and that meant that he could plank a whole five bob on Larky Tom on Saturday. He had had a fancy for Larky Tom for a long while. A fine horse; no nonsense about it. A furtive thought crossed his mind and left a trail of uneasiness behind it. He hoped that the bookie hadn't scoffed the tin. Last time he had had a dabble he had gone to the bookie Sid Tucker had recommended, and he had turned out to be a welsher.

He'd put his all on Larky Tom, because that was the tip all right for Saturday. Don't you fret about that.

"All fares, all fares," he said.

The old girl with the market basket was getting out, having paid a penny ticket and gone a tuppeny journey.

"'Ere, what's your little game?" he expostulated.

She paid, but she grumbled as she did so.

The parson rose and staggered for the platform by the conductor. The typist, coming out of her misery, waved his little parcel after him and giggled.

"Here, you've left your little packet of fun," she said, and ran to join him.

They got off together, and as the bus went on its way the conductor saw them talking on the pavement.

"Nah then, nah then," said he to himself, "come orf it!"

The city clerk, finding that, wrapped in his own thoughts of excessive dreariness, he had gone past his destination, pulled the cord.

"What d'you think you're a-doing of?" asked the conductor. "We've just stopped. Why couldn't you have got off when we was stationary? We can't stop here. P'lice regulations."

"Sorry. I was day-dreaming."

The driver allowed the bus to slow down.

"Orf you pops," said the conductor.

The spinster lady glanced sideways at the psychologist. She was arch in her manner, and she evidently thought of other people besides the vicar. He avoided her gaze. He told himself that he would get off at Piccadilly Circus; a bus, said he, even though it is full of simple thoughts, is no place for a mind-reader.

He made his way out into the street.

A queer morning, he told himself. He hoped the lady with the basket had bought her garments satisfactorily, and had not found that the pudding had boiled away. He hoped Larky Tom would win. He trusted that the parson might have some small romance with the typist. He hoped the spinster would win her vicar, and that everything would be all right for Alice.

He felt in his pocket for his watch. The watch had gone. In a panic he felt for his note-case; that had gone, too. He remembered that he had sat close to the simple spinster lady, whose thoughts maybe had not been entirely of the vicar.

"My hat!" said the psychologist.

Even psychologists may be deceived.

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HEAT-WAVE STUDY : COURTSHIP CLASS





WHILE WE frizzle in the heat, people are doing this sort of thing the other side of the world. The fancy skaters are the Viver sisters, whose display was one of the features of an ice carnival held in Paris recently.



PHEW, it's hot! That's what this girl sighed as she sweltered in the heat, the other day. There is nothing like lying on damp sand, in a bathing costume, to keep cool, she says.

LEFT: Dr. E. R. ERICKSON, who is head of the Courtship and Marriage class of the School of Philosophy at Utah University, America. He believes that the Courtship and Marriage class, if generally adopted, would make for more successful marriages.



A SMART cat this. And haven't you seen "sheiks" with the same expression. The pussy is "Bdu Saada," a recent blue ribbon winner in the Empire Cat Club show.



AND STILL they cruise. The pretty girl is Jean Faukner, of West Australia, who has been visiting Melbourne friends.



IF YOU look closely you will see that this girl's dress is kept up by her beads, only. It is the very latest, but of course the beads have to be strong. She is Veronica Rose, of Fox Films.

RIGHT: MISS PEGGY RICHARDSON, one of the candidates for the title of "The most beautiful Hullo girl on the London Exchange." Telephone girls from all over the metropolitan area are competing.





RIGHT: A reader sent this interesting snap of a woman in Malta, Britain's Mediterranean naval base. The elaborate headgear is a "Faldetta." It makes an odd comparison with to-day's hat fashions in Australia.



JOAN HARTIGAN, the brilliant Australian tennis champion, who is writing exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly.



HERE IS the composer of the "Last Round Up" with his wife. Needless to say he is an American. This popular song, which is now all the craze in Australia, helped Mr. Billy Hill, of Pittsburgh, to round up £5000 in royalties for himself. As he was more or less down and out, his success was very welcome indeed.

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MAKE YOUR BUST BEAUTIFUL

Thousands of society women have formed their scraggy, undeveloped, and flabby breasts and throat into the firm, round, fresh, virginal loveliness of youth as Miss A.L. (age 22), of Killara, Sydney, has done.

"I am very pleased with Mamogen," she says. "I have tried everything to try and develop my breasts a little, but nothing did any good until I saw your advertisement of Mamogen and decided to try it. When I began my bust measured 27½ inches, and now, after four weeks, my bust is nearly 30 inches. I am absolutely delighted with Mamogen, it's marvellous. I am going on with it until my bust is 33, as it ought to be, because I am 5ft. 5in. tall."

If your breasts are undeveloped, scraggy or shapeless, send for a flask of Mamogen, and stroke this marvellous cream into your breasts each night with your fingers. Mamogen is prescribed by doctors to rejuvenate and beautify the breasts, and is prepared from the prescription of a famous specialist.

You can get large flasks of Mamogen for 10/- post free from W. James Rogers Ltd., Dept. 3, 235 George St., Sydney; C. P. Lloyd & Co., 343 Lt. Collins St., Melbourne; D. Maclean & Co., Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane; and Mamogen will reach you by return mail, plainly wrapped, with full directions for use.***

PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

"Makes all the difference"

Make Refreshing Summer FRUIT DRINKS whenever you need them with—

P.M.U. EXTRACTS

These extracts contain highly-concentrated fruit juices and ensure refreshing fruit beverages that will appeal to thirsty palates. One 6oz. bottle makes half-gallon fruit cordial—enough for 50 large glasses.

Made in the following flavours—

Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.

Stocked by all good grocers.



NAVY BLUE for 1934!

From MURIEL SEGAL
Our Special Representative in London

LONDON.

MAYFAIR follows the dictates of the young Cambridge graduate, Victor Stiebel, who has made his rooms in Bruton St. the Mecca of smart dressers. Visiting his salons yesterday I saw some of the styles to be launched early in 1934.

Many navy blue frocks will be featured for evening wear. The streamline is to be continued with decided elongated effects, the flared hems of the long evening skirts being almost always lined with a darker shade, which peeps out as the wearer walks. Cock-feathers make shoulder capes on very decollete gowns.

Shantung is used for evening wear. One fuchsia Shantung gown has the hem faced with a deeper shade, almost purple, and matching the velvet belt. Armholes are low-cut, almost to the waist. An oyster white crepe frock with royal blue belt and gloves has been chosen by Margaret Rawlings for her new show, "Old Folks at Home."

A white taffeta frock has a red plaid line and is moulded to the figure with a frill at the hem, no belt, and puffed sleeves, with a low-cut neckline. This style is known as a "Jemima" frock, being reminiscent of negro days, but follows out the fashionable Edwardian silhouette.

"Are hats going to the back of the head?" I heard someone ask Mr. Stiebel.

"No," he replied, "they are already gone, chere madame."

The sports clothes feature the suits which have plaid blouses, and jackets lined with the plaid. The materials are of the crinkly variety, and in some of the formal gowns a very much accentuated crepe surface is used.

Bottle green is a color favored by Victor Stiebel, and he also seems partial to some of the more uncommon shades of red.

HOST HOLBROOK says: Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar is clear brilliant and mellow. Ah! It is a wonderful brew.***

LOUISE MACK ADVISES

A PLEA for *Poor* HUSBANDS

The Hurt of the SILVER SPOON

I suppose—no, I don't suppose, I am sure—that most mothers desire to find rich husbands for their pretty young daughters. But why?

"I REGRET that my girls have been brought up so luxuriously because it becomes more and more obvious that they will have to marry poor men," writes a correspondent. "Their father worries about it a good deal. Please can you say something in favor of poor men as husbands?"

Yes, I can!

I can say quite a lot!

I can say, in fact, that a poor husband is a better husband for a girl than a rich one.

And I can say that the very greatest asset you can give a real man is the **necessity to fight for his living!**

Also, I can say that a girl needs a real man more than she needs a rich one.

Self-Starters

WE human beings are so constituted that we need impetus. The very strong carry their own self-starters. But even they need cranking up occasionally. And the best cranking system the race has ever known is **necessity.**

Love comes next as a cranking agent, but love is often just a fever that people



Being rich doesn't always mean happiness.

recover from, and it passes away like a tale that is told. (The ancient Greeks, speaking of a love affair, used the phrase, "recovered," as though love were an illness).

But necessity does not pass, except by being **overcome.**

And the danger of the rich husband is that, behind the fun of his wealth, lies no **absolute necessity!**

Lies, in fact, a terrible dearth of **necessity.**

And necessity is more than the mother of invention.

Necessity is the ozone of our spiritual life and the mother of intention.

"Baffled to fight better, fall to rise," is the lordly heritage of the poor young husband.

* * *

TO be born with a silver spoon in the mouth is one of the cruellest tricks that Fate can play to a little boy. Soon, all too soon, that silver spoon brings about its malady.

Soon, all too soon, the silver spoon engenders that sinking feeling known as mental indigestion when nothing seems worth while doing, and nothing seems worth while having.

There is no melody then in the thrush's songs, no scent in the purple violets, not enough fun in amusement, not enough excitement in travel.

In the good old days when we minced matters, we called that **ennui.**

To-day, in modern phraseology, ennui becomes **"fed up."**

And really, considering the spoon in the case, fed up is quite an apt definition, don't you think?

Rich young men begin to be fed up so very, very early.

The echoes of fun he hasn't shared become positive tortures to that fresh young mind, with all its green and sparkling unexplored avenues of imagination stretching away so confidently towards the unknown.

"Fed . . . fed up," he mutters.

Ah, the silver spoon tickles your throat, does it, poor little rich boy?

Jack of All Trades

The fact is, the rich husband can't do the dear, delightful, lovable little useful things that the poor one can.

He can't paper the dining-room with silver chocolate paper. He can't cover chairs at a pinch. He can't contrive shelves and lights and alterations for you instantly, even in the middle of the night, if the fancy takes you. He can't lie on his back and get the last ounce out of the battered old car when anyone else would say it was "done." He can't be quite **all there** in the way the poor man has had to be always, always, ever since he became a man.

The poor man is jack of all trades and master of none, and that's what makes the perfect husband.

That's what's wrong with the rich man as a husband sharing the house. He's jack of no trades and master of none. And the house knows it, the wife knows it, the servants know it, he knows it himself, and certain sure his children will know it as soon as they know anything.

* * *

THINK of the men you liked in books. Who are they?

Don't we all remember that Laurie was rich as well as handsome, yet our adored Jo turned him down for the poor professor.

In books, who cares how little money the hero has as long as he's a real man?

So with life.

As it's **our tastes** that set the fashions in **books,** we must really like the same things **in life.**

And we do, we do! We like real men. Girls all over the world love the man with the jaw that means the will to struggle with adversity. Girls are not gold-diggers. There are many more poor girls in the world than rich ones, and yet the world contrives to be "a good world after all."

"Better the man without wealth, than wealth without the man."

Now Playing at the PRINCE EDWARD



•*Associate Entertainment:*

GOLDEN HARVEST

The Drama of the Wheat Fields, with

RICHARD ARLEN, CHESTER MORRIS, GENEVIEVE TOBIN.

A Paramount Picture.

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE, IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN



Conducted by L. W. LOWER.
A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

FARMER: If I were as lazy as you, I would go and hang myself in my barn.

Tramp: No you wouldn't.

Farmer: Why wouldn't I?

Tramp: Because if you were as lazy as me you wouldn't have no barn.

"MY wife looks after me, I can assure you," said the man in the train. "Why, she even takes off my boots for me in the evening."

"Ah, when you come home from the club?" suggested the man opposite.

"No—when I want to go there."

ONE of the newly-rich was showing a friend round her "estate." Presently they came to the poultry-run.

"Do your hens lay?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "They can lay, but for people like us it is quite unnecessary."

"DID you hear what happened to Mike Goldbaum this afternoon?"

"No. What?"

"He fell asleep in the bathtub with the water running."

"Did it overflow?"

"No. He sleeps with his mouth open."

THE Gardener (giving notice): No, sir, it's the missus I can't abide. She's got into the 'abit of talking to me just like she does to you, and she forgets I can leave when I wants to.

"AH, Donald," said the minister, "I hear they've gone dry in your brother's village."

"Dry!" remarked Donald. "Dry! Why, man, I received a letter frae Sandy, and, believe me, the stamp was stuck on wi' a pin."

DEBT-COLLECTOR'S Wife: What are you looking so terribly worried about, Horace?

Debt-Collector: The landlord's become a client of our firm, and if I don't collect my rent I get the sack for inefficiency.

"ARE you in furnished or unfurnished rooms?"

"Well, old chap, I don't know till I get home to-night. These hire-purchase people are so funny."

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WHAT *Is* THIS *Modern* GERMAN DANCE?

By IRENE VERA YOUNG

One of Australia's Leading Exponents of the Art

WITH the German dance steadily gaining ground in Australia and claiming more and more adherents, it is natural that the people should seek to know about this form of art. My experience before the public in Australia has shown me that the people here are deeply appreciative of this beautiful movement and are eager to see it both in solo and group form.



AN unusual study of Vera Young in one of her interpretative dances in the modern manner. She studied in Germany, England, and America for a number of years. —Russell Roberts.

FACE to face with this new dance the mind is made aware of great areas filled with wonderful possibilities, and the student as well as the experienced artist finds a great mass of material ready to be moulded into new and intriguing forms.

Although the German dance is practically new to Australia, this development both on the Continent and in America is safely past the first experimental stages and dangers which beset all excursions into new fields of art.

Much that was crude and ugly in its initiative stages has dropped from it as the teachers, students, and artists have become more used to handling it.

The inclination, too, among the earlier German dancers, to tell through movement always of the unhappy and downward experiences of life, is very much less marked than it was in its infancy period, and it is quite a mistake to associate German dance and dancers with the heavy, ungainly movements always used to express fear, repression, hate, and such other unhealthy depths.

Indeed, the lovely, free, and flowing movements of the technically correct German dance are particularly happy in carnival mood of most irresponsible and unfettered youth.

* * *

THERE is a tendency among the ballet dancers to separate themselves from the German dance because they are under the impression that they cannot "do both, because" (they will tell you) "German dancing will ruin my ballet." Nearly always this is mere speculation on their part. A very few questions will uncover the fact that they have not tried to "do both."



A MORE typical pose of the German dance, in which Vera Young demonstrates the forcefulness of this new form of physical expression. —Russell Roberts.

One has only to mention Krentzberg, famous among famous male dancers, and Tilly Losch, famous among famous women dancers, to show that at least these two have not "ruined their ballet," but as these names are unfamiliar to many of the ballet dancers in Australia, it proves nothing to them, and so they remain under the limitation of their own preconceived ideas.

I think the wife of that great dancer, Nijinski, has done much to wipe away prejudice, misunderstanding, and misconception of the German dance from the mind of the ballet dancers, in her recently published book telling the life of the greatest dancer the world has ever seen.

There is a picture in the book of Nijinski with a group of girls in bare feet, and Madame Nijinski tells us how Nijinski, over a period of some months, patiently trained these ballet dancers in an "entirely new technique."

She tells us how difficult the girls found it, and of the varied reception this strange new ballet received when it was presented to the public. Although for years afterwards Nijinski continued with pure ballet technique, no one has ever suggested that his experiments in this new field "ruined his ballet."

Nijinski's Vision

IN stretching out for these new forms of the dance, Nijinski glimpsed the wonderful possibilities that would be open to him with a less limited technique than the pure ballet technique permitted him.

To-day the modern German dancer is in possession of this "entirely new technique" that Nijinski so bravely sought for himself. It is interesting to note that Nijinski's wife tells us that to Diaghileff and his confreres, Isadora Duncan was relegated to the status of "amateur." I would venture to say that Duncan had the same vision that Nijinski had, but she had not the wisdom or the foresight or the perseverance to develop the technique that could, and would, have removed all possibility of such criticism. I believe her contribution to the Art of the Dance is colossal, and her influence on the dance is such that it can never be wiped aside by a professional snobbishness and a contemptuous "amateur" flung at a great development still struggling for birth.

But to-day the German dance is born, is indeed a lusty youth demanding and receiving recognition. Its technique is as definite as the technique of the classical ballet, and is what Nijinski himself would have found and used had he been able to pursue its normal development.

No such charge as "no technique" can be hurled at the modern German dancer, and the imitator, the dilettante, and the pseudo-teacher will find themselves in deep water if they dabble in the German dance without an adequate training.

It is no longer sufficient to use the legs and arms, no matter to what state of perfection the movements have ascended.

The modern dance demands a flow of movement throughout the entire body, and the training that is required to achieve such a technique is no less arduous than the ballet training, and it calls for application, intelligence, endurance, strength, and creative ability and knowledge of line and form, and spatial relationships.



IRENE VERA YOUNG (right) and one of her pupils, Ellen Grey. Miss Grey recently sailed for London, where she will further her studies in dancing. She is also an artist whose work is well known in every State. Vera Young gives a recital at the Savoy on February 15.

GIRLS LOVE the *Ruthless Type* of MAN

By A BLONDE

Girls of to-day do not love safe, sound practical men. They do not love learned men—or competent men—or machine-minded men. They may admire this class of men, and may even marry them, yet they do not like to be taken out by them.

WOMEN love dangerous men, wild men, and destructive men. They love fanatically, endlessly, the man who promises them nothing but heartbreak and homelessness.

Nine girls out of ten, when they imagine their Ideal, think of some tall, dark, handsome wretch with a wicked gleam in his eye—that's what thrills them.

The success of picture stars of this character, and the popular novels that parade this tantalising type to our minds—all prove it.

Nice, But Boring

OFTEN one overhears a remark like this: "Oh, he's a really good chap—awfully good—but what a bore! He thinks of nothing but his profession—and his ties are putrid!"

Again, if girls don't like the wicked-looking hero, how is it that these men get their reputations? How is it that they are nearly always seen with a new lass? They simply must be in demand all the evidence points to it.

Think of those dashing young men you know and try to count all the girls they have at their beck and call. Read the newspapers and you will be amazed how many young and beautiful heiresses fall into villains' hands; how they are forever paying their debts. These are the kind of men who get the girls with all the cash—not the upright young man who sits at his desk all day and burns the midnight oil, with the hope of making his way in the world.

Many women have been starved for romance, for glamor, for poetry. A handsome rogue often provides all these.

They love beautiful words, and love to be wooed. The frank, everyday man has little time for such, and this is where he fails.

Women could live forever on verbal adoration. The average man is generous enough with gifts and flowers, but niggardly with the time he spends on "sweet nothings" that go to make that gentle, soft wooing that is the rhythm of love.

Romance Counts

WOMEN of to-day are romantically educated, and even the plainest thrill at the idea of a romance. See how women crowd to see weddings at the churches, and in their faces you will read ever so much that words cannot express. Surely the success of Valentino was because of this romance-hunger? Women packed his audiences.

Women see only the fiction of love, and not the true facts. And that's why the handsome villain always has women at his feet.

HOST HOLBROOK says: My vinegar is brewed just the same as 100 years ago. Ah! a wonderful brew.***

PERFECT FOR THE AUSTRALIAN CLIMATE



Oven-fresh Always
The new inner-sealed Waxtite Wrapper keeps Kellogg's fresh and crisp after opening.

THE 1934 BREAKFAST

ESKIMOES eat rich, heat-producing food to combat the cold. But heavy, hot, cooked food, especially in the morning, is unsuited to our climate. Eat the 1934 breakfast—light, sustaining Kellogg's Corn Flakes! You'll be rid of that sluggishness—you'll have energy that *lasts*! Kellogg's Corn Flakes are ready-to-eat, delicious with milk, cream and fruits, good for grown-ups and children. Economical—for any light meal. Get some to-day . . . modernize your diet!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

SEE HOW EASILY—DELIGHTFULLY—THOROUGHLY—

You may care for your hair with

KOKO



Delightfully:
"I could almost count the hairs on my head before using KOKO. Now my hair is thicker than ever it was. KOKO is one of the finest hairdressings I have used. It makes the scalp delightfully refreshed and clean, and keeps the hair bright and smooth."

Easily:
"KOKO is absolutely the very best hair preparation I have ever used. I just sprinkle KOKO on my scalp and brush it into my hair, and the result is wonderful. KOKO leaves a beautiful gloss on the hair."

Effectively:
"I only used KOKO for a fortnight, and it cleared away all the dandruff. Two bottles have made my hair look lovely. I find that KOKO makes the hair quite glossy, and makes it grow wonderfully."
(Voluntary Testimony).

"FREE SAMPLE"
The male members of a family may have trouble with their hair. Usually a man does not trouble until it is too late, but will appreciate being looked after.
If there is such a case in your home, and you would like a free sample of KOKO, send us a 2d. stamp, and we will post you one for him to try. Address your request to Koko Marrcopas Co., Ltd., Box 92 Haymarket, Sydney.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.
1/3, 2/9, 4/6,
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THE HUB'S

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Genuine 6/11 Value
Individually Styled

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3/11½

Here's a new low price for the most popular Millinery value of the 1934 season. The most sensational Millinery value in Sydney to-day. All the newest shapes, including fashionable flat, shallow crowns and new style brims. Also a wide selection of wider-brimmed shapes in deeper fittings. A size for every head fit. . . A model for every type. . . Maids'. . . Women's . . .

See these early!
Usually 6/11.
HUB PRICE **3/11½**

Please mention 2nd choice of style and colouring when ordering by mail, and enclose 1/- extra for hat box. — We Pay Freight.



The HUB Ltd. 393-5-7 PITT ST., SYDNEY

YOUR *Weekly* WASH WILL *Cost* MORE

Laundry Charges are Going Up; How Fashions Affect Position

There is a threatened increase in the price of laundering. In the Eastern Suburbs it is already in operation, and if co-operation of the laundry-owners in other districts is achieved, housewives throughout the metropolitan area will have to make some readjustments in their budgeting.

HOUSEWIVES in the eastern suburbs of Sydney received a nasty jolt at the beginning of of the year when they received a circular issued by the Laundry Owners' Association of N.S.W., showing a rise in the price of the laundering of certain articles.

The increase in price looks very bad from the point of view of the housewife, boarding-house keeper, and hotel manager, who, as it is, bemoan the money which must be allotted to the paying of laundry bills.

Actually the move on the part of the laundry-owners is one designed to protect the public, and to raise the status of laundries in N.S.W.

Although the Laundry Owners' Association was formed in 1898 there has been little concerted action on the part of its members until recently when district divisions were instituted, and the attempt made to fix a scale of charges.

The Eastern Suburbs was the first group to tabulate its charges and to put them into effect. The North Shore and Illawarra group prices have been fixed, but it is reported that members of the association in these districts have so far failed to circulate the table of charges among their customers.

The cost of laundering for the majority of articles is said to be less in Australia than it is in England.

The ones which are cheaper in Australia are shown in this comparison of prices:

Aprons, in Australia, from 4d., in England, 6d. and 9d.; bloomers, 6d., 4½d.; sheets (ordinary), 3d., 4½d. (linen), 4d., 5½d.; counterpanes, 6d. to 1/6, 1/3 and 1/6; bedspreads, 1/- to 2/6, 1/6; blankets, 9d. to 1/3, 1/- and 1/6; bath towels, 1½d., 2½d. and 3d.; pillowslips (plain), 1½d., 2½d., (hemstitched), 3d., 3d.; tray-cloths from 2d., 3d.; handkerchiefs, 1d., 1½d.; men's silk shirts, 9d., 1/-; pyjamas (ordinary), 8d., 8d. and 10d. (silk), 1/- and 1/3.

* * *

THIS is little consolation to the housewives of the Eastern Suburbs. The main fact to them is that the price of laundering sheets has gone up 100 per cent., and serviettes 50 per cent. That face and glass towels have come flown to 1d. and bath towels down to 1½d. seems to afford them little satisfaction.

As one housekeeper pointed out to a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, the washing of towels and serviettes is quite light work, but the wringing out and hanging out of sheets is extremely arduous. Many housewives send their sheets to the laundry for this very reason, so that the reduction for other articles does not affect them.

The Laundry Owners' Association states that its members work under great handicaps in Australia. Sheeting, felting, blanketing (which are used on the machines), and blue cost 120 per cent. more than they do in England, 25 per cent. for exchange, 40 per cent. for duty, 5 per cent. sales tax and cost for freight, and insurance make up this amount. Mangles, which are £2500 in England cost £5000 here. Australian machinery has not been found reliable. Wages, too, are higher in Australia than in England, and hours shorter. South Australian laundry employees work four hours longer than those of N.S.W.

Effect of Fashion

It is interesting to note in connection with laundries that the changes in fashions, particularly for women's wear have greatly affected the trade. When frills were worn on so many undergarments it meant a lot of work for the laundries. These always had to be starched and carefully ironed or goffered.

Nowadays the goffering machine is not used at all. It almost seems as if the present generation were totally unaware of its existence, otherwise they would surely be demanding its use for the numerous frilled and pleated collars and cuffs which are so much worn at present.

Knickers, too, meant extra labor. The fashion was for these to have rows and rows of dainty lace on the legs. This had to be carefully laundered, and the lace goffered neatly. Great care had to be exercised so as not to tear the fine lace. Princess petticoats also entailed more work in laundering than do the plain present-day silk slips.

English laundry lists show that climate also has an effect on laundries for there are several articles on them which are not catered for in Australia.

Among these are night shirts for which different prices are charged, according to whether they are of cotton or wool. One Englishman said that they were very sensible garments on cold nights and were still worn quite a lot. Camisoles and chemises still prevail as well as flannel and merino combinations.

Bath sheets are another item not included in Australian lists while flannelette sheets are rarely used. Knickerlinings are unheard of things in this country, though the idea is probably the same as that of wearing two pairs during the cold weather.



VIVACIOUS Dorothy Lee, RKO Radio player, sponsors the vogue for elaborately puffed sleeves in this youthful frock of Swiss-embroidered organdie.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED

Ugly hairs from face and chest guaranteed permanently and painlessly cured by Hetter Louise, who is one of the very few genuine Electrolysis experts in Sydney. She has had years of experience in this work and has the latest equipment to aid her . . . also specialising in the Removal of Moles, Chiropody, Manicuring, Eyebrow Arching, Medical Massage and the new Andrea Beauty Mask.



Facial Hairs Removed - - - 5/-
Course of 6 Treatments - - 21/-
RING F 3141

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BEAUTY SALON
OXFORD STREET - - SYDNEY

Marrickville - St. Peters Readers

Did The Australain Women's Weekly representative call at your home last week?

Here are the names of the lucky regular readers who gave him their opinions:

Mrs. E. Brown, Fotheringham St.; Miss D. Thoumine, Newington Rd.; Mrs. G. Archer, Ewart St.; Miss R. Crane, Tennyson St.; Mrs. I. M. Pye, Wardell Rd.; Mrs. L. Saunders, Wardell Rd.; Mrs. E Pearson, Addison Rd.; Mrs. E. J. Stonestreet, Illawarra Rd.; Mrs. M Cook, Illawarra Rd.; Mrs. J. Gee, Sydenham Rd.; Mrs. A. M. Klein, Silver St.; Mrs. M. Davis, Marrickville Rd.; Mrs. G. North, Renwick St.; Miss I. Davis, King St.; Mrs. C. Laurance, Warren Rd.; Miss Vera Mann, Victoria St.; Miss M. Johnson, Unwin's Bridge Rd.; Mrs. G. Millar, Marrickville Rd.; Mrs. R. Bradford, Morgan St.; Mrs. C. Henderson, Livingstone Rd.; Mrs M. Steele, Sutherland Rd.; Mrs. S. Surbey, Grove St.; Miss B. McDonald, Surry St.; Mrs. I. Herbert, Marrickville Rd.; Miss V. Urquhart, Sydenham Rd.; Mrs. J. Smithers, King St.; Miss H. Madden, Unwin's Bridge Rd.; Mrs. S. James, Illawarra Rd.; Mrs. L. Fleet, Beauchamp St.; Miss M. Johnson, New Canterbury Rd.; Miss A. Mathers, New Canterbury Rd.; Mrs. T. Woods, Stanmore Rd.; Mrs. R. Fletcher, Enmore Rd.; Mrs. G. Cooper, Warren Rd.; Miss C. Price, Edinburgh Rd.



JUST MISSED 1st & 2nd PRIZE On Monday

BUT WON

3 £100's, 2 £50's, etc.

LUCKY FRED is hot on the track of 1st Prize. The ticket which won on Monday he purchased three Lotteries ago, and again on Monday had a ticket which was less than fifty away from the First Prize, and he just missed the Second Prize of £1000 by six, having ticket No. 25101 and 25095 won the £1000.

WON OVER £700 ON MONDAY

Lucky Fred went on to win over £700 on Monday, including:—

£100	25249
	67270
£50	91560
	66098
	67352

and numerous £20, £10 and £5 prizes.
HURRY FOR 1st PRIZE!
You see how close Fred is going to the first and second prizes. In the 177th Lottery he won the 4th prize for the 2nd time. First time Fred won a 4th prize he followed it up by winning two first prizes in the following 10 Lotteries.
Fred's luck is right in, so send for a share quickly, and be in his Syndicates when he announces his next win of £5000.

Over £50,000. 4 £5000's

Lucky Fred has won £50,000 for his Syndicates including 4 First Prizes of £5000 and 2 Fourth Prizes of £300. Results Prove that Lucky Fred stands alone for Luck!

Branch at 14 Barrack Street
Big prizes are being sold every day at Barrack Street. City clients simply call in. There's a one-minute service, you receive your share, and every ticket is bought by Lucky Fred himself.

SPECIAL OFFER
Four Fifth Shares in different tickets for 5/6.
This is a great idea and gives you FOUR SEPARATE CHANCES to win £1000.
This appeals to the wise investor who likes four lucky numbers to look for in the result slip instead of one.

COUPON

How to Send in
Simply cut out this coupon and—
For a FIFTH SHARE, send . . . 1/6
For a FIFTH SHARE and a LUCKY CHARM, send . . . 2/6
For FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES, in DIFFERENT tickets, send . . . 5/6
Simply buy a Postal Note for any of the above offers and post it with this coupon and a stamped addressed envelope, bearing your name and address (this is very important, so don't forget to enclose a self-stamped addressed envelope).
By return mail you will receive your Lottery Share in the very next State Lottery to be drawn.
To-day may be your lucky day—£1000 may be yours next week!
You know the address—

LUCKY FRED, WW.11
Box 3908TT., G.P.O., Sydney

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Send to the Original Maker for an Authentic
Lucky Birthstone Ring
Beautiful in its hand-wrought specially designed Silver Setting. A new era of happiness will follow the wearing of your own birth gem.
7/6 & 10/6
Call and inspect, or cut finger size in card, mentioning birth month. Enclose Postal Note 1/6 for reproduction, or 10/6 for real gem ring, to
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113A Pitt St., Sydney.
If not pleased will refund money.

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LETTERS sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

So they Say

14,000 letters have been sent to "So They Say" from all parts of Australia in the last five months.

PRIVATE LETTERS

SHOULD a husband and wife read each other's correspondence? I say definitely "No!" for one must remember that the writer of a letter usually does not expect it to be read by any but the one for whom it was intended, and may express thoughts and plans which they would not care to share with a third person.

And, since true love is based on perfect trust, where is the necessity for husband and wife to read each other's correspondence? Such a proceeding merely implies distrust.

Miss T. Nielsen, Taylor, Crow's Nest Line, via Toowoomba, Q.

£1 for this letter.

✡ ✡ ✡

STARVING MOTHERS

ALTHOUGH I enjoy The Australian Women's Weekly very much, I was rather struck with Miss Truby King's article in your issue of January 6, re mothers on dole rations nursing their babies. To me it sounded illogical to say that milk was a necessary, or at least an important, item of food, but better babies were the result of a half-starved mother. Why advocate good food for the mother, when semi-starvation is better for the baby?

I wonder how Miss Truby King would like to keep body and soul together and nurse a baby on dole rations? I'm afraid she would feel dizzy at times. Even on nourishing food, I have experienced a "done-up" feeling in the mornings after nursing, so I am all sympathy for poor underfed mothers.

We hear lots about men being too weak to tackle work after a spell of idleness on poor food, but what about the wives who have had to carry on with housework, washing, attending children, etc., with never a decent meal?

Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 95 Henrietta St., Waverley, N.S.W.

✡ ✡ ✡

USE A BELL

REGARDING your interesting article on poisons, and how mistakes are made, I always find that a tiny bell attached to the neck of a poison bottle rings when handled and gives warning. A friend of mine, called to her small son during the night for croup, told Hubby to get the olive oil.

It was not until she had forced some down the child's throat that she discovered it was home-made camphorated oil, in an olive oil bottle. Although the child was sick for a time, he suffered no ill effects and, strange to say, never had croup again, but all cases are not so fortunate; many have serious consequences.

Mrs. P. Dixon, Boolarra, Gippsland, Vic.

✡ ✡ ✡

HOMEWORK

AS one of the poor suffering (?) school children, I should like to state my opinion of homework. I like homework, and though expected to do over twelve hours a week I do not find myself at all overworked, finding time for sport, clubs, plenty of reading, to do my share of housework, and yet get nine hours of good sound sleep. The real cause for unhappiness over homework is the unheeding selfishness of some families who turn the wireless on really louder than needed, and argue noisily during homework time, while some too economical parent refuses to let the poor student retire to another part of the house owing to the "waste" in electric light, or because the globes are of so low a power as to cause eye strain. Then when the student complains, is it strange that parents lay the blame on homework?

Jean Clapham, 20 Percival Street, Bexley, N.S.W.

✡ ✡ ✡

CRUEL PRACTICE

WHEN out driving the other day, I noticed a dog being dragged along the road; the poor animal was exhausted when its owner's notice had been called to the fact that it had fallen off the side.

Surely something could be done to stop this practice of dogs being tied to the running boards of cars. I would like to hear other readers' views on this matter.

J. Finnan, 357 Johnston St., Abbotsford, N9, Victoria.

"A" Class Radio Programmes

Do They Satisfy?

MAY I be permitted to express my opinion regarding wireless programmes? I heartily support The Australian Women's Weekly. We have had a wireless in our home for a good many years now, and it is very rarely indeed that we tune in to an A class station.

It has been my experience that, nine times out of ten, some dry-as-dust speaker will be telling how to grow cabbages, or something equally uninteresting; or some comedian will be trying hard to be funny.

My vote goes to the B class stations every time for good music and real comedy.

B.Moulding, 261 Ballarat Rd., Footscray, W11, Vic.

Nothing Wrong

RE your article on broadcasting last week, I would like to say that the Commission does the best it can in a hard position. There are four in our family, not one of whose tastes agree. Mother wants odl-time melodies, father bands, sister jazz, and myself classical.

Mother and I enjoy plays, which the others hate, and even we two like different subjects. It is impossible for all to enjoy the one programme. Yet even so we all manage to find enjoyment in the varied programmes.

Father has thoroughly enjoyed Captain Adkins, while I have enjoyed all the items mentioned by Major Conder. My sister always enjoys Saturday night dance music, and mother generally finds an hour or so of music to satisfy herself with.

Miss G. Orr, 39 Beach Street, Coogee, N.S.W.

Same Old Things

WHAT I think of wireless? The same old songs sung by the same old singers of yesterday. The same old dance music for old-time dances.

Why go back to days of old?

Let us have a chance to hear and learn something rare and beautiful.

M. Hargan, 48 Milton Street, St. Kilda, S3, Melbourne, Vic.

Louise Mack Under Barrage

"Wool Gathering"

RE the par under the above title in The Australian Women's Weekly, 20/1/'34, by Mrs. M. Wilkinson. Her comments are blunt and honest, and I agree that Miss L. Mack's article in the same issue is certainly very unconvincing.

What compensation is it to a struggling mother, to be told that another woman can earn heaps of money, but only has one lonely child? There is no logic in it.

Let the rich woman stop at home and have more children, and let the husband provide for them as nature intended.

Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 95 Henrietta St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Where's "Advice"?

I CANNOT understand where the "advice" comes in Miss Louise Mack's articles

"The Compensation of Life" (The Australian Women's Weekly, January 20) for instance.

Poor "Mrs. H." doesn't get much consolation from the article, I feel sure. She is not given any practical advice which will help to lighten her troubles.

As for the brilliant, immensely successful woman, if she has been so successful financially, surely she could relinquish her "highly-paid job" and then there would be no need to hear the pathetic little voice mourning, "My Mummy's never here!"

I do not hear Miss Mack advising her to do this—or to do anything at all about it.

Mrs. J. A. Hayward, Cecil Av., Castle Hill, N.S.W.

The Very Idea!

WOOL-GATHERING indeed. Louise Mack's articles stand alone, and always the first page opened.

They are written from the heart, with a great understanding of human nature.

It is only a hard, cold temperament that would not respond to her writings.

Mrs. M. Lyons, 8 Boronia St., Crow's Nest, N.S.W.

VOTE NOW

WHETHER a person uses a pen-name or one's own name really concerns the writer. My opinion is that a contribution over a pen-name loses the greater part of its value. Therefore, without any ill-feeling, I'll vote against the use of the assumed title.

Mrs. E. J. Collins, 29 Argyle Ave., Ryde.

Total of letters to date:—

For Pen-names	Against
1338	1672

First to reach 2000 wins.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



Shorts & Brassiere Controversy

Miss Miller's Case

AS for driving down main streets in shorts and brassiere, I think it was over-done.

Myself, I like shorts, but I do think a blouse should be worn also, no matter how flimsy the material may be.

Girls, have a little respect, and keep the bodies covered.

Mrs. F. H. Parker, Horsley Park, via Smithfield, N.S.W.

Magistrate Was Right

SOME of the nicest girls I have ever known have worn the least clothes, so I certainly do not agree with D. Masman regarding the "indecent" clothing of the young Melbourne girl who has received so much publicity. Taking into consideration all the evidence, I agree with the magistrate, who certainly is more broad-minded than D. Masman. As long as the mind is clean, clothing does not count at all, and, after all, even when crinolines were popular we still had bold, bad hussies.

Lemon Avenue and Narrow-mindedness are twins.

Mrs. E. Hiles, 23 Hayley St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

A Victory

I DISAGREE with D. Masman entirely. I think that the incident of which she writes is a feather in the cap of we Australian women. Another victory.

Not only regarding healthiness, but beauty. If a woman has a beautiful body, why shouldn't she display it, just the same as a new hair style, or frock, we all like to show off for others' admiration.

Miss Jean Buckley, 4 Mandalong Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

Stone Memorials for Our Heroes

Are They Worthy?

FROM time immemorial shrines have been raised to commemorate great wars and to honor the dead and the living. What greater legacy can a nation leave to its future generations?

"For men might rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things."

Mary Hargan, 48 Milton St., St. Kilda, S3, Melbourne, Vic.

Lasting Tribute

MRS. CORNWELL suggests "memorial farms" instead of monuments, but has she thought of the soldiers who have been settled on the land? Fires, droughts, bad crops, nothing to see for their untiring efforts. But when he sees a fine memorial, his name among the many who have served their country, will he not feel he is remembered and that his sacrifices have not been in vain?

Mr. G. W. Philpot, c/o Station, Croydon, Vic.

Assist Living

IF Mrs. Jerry Cornwell is a "Materialist" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 20/1/'34), what a pity we haven't a few more of them. Surely there must have been millions of pounds spent in Australia alone on war memorials of varying degrees of artistic beauty to commemorate our noble dead. But what of the living? Are the dead alone worthy of recognition?

Miss Dorothy Johnson, Levuka St., Cabramatta, N.S.W.

Remove Memorials

EVERY reader of The Australian Women's Weekly will agree with the article, "Paid in Stone," and every word the writer has written is logical; much money has been wasted in useless monuments. A memorial to our deceased soldiers should have taken the form Mrs. Cornwell suggests, almost too late now. The Cenotaph should be removed at once. Busy men forget to salute amid the rush and worry of business. No disrespect to the dead is intended.

M. Redford, 90 Beach Rd., Darling Point, N.S.W.

THOSE TEACHERS

A FRIEND advertised for a holiday governess. Nearly all replies were from public or State school teachers, especially from Gippsland district, many of them a few miles from a township. The writing was worse than a 12-year-old girl in good centres. They wrote "bike," "trike," "good-oh," "right-oh," etc. Four said the holiday would be bonzer. An Englishwoman about 23 surpassed the Australians in every possible manner. I think the young teachers had not a fair chance to begin with or their writing would have been fit for their positions.

Miss Caldwell, Melbourne Rd., Sorrento, Vic.

✡ ✡ ✡

LESSON FROM ANIMALS

IT often occurs to me how strange it is that birds, dogs, cattle, sheep, etc., are mated to produce the best of their kind, and yet the human race is allowed to deteriorate. Of course, it can't be changed! Another thing that seems strange—there is only the pig of all God's creation that I know who drinks and eats at the same time. A horse even takes the trouble to rinse his mouth. I think if we who are mothers took the trouble to explain this fact to our children, many would try to stop drinking with their meals, which would be a long step to health.

Mrs. E. Harrold, Murphy's Creek, Q.

✡ ✡ ✡

CHILDREN'S FILMS

WE are contributing enormous sums of money for the great educational machine. Yet we permit the minds of the young at their most impressionable age to be submitted constantly to the influence of scenes and words staged primarily for adults.

Why?

Miss M. Sargood, 9 "Glen Luna" Flats, Carrington Av., Strathfield, N.S.W.

✡ ✡ ✡

OVERHAUL FIANCEE

I THINK it should be necessary for those contemplating matrimony to first test their suitability by submitting themselves to a medical and mental examination.

Were this compulsory it would result in measures such as those being adopted in Germany, and the insertion of an insanity clause in the Divorce Bill being rendered unnecessary.

And perhaps in the future, when the science of psychology is further advanced and more widely accepted, psychological tests may decide the suitability, or otherwise, of each marriage and will result in far less frequent resort to the Divorce Court.

Miss J. Simpson, P.O. Box 153, Grafton, N.S.W.

✡ ✡ ✡

MODERN MOTHERS

THE excellent article in your issue of January 20th, re modern girls as mothers, calls for comment.

The gay, modern girls will naturally be eager to follow modern methods of baby welfare. They will keep faithfully to all baby-clinic instructions because they realise that trained nurses at the clinic know more about babies than they do themselves or than their own mothers do.

It is the quiet, stay-at-home girl who will do as old-fashioned grandma did, feed baby any old time, and as often as he cries. There are still some people who ridicule new methods of bringing up babies, but not so the gay, modern girl.

Mrs. A. Farmer, Shamrock St., Kedron, Brisbane, Q.

ETIQUETTE



AT A lunch party the guests are expected to remain for only 20 minutes or half an hour after coffee has been served in the drawing-room.

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GENUINE 10% SALE





SAVE 2/- IN EVERY £1.

"Westbrook" Black Glace, Side Tie, Full Cut Sides and Seam to Toe. Medium Heels. Usually 38/. SALE 31/6

Black Glace Instep Tie, Cut Out Sides, and Gen Lis. Trim. Medium Stilt Heels. Usually 22/6. SALE 20/3 Brown Kid. Usually 24/6. Sale 22/3.

We pay postage within the State.





.... WE BELEIVE FOR QUALITY FOOTWEAR OUR PRICES ARE THE KEENEST IN SYDNEY.

Black Glace 3-Hole Tie. Gen. Lis. Trims. Cut Out Sides, B/L. Heels Made off Bedgood's Famous Beryl Last. Usually 29/6. SALE 26/7 Brown Kid. Usly. 31/6. Sale 28/5.

White Satin Step-In Court. Medium Toe. 16/6. Stilt Heel. Tinted Free to match Your Frock. Usually 21/. SALE 18/11



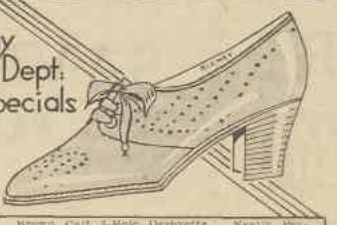


.... WE KNOW OUR SALE IS ALWAYS A GENUINE REDUCTION. of GENUINE PRICES

Darkness Black Glace 3-Hole Tie. Cut Out Sides. Medium Toe and Heel. Usually 36/6 SALE 32/10 Also in Brown Kid Usually 37/6. Sale 33/9.

"Bedgood" Black Satin E. Gusset Court. Black Bead and Silk Buckle. An Economy Shoe for all Occasions. Usly 31/6. SALE 28/5 Also in Black Glace Kid. 31/6. Sale. 28/5.





We have on display in our Ladies & Gents Dept. 250 pairs only ½ Price Specials

Bedgood Black Kid 4 Hole Derby. Lis. Calf Underlays, covered Cuban Heels and Flexible Welted Soles. Usually 31/6. SALE 23/5 Brown, usually 28/6. Sale 26/7.

FOOT SPECIALIST Kathleen Hanley ADVICE FREE. TREATMENTS.— USUAL charge 2/6 pr. foot. — during sale 2/3. INCLUDING ELECTRICAL HAND MASSAGE.

Brown Calf 3-Hole Derbyette. Neatly Perforated on vamps and quarters. Flexible Welt Sole and Tailored Cuban Heels. Usually 27/6. SALE 24/9

RAOUL MERTON. The Famous Soft Toe Shoe as Illustrated, in Black or Tan Calf, 27/6. SALE PRICE 24/9

"PALAIS" Shoes as Illustrated, in Black Calf, Tan Calf, or Plum Calf, 21/- per pair. SALE PRICE 18/11





For your MENFOLK Rigney's famous "WALKOUT," "PALAIS," "RAOUL MERTON," & "HANSMAN" all carry a genuine 10% reduction





Our "WALK-OUT" Shoes Famous for Value at the usual price, 16/11. DURING SALE 15/3 In Black or Tan Calf, on 4 Different Lasts.

"HANSMAN." The Prince of Shoemakers. Black Brogue as Illustrated, 35/- SALE PRICE 31/6 Also in Selected Brown Willow Calf, usually 42/-. Sale 37/10

RIGNEY'S

147 KING STREET, SYDNEY (2 Doors from Castlereagh St.) 262 EDWARD ST., BRISBANE

MUSIC and RADIO

By ROBERT McCALL

Australians in Centenary Opera Season

A SUGGESTION has been put forward by Professor Bernard Heinze that a big foreign company should be imported for a grand opera season during the Melbourne Centenary. It would be more appropriate, however, for this essential national occasion to utilise the services of Australian artists.

AT the outset one must confess the immense value of a visit by experienced musicians from abroad in stimulating the talents of our own; a Szigeti thrills and inspires our violinists; a Paderewski our pianists; a Giannini our vocalists. But recent opera companies, beyond providing pleasant social diversion for a few weeks, have been practically valueless as musical stimuli.

Mostly Mediocre

For instance, in the last season by the Imperial Opera Company there were very few imported singers of more than mediocre worth; Paliughi's coloratura pyrotechnics easily outweighed her adiposity; Granforte was an experienced, authoritative baritone; Castagna was one of the most thrilling mezzo-sopranos we ever have heard.

The rest of the company smacked of provincial Italian opera houses; we had dozens of singers in our own country who, given opportunities to develop the opera temperament, could easily have beaten most of the visitors at their own game.

Expensive Opera

Opera is expensive; opera presented with really big foreign artists is a luxury, and even a Centenary does not seem to warrant luxury. Why not recruit a company from all States of the Commonwealth; rehearse it assiduously; pay it adequately? Devote the season, if not to operas by Australian writers, at least to those by Britishers; get an artistic expert of the calibre of Dr. Cardamatis to arrange the settings and produce; leave the musical direction in the hands of talented Dr. Heinze.

This could all be done at a much smaller expenditure than would be necessary for a season of Italian opera by an imported company; and would it not be worthily in tune with the national spirit of the Centenary?

Australians in "Faust"

Meanwhile the Broadcasting Commission anticipates this plea for Australians in opera by preparing for national broadcast on Wednesday evening, February 7, Gounod's "Faust." The text will be in English, and the principals, if not natives of the country, will have been here long enough to be regarded as Australians.

Molly de Gunst is to sing the role of Marguerite; Lionello Cecil should be a splendid Faust; Walter Kingsley is cast as Mephistopheles, while Alfred Cunningham is to be Valentine. The others will be Evelyn Lynch (Siebel) and Evelyn Hall (Martha).

The Story in Brief

Gounod's "Faust" (first produced 74 years ago) is the public's favorite among the operas based on Goethe's great work. Gounod, of course, has only worried about the Gretchen episodes. The story briefly, is this—

Faust, a German philosopher, after a life of meditation, becomes disgusted with the smallness of human knowledge and his own inability to unravel the mysteries of nature. He summons to his aid the Spirit of Evil, who appears to him under the form of Mephistopheles. Through the supernatural power of the latter, Faust is restored to youth.

Mephistopheles, in a vision, reveals to him the village maid, Margaret, with whom the student falls in love. Margaret has been left by her soldier brother, Valentine, under the care of Dame Martha, a worthy, but not very vigilant, personage. The maiden at first rejects the stranger's advances, but Faust, aided by Mephistopheles, urges his suit, and Margaret's resistance is at length overcome.

Valentine is Slain

Valentine, on returning from the wars, learns what has occurred; he challenges his sister's betrayer, but through the intervention of Mephistopheles he is killed in a duel. Margaret loses her reason and in a frenzy kills her child. She is thrown into prison, and Faust, aided by Mephistopheles, obtains access to the cell in which she is confined.

They both eagerly urge her to fly, but Margaret, in whom holier feelings have obtained the ascendant, spurns their proferred aid and expires. Her spirit is raised to heaven by angels.

Florence Austral

FLORENCE AUSTRAL, the famous Australian prima donna, will be back in her home country soon. After a tour of the United States she is proceeding to Australia, where she will give a succession of concerts. She is not under contract to the Australian Broadcasting Commission as previously stated.

"Maritana" from Melbourne

The old-fashioned fragrance of "Maritana" stays unaffected by the passing years, and one can safely anticipate that the 3LO national transmission on February 4 will be one of the most popular events of the week. Melody is triumphant in this score by Wallace, and it is good to see so competent a cast assembled to do it justice. "Maritana" will be sung by Pauline Bindley that sweet-voiced Victorian soprano who was for some years a principal of the Carl Rosa Opera Company in Britain. Others will be Madoline Knight, Tom Downie, J. Howard King, and Moran Hilford. William G. James will conduct.

Women in Music

A service of real benefit to lovers and students of music is being rendered by Margaret Sutherland (Mrs. N. A. Albiston) in organising the series of Sunday night recitals broadcast by the A.B.C. under the title of "Foundations of Music." Next Sunday she will give an exposition of the work of some contemporary women composers. Miss Sutherland herself is a gifted composer and pianist, and has been persuaded to include some of her own works in the session.

Assisting artists will be the well-known violinist, Elise Steele, and Mancell Kirby (Mrs. R. S. Ellery). A most interesting item should be "Jeux de plein air" for two pianos by Germaine Tailleferre.

Young Lismore Violinist

Cecil Berry, the young Lismore fiddler who was so much admired as a concert and radio artist in Germany and England, is to appear in the 2FC programme on Monday night, February 5. In Sydney he was a pupil of Cyril Monk, while on the Continent he studied with Carl Munch and Karl Flesch. He played the Tschaikowsky Concerto with the famous Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, and later was featured in the programmes of the B.B.C.

Little Theatres

AT the Emerson Hall on Thursday last the Greentree Players presented "The First Mrs Fraser." Regarded as entertainment for friends and relatives, the play was a success, for it had the merit of being well rehearsed, and played confidently by all the cast.

James Fraser (Peter Byron) made no attempt at a Scotch accent, so that occasionally "a body" and "aye" were ludicrous.

Rita Bedford, as Janet Fraser, the first wife, had a certain amount of acting ability and knowledge of stagecraft, but was miscast; Murdo Fraser looked equally amiable when saying "how do you do," or being told he looked bursting with missionary zeal; and Elsie, the second Mrs. Fraser (Kath. Condon) was, like Rita Bedford, miscast.

❖ ❖ ❖

AT the annual general meeting of the Sydney Players' Club last week Mr. Richard Windeyer, K.C., was elected president, Miss Alice Gould, director, Mr. Arthur W. Dibley, secretary, and Mr. William Wines, treasurer.

The executive committee included Frank Land, Winchester Ford, and Macredie Luker. The first studio evening was arranged for February 1, and the first public season for March 10, with "She Passed through Lorraine."

❖ ❖ ❖

COMING PRODUCTIONS.

THIS Saturday the Independent Theatre will present "Children in Uniform," with a cast of thirty-six women.

The Repertory Theatre on the same night will present "The Passion Flower."

On February 3 and 5 Musette Morel produces "The Wife Exchange," at the Tom Thumb Theatre.

Beresford Fowler opens his Sydney season with "The Countless Julie" on February 3, at St. James's Hall.

On February 7 the Four Arts Theatre will present "Through the Door" at the Emerson Hall.

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TIDINGS from *London* of CAROL *and* JUDY

By SAIDE PARKER



JUDY KELLY . . looks very happy, for she has just signed a new contract at Elstree.



CAROL COOMBE . . . of the ingenuous gaze, has been successful in London on stage and screen.

WHEN Carol Coombe left for England, she was farewelled by members of the most exclusive social circles in Sydney and in Perth.

Judy Kelly came to Sydney a shy country girl, still a little gauche. There were difficult times ahead for brown-eyed Judy. Then she entered a "Talkie Star Quest." She was just a diffident girl, barely out of her teens. But she won, and a radiant lass left for England — and fame, she hoped, oh, so ardently!

SO from two entirely different settings the Australian girls went overseas to woo dame fortune's smile, and that notoriously fickle lady has smiled indiscriminately on both. On the girl who was brought up in luxury and launched in the social whirl, and on the brown-eyed girl from the country, who grew up in the bush, learning to ride fearlessly and developing a straight slim figure in a vigorous outdoor life.

The vicissitudes that attended Judy's career after she arrived in England have been told before; how she was "groomed" for stardom; how, according to the terms of her win in the competition, she was given three months at Elstree on probation. Then we saw Judy in her first film. Her most recent appearance was in "The Hawleys of High Street."

Perhaps they were disappointing, or perhaps we expected too much. After all, Gertrude Lawrences are not made in a day, or even in three months. But, among the many who saw the films and were outspoken in their criticism, there remained the select few who reserved their judgment—or those who foresaw in the performance of this girl, who, after all, was hardly more than a novice, the promise of future developments.

And the latest tidings of Judy more than justify their confidence.

A picturesque though minor role in "Henry VIII" was followed by a more ambitious part in "Catherine the Great," in which she was cast as one of the "affaires" of the Emperor of Russia (Douglas Fairbanks, Jun.).

In the stiff, old-fashioned garb with ruffles and paniers and tiny waist, Judy looked very picturesque—to such good effect that she has signed a further contract. So far no details are to hand, just the cable to her family in Australia to say that she has signed on the dotted line, which represents a further rung on the ladder of fame.

Carol's Success

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Correspondent in Europe

LONDON.

CAROL, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Coombe, Sydney and Perth, has added her name to the list of successful Australians on the London stage. Carol is very pretty with fluffy hair and looks too young to have left school.

SHE understudied Manuella in "Children in Uniform," and played the part for a week, with the result that, when "Finished Abroad" was produced by Leontine Sagan, she was chosen to play the part of the innocent little schoolgirl who finds herself in the most wicked finishing school.

The play has been bought for the West End. As soon as the theatre is available it will be produced. Meanwhile Carol is playing in a quaint little play translated from the French "Play With Me." Lady Coombe, with her eldest daughter and Carol, has taken a charming house in Knightsbridge, and her son is working hard at Cambridge.

Carol Coombe recently played lead opposite Oscar Asche in a film, and also played in "My Lucky Star."

WARNER BAXTER achieved, or, perhaps, perfected, his charm of manner in a difficult school—he was a salesman before he made his stage debut. Farm implements and insurance policies were two of the wares he peddled.

Prescribing pills and potions was to have been handsome John Boles' metier in life, but his glorious voice led him to the musical comedy stage, and he consequently forswore the medical profession.

An earthquake precipitated Joe E. Brown from a San Francisco circus to the baseball field, though history does not suggest that it accounts for his capacity for facial distortion.

Clark Gable started literally at the bottom rung of the ladder, for he was first attached to the film colony in the humble role of property boy.

Australian Hero

Ellis Irving, of Sydney, well known to the Australian public, scores heavily in his performance of the American out-of-work in "Age of Plenty" at the Embassy.

This is a remarkable play by Andre van Gyseghem, and shows a new aspect of production. There are fourteen scenes. The more emotional scenes are played on different and higher stage levels. As a matter of fact, there has been quite a deal of trouble as the play has some meaning for the Communists, who make things a bit irksome by their loud appreciation of certain passages and the appearance of the red flag.

When I asked the producer if he intended the piece to be received in this spirit, he denied any interest in propaganda, and said he had produced the play on its merits, and would have been as interested if it had dealt with Fascism.

However, everyone is enthusiastic about the handsome big blond Australian, who had great success in his previous performance of "Once in a Lifetime," and with Sir Barry Jackson in America.

He will be remembered for his work opposite Margaret Bannerman, with Muriel Starr, and with Allan Wilkie's Shakespearean company. He hopes to visit Australia in the very near future, and is eager to make it soon. He has just finished making a film with Warner Brothers called "Bermondsey Kid," in which Eve Grey also stars.

He wishes he could be cast for other parts except "rough and toughs," he says, but producers get fixed ideas. Irving has 75 per cent. of the dialogue in "Age of Plenty," and his part covers 120 pages, so he has had a busy time, and is now working on a play by Charles Hickman called "This Way Out."

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★ One star— average films.
★★ Two stars— good films.
★★★ Three stars— excellent.
No stars no good.

★★ THE WAY TO LOVE

Maurice Chevalier, Ann Dvorak, Edward Everett Horton (Paramount).

IT is not necessary to be a Chevalier fan to enjoy this picture thoroughly. At the beginning we see various people, as people do, envying others their occupation. ("He's the lucky guy!") Then we find Chevalier longing to change his job of assistant to Professor Bibi (Edward Everett Horton), who gives advice and help in affairs of the heart, for the glorious profession of a guide round Paris. He is quite right, too. There is genuine romance in that; and Chevalier is happier in a role with such a background than as the millionaire hero of successive intrigues.

The film goes gaily along with just enough warm sentiment to weight it. Any picture with Edward Everett Horton in it is worth while, and here his tour round Paris with Chevalier engaged as his guide provides excellent entertainment. Ann Dvorak strikes one as a girl of character. She can keep still and reply in curt monosyllables without losing a certain wild charm. The other waif befriended by the warm-hearted Chevalier is the attractive half-bred Sealyham, Mutt, who figured in "Peg o' My Heart." **(Prince Edward).**

✣ ✣ ✣

★★ GOLDEN HARVEST

Richard Arlen, Genevieve Tobin, Chester Morris. (Paramount.)

THE opening scenes of this picture are strongly reminiscent of the Russian silent film, shown here some months ago under the title of "Russia's Giant Farm." The group of hens in a farmyard and the reapers and binders going through vast fields of swaying wheat-ears are beautifully composed. The development of the story later is full of human interest also, describing the diverse careers of the prosperous old farmer's two sons. One (Chester Morris) leaves the farm for the city, becoming a brilliantly successful operator in the Chicago wheat pit. The other (Richard Arlen) tries to keep as much of the family holding as possible when the depression casts its blight, and courageously rallies his fellow-farmers to concerted action. The incident of the auction of distrained goods, the scene showing the silos picketed by farmers, the interior of the Chicago stock exchange and other passages impress one as based on life. The film ends with the rumor of Government intervention. **(Prince Edward).**

✣ ✣ ✣

★ MY WOMAN

Helen Twelvetrees and Victor Jory (Columbia).

JUST now when broadcasting in Australia is being much discussed, it is interesting to get a glimpse at the procedure of the American Broadcasting Company. Helen Twelvetrees, determinedly breaking her way through the secretarial defences which surround the Chief so as to get her husband an audition, wins our sympathy. Wallace Ford, also in the part of the husband, whose success as a comedian on the air goes to his head, does good work. Victor Jory has an unconvincing role as head of the company; the earlier and later Mexican scenes with Helen Twelvetrees doing a stomach dance and crooning "My passion is all yours to fashion," or some such, are without reality.

✣ ✣ ✣

★ COLLEGE COACH

Pat O'Brien, Ann Dvorak (Warner Bros.).

WHEN Calvert University is on the verge of bankruptcy through spending too much on the new chemistry "labawratory," the trustees are persuaded that the only chance of recovery is to hire a football coach. With a winning team the gate money from intercollegiate matches will supply the necessary funds. It is true that the celebrated coach they want has a contract already with another provincial university, but he won't mind breaking it. Also there has to be connivance on the part of the teaching staff to enrol as ordinary students three professional footballers whom the coach insists on to stiffen the team. These hearties, together with a serious student who has neglected work for football, make a victorious combination in the back line and are duly passed through their examinations, though they hand in blank papers. It gives one a new idea of educational values, doesn't it? It sure does.

✣ ✣ ✣

THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE

Otto Kruger, Isabel Jewell, Una Merkel (M.-G.-M.).

WE had rather hoped that this sort of film had been worked out of the system by now, or kept for domestic consumption in the U.S.A. In the film under review we have, as hero, a lawyer who specialises in criminal cases. He appears to devote most of his time in chambers to taking nips of spirits from a very well-stocked cupboard and to cynically promiscuous love-making. But apparently he can always get his client off by disregarding the ethics of the legal profession as practised here. Not only are we unable to take any interest in the characters, the plot itself holds no surprises.

✣ ✣ ✣

★ BIG TIMBER

(Canadian scenic).

THIS picture, illustrating the lumber industry in British Columbia, is interesting and impressive, though, as far as photography goes and the pictorial composition of the shots, it is not so good as "Turbulent Timber," a U.F.A. short film on a similar theme in Central Europe, released about two years ago. We should like to see more of these films from other parts of the Empire. But why, oh, why, do they have to have ornately descriptive commentaries with elaborate puns worked in? **(State).**

✣ ✣ ✣

★ HIS GRACE GIVES NOTICE

Arthur Margetson, Viola Keats, O. B. Clarence. (Real Art Prod. British.)

HERE is a pleasant little comedy of manners above and below stairs. It moves at a more leisurely pace than we are accustomed to, but the acting is nicely adjusted to the characters and situations, and a credible picture of an upper class household in the country is the result. That the hefty young man from the great open spaces (Arthur Margetson) should have chosen to take a footman's job when he came to England is surprising, perhaps, but not impossible. The other servants, particularly the second footman (S. Victor Stanley), are good. Viola Keats behaves like a young woman of breeding, and not like a caricature of "county" folk. O. B. Clarence, as always, is a dear old thing. **(Supporting feature at the State).**

✣ ✣ ✣

★ CHANCE AT HEAVEN

Joel McCrea, Marion Nixon, Ginger Rogers. (R.K.O.)

DOES democratic America really believe that there is a great gulf fixed as regards social deportment between a millionaire's daughter and the working proprietor of a service station in a country town? Her disapproving mother talks as if there were. But for our part we thought that the manners of the pair were of just the same matey kind. On the other hand, the appalling taste in interior decoration of the personable hero (Joel McCrea) might well have shocked his luxury-cradled bride (Marion Nixon). But far from it. Ginger Rogers, as the plain girl living near by who is cut out by the dazzling visitor from New York, carries humility and self-abnegation too far, even to the point of becoming her rival's standby. But perhaps she realised that it would be only a matter of a few months before one of those divorces would be arranged that are so easy over there, and she would have her reward. **(Supporting feature at the Plaza.)**

✣ ✣ ✣

★★ THE KENNEL MURDER CASE

William Powell, Helen Vinson, Mary Astor. (Warner Bros.)

ANOTHER piece of neat deduction by the well-known amateur detective, Philo Vance (William Powell). He is assisted by a professional sleuth (Eugene Pallette), who naturally barks up every possible wrong tree, and then, when the proper solution is put in front of his nose, handsomely admits the modest amateur to a share of the credit. It is always satisfactory in these cases when the corpse is a thoroughly detestable person. Here the universal dislike, and in some instances hatred, that he had inspired, provides an unusual number of plausible suspects. And the complicated manner in which he is done in suggests at one stage that they had all had a stab at it. (Pardon the pun.) The Chinaman, who acts as cook and as curator of the porcelain treasures, explains that his English was acquired at Columbia University, but he seemed to us to have an un-Celestial cast of countenance. There are some delightful Scottish terriers paraded at the beginning of the film.

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VISITING *Woman* CLERIC

Rev. Dorothy Wilson Is Eloquent Preacher

The Rev. Dorothy Wilson, M.A., B.Litt., who is visiting Australia from England, will strengthen the arguments of those who press for the inclusion of women in our church ministries.

Miss Wilson proposes to remain in Australia for some months and to preach in the Congregational Churches of all the capital cities.

She has already taken the pulpit in Sydney, and will next visit Melbourne.



The Rev. Dorothy Wilson, M.A., B. Litt., who is visiting Australia, and will preach in the Congregational Churches in each capital city.

MISS WILSON is a graduate of Oxford University. She was the first woman to get the diploma of theology with distinction from that University.

She was ordained at Carr's Lane Church, Birmingham, the largest and most famous of the churches in the Congregational Union, and for a time was assistant minister to the church. Later she was pastor of Hest Bank Congregational Church, Lancaster.

* * *

FOR health reasons, Miss Wilson left England for a time, and went to America, where she was chaplain of Mills College, California, and Professor of Religion at the University of that State.

She has travelled extensively, and preached in many churches, including most of the New York churches. This is her second visit to Australia. On the previous visit, a year ago, she remained a few weeks only.

The six years she has spent in the ministry have only increased Miss Wilson's enthusiasm for her chosen calling.

"The ministry," she told a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, "offers a wonderful field of special service to women. There are about 30 women among the clergy of various denominations in England. Some of these have married and continued with their work. Others have resigned upon marriage.

"I am most anxious," continued Miss Wilson, "to preach Christianity in terms of modern thought!"

* * *

OF medium height, with wavy brown hair, and expressive grey eyes, Miss Wilson has a most winning personality. Last Sunday night she preached in Pitt St. Congregational Church, Sydney, a forceful, eloquent sermon on "Christ, the Image of the Invisible God."

Her clear, musical voice was audible in every corner of the large church. Now and again a spontaneous gesture stressed her point, but her sermon was remarkable for it simple, unaffected eloquence.

Those who have heard them both will possibly notice a strong resemblance between Miss Wilson and the wife of our Prime Minister, Mrs. J. A. Lyons, who is one of Australia's finest women speakers.

It is an interesting minor point that this likeness extends to the hands. Both Mrs. Lyons and Miss Wilson have remarkably small and extremely beautiful hands.

OVERLAPPING *of* SOCIAL SERVICES

Melbourne is to be the scene of an important conference early this month, when representatives from each of the States are to meet. The Commonwealth Government has convened the meeting to see if the overlapping of the social service work of the State Governments can be eliminated.

"THE poor are always with us!" The truth of this Biblical statement has been proved by each succeeding generation from time immemorial. In any community there is invariably a certain number of parasites. These may be among those who, owing to physical disabilities, cannot help themselves, may be forced by the economic situation to seek assistance from others, or, as is sometimes the case, they may be naturally indolent persons who like to sponge on the rest of the community.

Few of them are ever left without any support. Benevolent societies abound. Governments form departments to deal with them and gullible friends and relations often help. As society has progressed this kind of work has been taken over more and more by Governments, until at the present stage they are mainly responsible for the supervision of all such philanthropic work.

Well Ahead

IN Australia, N.S.W. is well ahead in this kind of supervision. The Social Service Department has many and very varied interests, and gives support to all persons in need.

Other States have their similar departments, but above them all is the Commonwealth Government watching their activities.

The latter has now decreed that more co-operation between the Australian States might be advisable, and with that in mind has convened a conference to be held in Melbourne.

Mr. H. M. Hawkins, Minister in charge of Social Services, and Mr. E. S. Spooner (Assistant-Treasurer) have been appointed to represent N.S.W. The main object of the conference is to eliminate overlapping between the departments of the different States.

In N.S.W. the chief activities of the Social Service Department are as follow: Family Endowment, Widows' Pensions, Cash Charitable Assistance, Food Relief, and Child Welfare Payment. As well as this, assistance is always given to destitute families. Those in need of artificial limbs need not apply in vain. Baby outfits, blankets and railway passes are given to those who need them. Since the depression the State Government has taken over the issuing of food relief, which was previously undertaken by the Benovelent Society.

It remains to be seen just in which direction the overlapping of the social service work of the different States can be eliminated. The task is a stupendous one, and the Ministers and representatives from each State have a heavy undertaking in front of them.



This delightfully designed English hair-cord fabric reflects the joy of summer in every colourful line . . . but dainty as it is it defies with determination the hottest sun and the most frequent tubbing. The Sixline guarantee assures prompt replacement if the brightness of Hoyparelle should fade from either cause.

See the wonderful range, for grown ups or kiddies, at all good drapers.



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A BRITISH EMPIRE PRODUCTION

BRIAN NORMAN *Back Again*

Disappointed With American Girls

Mr. Brian Norman, winner of the Paramount-The Australian Women's Weekly "Search for Beauty" film contest, returned from Hollywood by the "Mariposa" on Monday.

Miss Gwen Munro, the Victorian girl who carried off the honors for her sex in the contest, is remaining in the United States.

IMMEDIATELY the vessel berthed, the young Australian was surrounded by a bevy of admirers and warmly welcomed back to his native land.

Discussing his trip with The Australian Women's Weekly, Brian said that he had had a glorious time in the States, and that the trip had been a wonderful experience to him, besides a great relaxation after his years of study to qualify as a solicitor.

"They don't want English voices on the screen in America," he said, "because, if the picture is a success in America, it makes very little difference how successful it is in other countries. With 123,000,000 Americans to cater for film producers are independent of other countries, and they rely on publicity given their films in America to make them a success in other countries.

His Future

"ENGLISHMEN or Australians," said Brian, "can always get small parts in English pictures, and gradually build up like Leslie Howard. When an actor reaches this stage the Yankees are only too ready to build a picture round him. But 14 of 15 films produced are entirely American."

Miss Munro is remaining in Hollywood, he said, and would probably find a footing with Warner Brothers, one of the biggest producers in the world.



MR. BRIAN NORMAN photographed on the "Mariposa" on his return.
—Women's Weekly photo.

Questioned about his future, Brian said that he would probably take up the practice of his profession as a solicitor.

He found Los Angeles a charming city, but was rather disappointed with the girls there. You don't see nearly as many beautiful girls in the streets of Hollywood as you do in Sydney, he said, and they certainly do not dress as tastefully.

And anything further the young man might have said was postponed, as his charming young sister was anxious to cart her hero off to his home at Chatswood.



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With Ticket No. 25095
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In Lottery 179 he was only three figures off FIRST PRIZE with ticket No. 32728 (ticket No. 32725 winning £5000), and now in Lottery 180 he wins for his clients SECOND PRIZE valued at £1000.
FOLLOW THE LUCKY BREAK and send for your ticket NOW. Lucky Jim runs true to form—he is fortune's favourite, the most consistent winner of BIG PRIZES IN AUSTRALIA.

His colossal prize-winning amount is now increased by another £1000, making a grand total of £111,750 won for clients.

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DON'T LET FORTUNES PASS BY. Get your share of big cash winnings. There's a fortune for you in any one of the FAMOUS LUCKY JIM SYNDICATES.

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Graceful Star... Graceful Gowns



● *SHEER CREPE in a cherry red shade smooths away the difficulties of what to wear for the cocktail hour. A charming ensemble with its corsage flowers of white organza, an imported toque with its dashing eye-veil—white pigskin bag, and shoes with their touch of red—don't you think they'd add the "cherry" to any cocktail?*



● *CREPE FLAMISOL is the material of which this moulded evening gown is made. Of russet brown and sunset, it shows an unusual neckline. Devised with almost Grecian simplicity, it has yet that air of sophistication so necessary to modern times.*



Photos by Monte Luke. Models by Grace Bros.

● *DIMITY, sprigged with field flowers of cornflower blue and pink, relegates this afternoon frock, with its intriguing double puff sleeves, to the shaded lawns and gay flower beds of the garden party. Enchantingly fresh and cool looking, it is ideal for these, our belated summer days.*

Sunset tints . . . for a classical evening gown.

hat also in white. To add a final touch of chic she dons one of the new eye-veils.

Her three-quarter coat of the swagger trend is simply made to offset the softly falling flare of her collar and the crisp, white organdie flower at her corsage.

If the party is an outdoor occasion, her dimity gown rivals the spoils of the garden, so colorfully is it besprigged. Short full sleeves that caress her arms are delightfully cool, while her wide-leafed, shady hat defies the sun's most searching rays.

For evening wear her gown is one of classical distinction. A wide sash hangs in simple folds and the draped front of the bodice is held by shoulder straps which form an unusual line as they cross to meet the low-cut decolletage at the back.

All the golden glow of the sunset has been expertly employed to enhance this russet gown, and at the back two points of the golden hue extend below the waistline to give added grace.



● *MOUTANNA, the newest variety of "pebble crepe" in a combination of nautical blue and white, makes this jaunty little jacket suit. So suitable for either sports or deckwear, with its snugly fitting hipline, and inverted pleats to give the necessary roominess for movement, it is finished with large white buttons and white accessories.*

Sprigged Dimity makes dainty party frock.

IN these exquisite and modish models, Jean Duncan affords a sharp contrast to the middle-aged "Marechale de France," the role in which she is appearing in J. C. Williamson's new show, "The Dubarry."

Her graceful contours are adroitly outlined by the skilful designer. For street wear she has chosen a jaunty suit, comprising a fitting skirt of white and a jaunty jacket of blue, opening in front to reveal a blouse, softly and firmly swathed at the waistline.

For the cocktail hour, she dons a striking ensemble of cherry hue and achieves a noteworthy effect by wearing with it long white gloves, a white handbag and a very smart little cocktail



● *ENCHANTMENT lies in the design of this striking decolletage, which is the back view of the classical gown pictured on this page.*

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

Make ONE Dress *Look Like* FOUR

Ideas ... for transforming Day and Evening Gowns

ABOUT this time of the year most of us are rather tired of the dresses we have worn all summer.

With the shops already showing autumn and winter materials, it still seems rather too soon for us to make up our minds exactly what we will want for the cold weather, therefore the best idea is to give a new appearance to our old frocks.

ON this page are sketched a day dress and an evening gown. Both are simply cut and could be worn for any occasion. To make them more attractive and new, there are shown four transformations for each—all easy and inexpensive to make.

The Evening Gown

The evening dress in its original state is of black dull crepe, two round brilliant clips are on the belt, and two more trim the slightly draped high neckline. The bodice of the frock covers the shoulders, and is very low in back. The skirt has a tunic effect—both layers cut on the cross.

The first transformation is achieved by placing two large floppy red satin flowers at the base of the neck, and adding a black sash lined with red satin. The flowers are made each from a quarter of a yard of satin, the petals of varying sizes are cut, the edges frayed, and then each one is sewn separately, the larger ones first, on to a small round of satin. When chiffon is used instead the petals, before being sewn together, should be dipped in water and then each one dabbed with a brush on which is an ordinary glue or paste. This stiffens and crinkles the material.

A large chiffon scarf printed in black and white either printed or stencilled with flowers can be draped many ways on the plain dress.

More expensive, but very effective, is the good lame slip-over blouse of a very novel cut. The decolletage is low at the back.

The Day Frock

The day dress is of dull crepe in a lovely shade of pale blue. The neckline is draped high and held down by a glass clip. The skirt is cut on the cross with a seam back and front.

A small collar and high cuffs of white pique add a fresh clean look to the plain blue frock.

A tie-on vest completely changes the appearance of the frock. Vests could be made of all kinds and colors of materials — organdie, crepe-de-chine, floral prints. This particular one is of dirty pink dull crepe. Other attractive colors with the blue would be a deeper shade of blue, white, raspberry red, black or brown.

Scarf, gloves and hat made of navy crepe-de-chine spotted in white is another smart accessory combination. Colors or other prints could be used equally well. The scarf and hat in brown crepe, and the gloves of brown fabric or suede would look smart.

Other Changes

There are many other accessories that can be easily made for brightening up old frocks. The bib has many popular variations in Paris just now.

It is a draped cowl-like shape in front, starting high to the throat and finishing at various lengths, sometimes just three inches long, sometimes reaching the waist. It generally ties at the back of the throat, it may be narrow over the shoulders, or else jutting out beyond the sleeve.

Jet and beaded bibs adorn evening and dinner dresses. Gold lame and satin are used on late afternoon and cinema frocks; crepes, velvets, and fur, as well as all the cottons are used for this new addition to the accessory field.

The jabot is back in favor, but it comes right up to the base of the throat. There is a black dress with a jabot composed of five white fine linen ruffles about two inches wide placed one above the other on a net foundation. They are attached by a narrow linen band which goes around the neck. This lends a crisp freshness to a dark, high-necked frock.

Another simple but smart frock is of black crepe with a plain skirt, the hem of which is a pleated ruffle brought up in a curve to the front seam. The hipline is flared by two half-moon shaped pleated ruffles. The perfectly plain, long-sleeved bodice has a cowl-draped bib of yellow lingerie material edged with a narrow pleated ruffle, and hugging the neck closely. The bib comes just below the chest in front, and to the edge of the shoulders.





TOP PANEL—Lower right-hand corner: A pale blue dull crepe dress cut on the bias. Above it are three transformations for the same dress. The first is a tie-on vest of dull pink crepe. Second, a small roll collar and high cuffs of white pique. Third, the same dress worn with a scarf, hat and gloves made of a deeper blue crepe-de-chine spotted in white and navy.

LOWER PANEL—Top left-hand corner: A simply cut black crepe evening gown with two half-circle brilliant clips at the neck and two more at the waist. Below are shown three methods of changing the dress. First, a triangle of black and white printed chiffon. Second, two red satin flowers and a sash lined with red. Third, a gold lame evening blouse slips over the dress.

Easily-Made Changes For Evening

Should you have an old evening frock of crepe, velvet, or satin, which has a good skirt, cut off the bodice if it is bulky or frilly, leave it if it is plain. Make yourself an evening blouse—perhaps the skirt of another old dress would do. The blouse can be sleeveless, just covering the shoulder, or else have long sleeves. The neck should be high and slightly draped in front, and the decolletage at the back very low—it goes over the frock and is waist length. All kinds of colors and materials may be combined. The following are a few examples:—

With a black skirt of crepe, satin, or velvet.—A sleeveless evening blouse of—

White, pink, coral or turquoise blue satin or crepe. Printed crepe-de-chine in black and white. Emerald green or red crepe or satin. Gold or silver lame and brocade. Beaded fabrics.

A long-sleeved evening blouse of—

Pink or fine black lace lame. Bead embroidery in jet or black. Pink beads on pink, etc.

The same colors can be used with a brown skirt.

White, blue, green, red, and pink skirts can look equally smart if the right color is chosen for the top. In the following examples the blouse is the first mentioned, the skirt second.

Emerald green with royal or dark blue. Silver, raspberry red, dirty pink, lime green with powder and sky blues.

Deep red, pale mauve, emerald green with purple. Nattier blue, crimson, lime greens, cyclamen, with most shades of pink except salmon shades.

Pink, black, white, dark blue, brown with red.

All colors with white.

Green, yellow, reds, purple, pink, and blue, with grey.

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LADY *of the* LINEN ROOM

How Comfort is Provided on the Trains

When next you are bothered with laundry problems, or wonder how you are going to manipulate your supply of household linen to meet the requirements of extra demands at holiday time, think of the woman in the railway department who deals with nearly 5000 articles of linen per day!

For official reasons, she remains nameless, but she is a very important person so far as the comfort of the travelling public is concerned.

RAILWAY bookings have been extra heavy. As many as 20 mail trains have left Sydney in one night, carrying hundreds of passengers, and their comfort and convenience have been adequately provided for.

Many railway employees have been engaged in preparing for their comfort. If thought is given to the matter at all, it would be soon recognised that it is not merely the train conductor who is responsible for the fresh linen pillow-slips and sheets, or the clean towels provided for each person.

Conductors certainly play their part, and that most efficiently, but in the background is to be found, of course, a woman.

She is a very capable, kindly person, with years of experience, and plenty of womanly intuition, which helps her in dealing with 4500 pieces of linen each day, as well as directing the men under her control.

It is an arduous job, and entails much careful overseeing, and good management.

Before the depression as many as 10,000 linen articles were handled in one day, and in December, 1932, 162,561 articles were sorted and distributed for use by this department.

The break-up of the schools was the beginning of the hectic period, and actually the busiest of the year. Then hundreds of school children with piles of luggage from their boarding schools travelled by train to their various destinations, and most needed sleeping berths.

* * *

THE centre of all this activity is on Platform No. 1 at Central Station. It is a large room marked, "Linen Room" and lined with cupboards stretching to the roof.

Here is to be found the presiding genius.

In the adjoining room three shifts of men are at work from 5.15 a.m. till 10.15 p.m. every day. They are the "checkers."



CLEAN TOWELS in plenty, all ready to stock a long distance train. Hundreds of towels, sheets and pillow slips are despatched from Central Station daily. —Women's Weekly Photo.

When an interstate express, mail, passenger, the Governor-General's or one of the three State cars is due to leave Sydney station, these checkers under the guidance of the linen room mistress, see that the linen is ready for the sleeping berths.

An ordinary train takes 80 sheets, 40 pillow slips, and 50 towels.

These, with buckets and cleaning utensils, are placed ready for the conductor, who distributes them on his train, retaining half the number for the return journey.

At the end of the down trip he collects them again from the berths, counting them into large canvas bags stored in the brake van. His return sees the same process repeated and the lot handed out again to the checkers.



NO NEED to lean against hard seats when pillows such as these can be hired for a small sum. —Women's Weekly Photo.

Entries of all these numbers are then recorded in the linen room, where the linen is again perused for wear and tear.

That which is in need of mending is then passed over to the sewing room where another woman sits 48 hours each week busily stitching at an electric machine.

The laundry man now plays his part. He is under contract to the Railways Department, and knows that linen taken out one day must be returned the next quite clean, dry, and ready for use.

The imported Irish linen used in Vice-Regal and State cars is specially laundered.

On its return from the laundry the linen is stored in a room which holds 2000 towels alone.

* * *

BUT even this is not the full sphere of work over which this capable woman presides. More than 900 pillows are hired out as well. Their buff covers must also be washed as also are the towels each week from the railway offices and waiting rooms of the city. Six hundred are used at the Central offices alone.

With all this care and checking, very little linen is lost, which is largely due to the care and experience of "The Lady of the Linen Room."

CHAIN of *Housewives*

A promising beginning for this year's work of the Federation of Housewives' Association is the formation of a special housewives' committee by the Women's Non-party League in Tasmania.

TASMANIA was the only State where no Housewives' Association existed, and the Federal executive feels that its hand will be greatly strengthened in any campaigns now that the chain is complete.

The committee was formed at an informal afternoon tea at which Miss Rachel Robinson, organising secretary of the Victorian Housewives' Association, was the principal speaker.

The Women's Non-party League, which is affiliated with the Federation of Women Voters, is a very live body. The wide scope of its work covers many of the activities dealt with by the Housewives' Association.

It includes several special committees, which in other States comprise separate organisations. For instance, there is a country women's committee which deals with the special problems of people who are remote from the town. The committee which deals with the question of the mentally unfit has resulted in improved Tasmanian legislation.

Mrs. Edith Waterworth, who is known to many people in N.S.W., is president of the League, and has been associated with it since its formation. Mrs. E. Calvert has been appointed secretary of the housewives' committee.

THE need for making the protection of the aborigines a national responsibility has occupied the Federation of Women Voters at several conferences.

The federation has now forwarded a letter to the Prime Minister and Premiers of all States requesting that the question of native welfare be discussed at the conferences of the State Premiers and Loan Council, to be held in Victoria.

Union of Service

THE Women's Union of Service is embarking on what it hopes will be a year of effective work.

It will hold a meeting in the Lower Adyar Hall, Bligh St., on Monday, at 2 p.m. when Miss Grace Scobie, O.B.E., will speak on "What the vote has done for women," and Miss Anne Golding will follow with "What have women done with the vote?"

It is the intention of the Women's Union of Service to have subjects of importance and interest for open discussion at the meetings to be held on the first Monday in each month. Also to watch carefully legislation brought forward by the Federal and State Governments. Being a non-party and non-sectarian organisation, members feel they can fearlessly criticise, attack, and, if necessary, take action when such action is deemed advisable, by means of protests, petitions, and deputations in co-operation with other organisations and public bodies that are in agreement. "'Let sleeping dogs lie' will have no place in our plan of activities," says the hon. organising secretary, Mrs. Emily Bennett. "We intend keeping very much in the public eye any Acts that we consider unjust and not in the interests of the community. The Federal elections are looming ahead, and Federal members will realise that the Women's Union of Service is very much alive and vigilant."



CURLYPET MAKES BABY'S HAIR GROW CURLY

Rub Curlypet on Baby's head instead of washing each day to make baby's hair grow from straight to naturally curly. Curlypet is antiseptic, too, and helps to prevent dandruff and "cradle cap." There's 30 days' treatment in each tube, 3/6 at all chemists and stores, or send stamps or postal note to Curlypet Laboratory, Box 3817T., G.P.O., Sydney, to bring Curlypet to you by return mail. CURLYPET

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Be Sure You Get Genuine Youth-o-Form.

Reduce double chin, hips, bust and waist with YOUTH-O-FORM

Compare your measurements with Dorothy Manners, whose charming picture is below. One of the world's most beautiful women, her measurements are:—

Height	64½in.	Hips	34in.
Weight	8st. 4lb.	Thigh	19in.
Bust	33in.	Calf	13in.
Waist	25in.	Neck	12½in.

Get Your Tape Measure and compare your own figure, and if during the winter ugly rolls of fat have come round waist, hips, or bust, to hide the beauty of your body, go to your chemist and get a carton of **Youth-o-Form** Tonic Reducing Capsules, and begin taking just one capsule each day at bedtime. The ugly rolls of fat on hips, bust and waist will disappear magically, leaving true, youthful, slender curves.

People of all ages from 18 to 80 take **Youth-o-Form**, and this report from one of our clients is interesting:—

TAKES CORSETS 4 SIZES SMALLER. "I have reduced from 12.7 to 11st. in six weeks, without diet or exercise," she says. "I feel wonderfully well, and though sixty years of age, I feel twenty years younger. I take corsets four sizes smaller now than I did before. Gratefully yours, L. W.——"

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE YOUTH-O-FORM. Doctors know that **Youth-o-Form** is prepared by highly qualified chemists from the most scientifically balanced formula in the world, and prescribe it as the most effective treatment in ridding the body of ugly, ageing fat, effectively, harmlessly, and permanently, leaving no wrinkles or sagging flesh, and acting as a tonic, too. The rate of reduction varies from two pounds to eight pounds weekly—the fattest parts reducing first.

Youth-o-Form is taken at intervals by thousands of people, not only to reduce ugly fat, but to banish High Blood Pressure, Chronic Rheumatism, Constipation, and Indigestion.

Everyone Can Afford Youth-o-Form, for you can get the full six weeks' treatment for 30/-, which is enough to show definite results, or the trial carton for 5/6, from all leading chemists in Australia, or privately direct from **W. James Rogers Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 255 George Street, Sydney** (opp. G.P.O.).

INVITATION: Call personally when in Sydney, or telephone or write for any information concerning **Youth-o-Form** at any time.

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YOUTH-O-FORM TONIC REDUCING CAPSULES

FIVE *Minutes* TALK

What it meant to hundreds of Women on the Central Coast

By ENID DELALANDE

With the idea of eventually establishing a baby health centre in Gosford, Mrs. J. H. Paul, wife of the Government Medical Officer there, three years ago invited a dozen women to meet in the dining-room of her home to discuss ways and means.

To-day, there is not only a baby health centre, with an up-to-date sister in charge, but one of the biggest branches in the State of the Country Women's Association.

MRS. PAUL, after three years' strenuous work as president, and one year as president of the Nepean group, cannot count the branches of her association on one hand, for there are now eight of them with a membership of 500.

The whole scheme was formulated by Mrs. Paul and Mrs. Simonds, of Terrigal, the latter just having arrived from Willowtree, where she had acted as president of the local C.W.A. for some years.

Just a chat over the 'phone (or was it the street), and the plan was made.

During the next nine months a rest room for women and children was established near the Gosford railway station, where tired mothers could spend an hour, make themselves a cup of tea, or have a quiet read in perfect peace. Dainty designs featuring the colors, blue and gold, of the association, were used in the furnishings.

Then 18 months later, a baby clinic, scales, bottles, feeding charts and everything complete was ready awaiting the advent of the sister.

Younger sets had been formed to assist the parent bodies in each centre, and even a junior set has been formed at Tuggerah Lakes (this is the second in the State). Sixteen little girls have saved their pennies up to buy bits of wool or silk, and have fashioned these into a dainty cotspread for the health centre.

These little girls planned an exhibition of arts and crafts all by themselves.



MRS. J. H. PAUL

At the annual conference of the Nepean group, held at Gosford, eighty delegates attended. The same number of delegates attended the last annual conference at Adelaide, which represented the whole of S.A.

Four hundred exhibits were entered at the first annual exhibition of arts and crafts held at Gosford, almost every member taking some part in the show.

The activities of the C.W.A. are not devoted entirely to their own association, or charities which come within its scope. The Far West Health Scheme, numerous hospitals and charitable bodies owe much to the organisation.

And somebody said that women's chats do not lead anywhere.

Even old Solomon, with all his experience, was quite wrong when he said, "The talk of the lips leadeth only to poverty."

What has grown out of that five minutes' chat between Mrs. Paul and Mrs. Simonds has enriched hundreds of mothers and babies of the central coast.

HOST HOLBROOK says: My Worcestershire Sauce will flavour the Soup, season the Gravy, make the simplest meal appetising★★★

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THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



ALTHOUGH many people are still holidaying at the mountains and at the seaside, Sydney is beginning to awaken after its summer holiday recess.

Mothers are busy in settling their children into the routine of school life, other women are concentrating on the resumption of the different organisations in which they are interested, others again are planning for the social season which will begin early this year.

An almost record number of people are preparing to go abroad and have been busily shopping in readiness for the trip.

☆ ☆ ☆

THIS year's racing season started off with a good swing. Randwick is a fascinating place, apart from the racing, for there one meets new arrivals, says good-bye to those who are going abroad, and hears all the latest gossip.

At last week's meeting Lady Coghlan, who returned recently from abroad, wore a frock in aubergine color—a warm metallic brown shade of the egg fruit which is one of London's latest color crazes. Mrs. Herbert Harris' frock was of the same tone.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. ROWAN, with her three children, and sister, Kate Kelly, to complete the party, left Melbourne to journey to America on board the "Mariposa" and back again, an exceedingly pleasant way of spending the summer holidays for good sailors. At present they are staying in Sydney.

☆ ☆ ☆

MANY Sydney University graduates will be interested (if not surprised) to know that Ted Pilkington and Evelyn Sweet, both B.Sc's, have announced their engagement. Ted and Evelyn have been unofficially engaged for some time, but it is only since Ted visited Evelyn's parents at Forbes recently that it has become official, and Evelyn is wearing a ring.

Evelyn is, however, in New Zealand, and will not return until the end of the year, having been appointed to the very good job of head of Davis' gelatine laboratory, Christchurch, for 14 months.

Ted starts this term as a master at Cranbrook.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE Frank Chaffey household, consisting of six children and two parents, has been slightly reduced this week. Bill, the eldest son, who has just graduated from Hawkesbury College, has got a job on the Officers' station at Carcoar. "It's only small—merely seventeen thousand sheep," he was told.

Mr. and Mrs. Chaffey spent last week-end in the country, to bring back the two youngest children from their holiday in time for school.

☆ ☆ ☆

ALREADY more than 100 have signified their intention of being present at the farewell to Mrs. E. A. Thomas at David Jones' next week. A number of them are women who have worked with Mrs. Thomas for the Church of England Homes, the Mothers' Union, and other Church organisations, and who realise the loss she will be to the community. Hostesses for the afternoon include Mesdames W. S. Duncan, Leslie Bray, and Miss Linda Northcott.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE wonderful tent which Enid Riddle recently took to her Girl Guide Camp at Moss Vale, and which kept out torrents and torrents of rain, was called into commission again during the week-end, when John Riddle and a party of young men pitched their camp on the hill overlooking Palm Beach.

Included in the party were Henry Standish (from Canberra), Theo Thine (from Queensland), Ivan Roberts and Alan McKenzie, whose interests are respectively the Law and Art, and Wilfred Wallace.

Apart from the surfing, they found Palm Beach so quiet—even dull—that much of their time was spent in Avalon visiting friends.

☆ ☆ ☆

AS Jim is living in the Malay States, and Jean is away from home most of the time, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Sandes are putting their home in Coomera Cres., Darling Point, up for auction sale this Friday. Dr. Sandes is leaving for a trip abroad in March, from which, one feels sure, the work of cancer research is sure to benefit.

THIS week's English mail brings news of the wedding of Dorothea, eldest daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. C. Simpson, to Harold Hutchinson, which took place in London just before Christmas.

The bride and groom have acquired a very charming flat in Gray's Inn Road, through the good offices of Harold's cousin, who is a woman barrister. They hope, though, to return to Australia at the end of the year.

☆ ☆ ☆

WITH her very nice husband and pretty young daughter, Biddy (Ursula June), Mrs. Morris McPhillamy is on a short holiday from Bathurst, her headquarters being "Hulverstone," Double Bay.

All the family find the sea-frontage a great boon, especially Biddy, who would be quite happy to live in her bathing togs.

☆ ☆ ☆

ON Wednesday night Sylvia Macken's friends planned a surprise party for her, to say good-bye before she sails for England on Saturday. At first they wanted it in town, but, as Mrs. Macken wants Sylvia to remain with her family as much as possible during the last few days, it was arranged to take place at the Mackens' home at Collaroy.

☆ ☆ ☆

WHILE Mr. A. E. Heath is dashing about Sydney planning for his trip to England where he will be Trade Representative for N.S.W. (in place of the abolished Agent-Generalship), his wife and daughters have just left England, where they have been holidaying.

They will attend to necessary odds and ends in Sydney, and then set off abroad again. All the family are keen on motoring, and are looking forward to many outings abroad.



MISS MARY HOWELL-PRICE, photographed at her home, "Simla," Neutral Bay.

—Women's Weekly photo.



MISS RUTH RODGERS, a visitor from Melbourne for the Wright-Laycock wedding. She is the guest of Mrs. John Keep, Woollahra.

—Ronald Eden.

AS well as the wonderful scenery (Megalong Valley), Miles Hay Simpson's acting of Ned Kelly (rather curious for a solicitor?), and the bank manager having his bath so perfectly, we were highly intrigued at the party at the Cinesound Studio last week, when "shots" of "When the Kellys Rode" were shown, to notice that the cloth covering for the camera was all fitted with the latest model zip fasteners to hold it tight.

Sir Hugh and Lady Poynter were present, watching some of the scenes in which Jocelyn Poynter took part. Jocelyn wants to design dresses for costume parts later on. She has a distinct flair for this sort of thing.

Among others present were Lady Barraclough, Mrs. Frank George and Tony, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Robertson, Mrs. Fred King, and Mrs. R. Godsall.

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. KEITH FISHER, with her son Billy and Ian Bevan, arrived very tired at the Bondi Hotel. It is a long trek from Burren Junction to Sydney, and Mrs. Fisher had to drive. Mr. Keith Fisher will join her later on.

☆ ☆ ☆

THE Lady Mayoress (Mrs. A. L. Parker), who returned last week from chaperoning a party of Y.A.L. girls to Tasmania and other States, has taken up her official work. She is in attendance at the Sydney Town Hall each morning to receive visitors. Among those to be received are the Queensland girls with whom she was on tour. They are in Sydney until February 5, in the care of Mrs. A. M. King.

Mrs. Parker's first reception is to be the aldermen and their wives and the heads of departments with their wives. This is to take place at the Town Hall on February 15, at 3.30 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

THIS Saturday, at St. Thomas', North Sydney, the wedding will take place of Jean, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Roberts, of Cremorne, and William Pritzler, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Pritzler, of Hunter's Hill. The bride's father is well known in Victoria. He was appointed from the University Corps of Lieutenants to act as special escort during the visit of King George and Queen Mary. He also stroked the Queen's eight down South.

SIR DONALD CAMERON (well known as Colonel Cameron before he was knighted) and Lady Cameron have been staying at Leura, and are now visiting Sydney for a while, before returning there shortly.

By Jane Anne Seymour

WITH her husband away gold hunting in Central Australia, and her daughter Noella packed off to boarding school, Mrs. Norman Lowe says she had "a year off" last year. This year, however, she intends to be particularly busy. She didn't even have time to go camping with the Zoologists last week, although she hates to miss that.

Her most urgent occupation at the moment is writing out tickets giving the full history and description of all her curios (including the Siamese many-jointed wooden snakes, which are so perfectly lifelike and terrifying even when one knows) for their exhibition at her home about the middle of February, in aid of the Loyalty League and the Royal Zoological Society.

☆ ☆ ☆

ARLINE WADDY, who is being given a farewell by members of the Sydney Overseas League on February 9, and a cocktail party by Mrs. L. Dryer at her Potts Point flat, has received a cable from the Overseas League in London, telling her that a "warm welcome" is waiting.

Arline is looking forward to visiting Paris, where she will be the guest of the well-known singer, Antonia Dolores. She also intends a pilgrimage to Canterbury Cathedral, to see the mural tablet erected in memory of her grandfather, the late General Sir Richard Waddy.

In July she will visit Scotland, making Edinburgh her headquarters.

☆ ☆ ☆

ON Anniversary Day Sir Kelso King had two speeches to make—one at a men's luncheon at the Pioneer Club, and another at the tea party of the Women Pioneers. There were no women at the luncheon, but many men guests were invited by the women for the afternoon's celebrations.

The senior member of the Women's Club, Mrs. Oswald, who is 94, had just given a luncheon party for her son's birthday, so had to send her apologies for not being present, two in one day being rather much of a good thing.

Melbourne, we hear, is to follow Sydney's example with a Pioneer Club shortly.

☆ ☆ ☆

IN a fortnight's time Mrs. Tom Taylor, the eldest of Mrs. T. Houston's three daughters, arrives in Sydney from England. Lieut.-Commander Taylor is not accompanying his wife, but she is bringing with her their daughter Annette, and son Paul.

Mrs. Kitty Paradice's two children—John and Jacque—are looking forward to meeting their young cousins.

☆ ☆ ☆

MR. AND MRS. TOM BAILLIEU, of Cassilis, have taken the Francis Blighs' home at Austinmer for the surfing season.

Jiffy

SANDWICH PASTES

MAKES ENTERTAINING SO MUCH SIMPLER. SO TASTY, TOO, AND NOURISHING.

CHILDREN eat ALL their lunch every time you use JIFFY. They don't throw away scraps when there's JIFFY left on them.

PLEASE THE WHOLE FAMILY AND BUY A JAR TO-DAY!



Ask your Grocer about the Jiffy Competition.

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Zella's Big New Offer!

1000 extra Free chances to benefit in Lottery 183

Here's the special announcement you've been waiting for from Madame Zella. A fortnight ago she told you to watch for it. Now, when you've read all about it, you will agree it was well worth waiting for. It concerns the 183rd Lottery. Of course, Madame Zella wants to win the first prize in this drawing, but even if she doesn't win, thousands of her clients can benefit by the winning number.

When the 183rd Lottery is drawn Madame Zella will give a one-seventh share, ABSOLUTELY FREE, to every one of her clients whose share in that drawing, is in a ticket in which the last two figures of the number are the same as the last two figures in the first prize number. For instance, if the first prize of £3500 goes to ticket No. 62496, everyone who holds a Madame Zella share in the 183rd Lottery ticket the number of which ends in 96, will receive, ABSOLUTELY FREE, another one-seventh share in the next available lottery. Should the first prize go to a number below 10, say No. 4, all persons holding a Zella ticket ending in "04" will receive the FREE share.

Whatever number wins the first prize there will be 1000 other numbers with the same two figures at the end. Every one of these thousand numbers gives Zella's clients an extra chance to benefit by the 183rd drawing—1000 chances that nobody but Madame Zella can give.

So you can see that it's well worth while getting whatever shares you want in the 183rd Lottery, from Madame Zella. Why not send at once?

SHARE BIG WINS

To get an idea of the kind of wins you have the chance to share in when you join Madame Zella's Syndicates, just look back on the money her clients have won in past lotteries. Prizes won by Zella's clients in the N.S.W. State Lottery include:—

£5000 in 114th Lottery.
£5000 in 116th Lottery.
£5000 in 167th Lottery.
£1000 in 142nd Lottery.
£1000 in 170th Lottery
—and hundreds of minor prizes, including £100's, £50's, £40's, £30's, £20's, £10's, and £5's.

Madame Zella's Syndicates have been in operation for less than a year, yet already she has won thousands and thousands of pounds for her clients. She is confident that, as time goes on, she can break all her previous money-winning records. Why not give yourself the chance to share?

FREE BIRTHDAY CHARM

To help you to be lucky, Madame Zella has produced a set of Lucky Charms, specially designed according to birth-dates. If the Charm you own has failed you, remember that a Charm that brings luck to some people would not be lucky for all—it all depends on birthdays. Get a charm specially designed to suit your birthdate from Madame Zella, and watch your luck change.

You do not have to pay extra to get your Birthday Charm from Madame Zella—she gives them absolutely free to all who join her Syndicates. Stop being unlucky. Get a Birthday Charm at once by becoming a Madame Zella client.



TO WIN £1715 FOR 1/6

When you send to Madame Zella, as explained below, you receive for your 1/6 a one-seventh share in a ticket in the 183rd N.S.W. State Lottery—a share which may win you £715 in hard cash. You receive, also one ticket in the Second "Lucky Stars" Art Union (in which the first prize is valued at £1000). Thus, for your 1/6, you get chances to win £1715, a chance to share in the offer described above, and, in addition, you get your special Birthday Charm.

To get all this just cut out this announcement and send it, with a postal note for 1/6, a sheet of paper showing your birth-date, and a stamped envelope bearing your name and address (please don't forget this) to Madame Zella, Dept. 183, Box 4346Y, G.P.O., Sydney.

OR

Cut out this announcement and present it at Mme. Zella's Lucky Lottery Share Shop, at

The corner of George Street and Hunter Street. Right opposite entrance to WYNYARD STATION

Mme. Zella's Syndicates are conducted to aid Charity. Every penny of the proceeds goes to help the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

ANDREE PERM. WAVE



15/-

- LASTS FOR MONTHS
- EASY TO RE-SET
- DECEPTIVELY NATURAL

SHINGLE, 15/- EUGENE, 25/-
RINGLETS, 21/- McDONALD, 35/-

RING F3141

BUCKINGHAMS OXFORD STREET SYDNEY

SKILFUL EYESIGHT SERVICE



CIBB & BEEMAN'S 1934 DESIGN

We are able to give you the most exacting eyesight service, making glasses to your individual requirements. Our service has been enjoyed by a great number of people, and is widely recommended by highly satisfied wearers of Gibb & Beeman Glasses.

Our advice is reliable — quality of goods always the best, and our charges are moderate

GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.,
Optometrists and Opticians

O. A. GIBB, Optometrist, 6 Hunter Street, 2 doors from George Street.
J. W. BEEMAN, Optometrist, 378 Pitt Street, Opposite A. Horderns'.

And at 74 Hunter Street, Newcastle.

REDUCTIONS... *Still in the* BIG STORES

By SAIDE

"MY dear, it was reduced from. ." has become a conversational commonplace after the past weeks of hectic scurrying to secure coveted articles at sale prices.



DAVID JONES' signal bargains have lived up to their reputation and been signal occasions indeed. In addition, they lay stress this week on reptile shoes, the footwear that, like the proverbial cat, would appear to have nine lives. In every variety of skin they have suffered reductions as heavy as 39/6 to 15/9. Parker shoes and sports shoes, too, have come under the hammer, while, in their manchester department, there are white linen sheets priced as low as 6/6.

McDowells have given a thought to the nether limbs, and offer exquisite hosiery, fully-fashioned, with French panel heel, for 5/-, though one customarily pays 9/11 a pair.

Heavyweight marocain is another item that you should mark on your shopping list against the name of McDowells. The price has been more than cut in half. It is usually 3/11 and 4/11, but now arrests the eye and intrigues the purse with a ticket marked 1/6½.

Farmers make a cosy suggestion of a wool-filled quilt, the sort of thing that marks the purchaser as a housewife of great forethought. There's a splendid range of colors and designs from which to choose, and each is filled with thoroughly scoured wool. The size is 6ft. x 5ft., and the price only 21/6.

For the home, too, Farmers offer the charming cosy cottage cretonnes. They are fascinating and afford an opportunity for innumerable renovations at 1/- a yard.

At Ways you can concentrate on your own wardrobe without inflicting unwarranted strain on the family purse strings. A happy inspiration is their thought for the outsize figure. In a long-sleeved line of rayon floral design frocks they have no fewer than three sizes in outsizes, O.S., E.O.S., E.E.O.S., reduced from one guinea to 14/11.

Marocain in a big range of shades is the medium for another line of charming street and house frocks. They have been reduced from 29/6 to 19/11 each.

McCathies offer the garments not, of course, in the public eye, but vastly important just the same. Slumber gowns that are guaranteed ladder-proof have been tastefully trimmed with dainty lace in various designs and reduced from 9/11 to 5/11.

Princess slips, designed with tailored exactness of fit, are displayed in either round neck or opera top styles, and available in all sizes, are reduced from 7/11 to 3/11.

Murdochs made an apt suggestion for the mothers of growing lads. "Canberra" suits in Thornproof tweed to fit boys from six to fourteen years of age. The usual price is 25/, but the sale price is 18/6. For small brothers there are boys' knickers in navy cheviot serge or medium grey tweed reduced from 5/11 to 3/8 a pair.



For the mother herself, or for a sister elastic knit bathing suits are selling at noteworthy prices. Delightfully designed in contrasting shades. There are all sizes and the customary prices of 18/6 and 21/ have been supplanted by that of 6/-.

Anthony Horderns' sale is still in progress. The recent alterations to their vast premises have excited general admiration among their customers, but that feeling has been temporarily superseded by appreciation of their sale campaign.

Edward Arnolds is the latest name to be added to the enchanted and enchanting list. They have smart straw hats in droop shapes with ribbon trim selling for 1/- instead of 4/11. Pure silk hose of the sheer variety, and with a panel heel is selling at practically half-price, 2/11, reduced to 1/7½ a pair.

Mark Foy's have marked one thousand and pairs of gauntlet gloves at 1/11 a pair, regardless of the fact that they generally sell at 2/11½ to 4/11½. Cotton fabrics, too, offer amazing opportunities at their summer fair. There are all manner of designs for 1/- a yard. Grey blankets that measure 54in. by 72in. can be purchased for the small outlay of 14/11.

Creeds are selling smart voile frocks for 4/11. As they were originally 15/11 one appreciates this margin of saving. Printed marocain models for those of more matronly build have been made with long or with short sleeves, and prices have been marked down from 39/11 and 45/- to 19/11, while there are swagger coats for 12/6.

Marcus Clarks have durable bloomers in lawn for 1/6½ a pair. They are made either in white or in pastel shades. Kimonos in Japanese crepe, with contrasting trims and appliqued sprays, are 3/6 each, and excellent satin stripe corselettes are 12/6.

Buckinghams are staging an enterprising idea. With every pair of stockings you purchase there in a special range at 2/6, you receive an extra pair free, so that each pair actually only costs you 1/3. Their sale of carpets, too, is a red-letter event. Axminsters, for instance, are marked 90/-, instead of £8/12/6 as formerly. Home lovers will undoubtedly linger in their furnishing department.

Grace Brothers, with practical people in mind, have made drastic reductions in aprons. There are all manner of designs, plain or patterned, also black Italian cloth aprons as low as 11d. each, and these have a smart little bib and pocket of floral material.

House frocks and overalls, too, have been specially priced for their twelve-days' sale, and you can procure a very pleasant little frock for a matter of a few shillings at the big Broadway store.

SALES IN PROGRESS

Edward Arnolds, Bon Marche, Buckinghams, Creeds, Farmer's, Foy's, Grace Bros., Anthony Horderns', Hordern Brothers, David Jones, Marcus Clark, McCathies, McDowells, Murdochs, Ways.

BEARDED MEN in *City Streets*

What are all these young men, with beards, doing around town? Are beards coming into fashion? Thus one woman to another in city streets. But the sudden vogue for beards has a simple solution.

THE Kelly gang has been resurrected in Sydney, for the filming of "When the Kellys Rode," and Leslie Hay Simpson, a solicitor by profession, wags the proudest beard of the lot of them, for he plays the part of Ned himself.

Accuracy as to historical detail is being aimed at in the film dealing with the Kelly Gang, which is now being produced by Imperial Feature Films under the direction of Mr. Harry Southwell.

The interior scenes are being shot at the No. 2 Cinesound studio at Rushcutters Bay, and last week an official of the Bank of New South Wales was invited to inspect the set to be used for the bank hold-up represented in the film.

He expressed himself as highly pleased with the structure. Though the facade is not an absolute replica of any actual building of the Bank of New South Wales of that period, he proved by comparison with the numerous engravings in the bank's possession that it is completely in character. And he also lent for the purposes of the production various inkstands and other small properties in use at that time, which will appear among the interior furnishings.

Stalwart young men with tousled hair and well-grown beards stride freely about the studio nowadays. They are the desperate Kellys and their friends.

Mr. Hay Simpson is Ned Kelly.

It is a little embarrassing for them, however, when they step into the street, since these hirsute adornments catch the eye among our beardless youth.

But you couldn't expect the Kellys to shave, could you? So that's that. It is all in the cause of art and truth.

KEEP YOUR OWN TEETH LONGER



stop Pyorrhea instantly

Check first signs—spongy, bleeding gums—bad taste in mouth . . . unpleasant breath.

USE EICHORN'S ANTISEPTIC. Pyorrhea destroys beauty, leads to loss of teeth, rheumatism, gastric ulcers, nervous disorders, etc., as the pus from the gums is absorbed in the system. Check Pyorrhea's first signs. If your gums are receding, spongy or bleeding, use a few drops of Eichorn's Antiseptic on your brush twice a day. Wash your mouth with a weak solution. This simple treatment dissolves the pus, kills infection, hardens the gums and sweetens the breath. For all septic conditions of mouth or throat Eichorn's offers certain and immediate relief

At your Chemist—1/6, 2/6, 5/-.

EICHORN'S
ANTISEPTIC



For instant hair removal

Bell's Wonderstoen is Rapid—Non-Injurious — odorless, and leaves the skin in a perfectly healthy condition.

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES 3/6 and 7/- PER CAKE

Bell's Wonderstoen

Zöldy SKIN CREAM

1 FOR THE DIFFERENT TYPES OF SKIN

If your skin is dry use Zöldy Cream No. 1. It will banish the blemishes caused by dryness.

2 Normal skins need Zöldy Cream No. 2. It's a perfect powder base.

3 Zöldy Cream No. 3 is absolutely greaseless and is the ideal corrective for oily skins.



REMEMBER . . . ALL GOOD CREAMS ARE SOFT AND READILY ABSORBED BY THE SKIN.



TUBES 1/- JARS 2/6

WHITE WINGS



"White Wings" Quality Food Products are all packed by Bonny Australian Girls — not imported machines. No machinery could ever replace the watchfulness and skill of these girls. Your support of "White Wings" Products sustains this great human outlook that is a definite policy of H. L. Buesell & Co. Limited.

All "White Wings" Products carry coupons of equal value. Collect these coupons and redeem them at the Coupon Parlours, 32 Meagher Street, Sydney, for valuable presents.

WHITE WINGS

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Intimate Jottings



Did You Know That—

As she is not well enough to cope with housekeeping, Mrs. Roystone Davey has taken a flat in 44 Macleay St.?

Always keen contract bridgers, Sadie Budge and Naomi Williams are now thinking of giving lessons?

Oswald Anderson is giving a party soon beginning at 9 p.m. so as not to clash with broadcasting duties?

A spell in hospital has been putting a stopper on K.C. Richard Windeyer's yachting and yawling?

Women Teachers' Victory

THE Victorian women teachers are feeling very gratified at the moment, for they have succeeded in having an equal number of women and men, excluding the president, appointed to the executive of the Victorian Teachers' Union.

There are many more women than men in the organisation, but until now only one woman, Miss M. M. Flynn, has held office.

Going Abroad

ALTHOUGH it must be with the greatest difficulty that he tears himself away from his beloved garden, with its abundance of flowers and trees, Edmund Resch is off to England in March.

He will be missed by many friends, also by many who have grown accustomed to seeing him dine at the Australia, nearly always by himself.

Still Unsettled

MRS. GEORGE EARP has been inspecting pianos for sale during the week, so as to make her top flat at "Highgate" even more attractive. For, although she had let both flats for the summer, and gone happily off to Flinders to visit her daughter and son-in-law, Commander and Mrs. Rednall, her tenants for the top flat were prevented by illness in the family from taking it.

So Mrs. Earp arrived home in the "Wanganella" last week to see to letting it.

Mrs. Earp found the Rednalls very well, despite the fact that they had been on the Princes Highway bridge that collapsed, and in the middle of the floods.

Rev. George Earp, who recently married Miss Oro King, is at present living in Chamberlain Ave., Rose Bay, in the bride's old home.

Interesting Engagement

AN interesting engagement just announced is that of Elizabeth Joan (she is always known as Joan), daughter of Mr. Ronald Beale, general manager of Beale and Co.

Elizabeth, who is named after her grandmother, Mrs. Octavius Beale, has the Beale looks and brains. Her fiance, Richard Wiesener, is the son of the oculist, Dr. Abbey Wiesener, and grandson of Charles Hoskins of steel works fame.

He is a clever young engineer, and is leaving for America in a few days, for about six months.

Heat-Wave Parties

DESPERATE situations call for desperate remedies, and heat-waves, if one does not intend to lead a hermit-life at night, call for something more cooling than dancing, or even bridge. In the last few days various solutions have been given to the problem.

Marie Holmes gave aquaplaning as an added attraction to her cocktail party's invitation cards (although, being dark and most of the guests being inexperienced and afraid of sharks, this went entirely by the board).

Barbara Ramsay told guests at her tennis party to bring costumes for an evening swim, and Nancy Allard gave a "shorts and slacks" party on Monday at her temporary Manly home, wearing herself a very special creation.

Wedding Cake from England

A HUGE quarter of wedding cake has arrived in Sydney from England, sent by Rev. and Mrs. Cunliffe-Jones, for distribution among their many University friends, both "Jonah" and his bride (Maude Clifton) being graduates of Sydney.

As well as the cake, there were little knick-knacks which decorated it, including a bonbon containing a gold bangle.

Has Definite Ambitions

THAT Mrs. Albert Littlejohn has always been very alive to the educational value of trips, and given her children many, is bearing fruit now in the result that her son, Edward, who has just left school, doesn't want to stay in Sydney, but to go abroad to study. He has, however, been persuaded to do a year at Sydney University, after which he is promised to be allowed to continue in England.

Edward is also putting his foot down about going to college. He says there would be no point in putting up with the ragging unless one were to stay to be a senior, and, anyway, he has always been away at boarding-school and now wants to try a little home life.

Are They Shy?

THE contract bridge supremacy of N.S.W. has been definitely settled by the result of the David Jones Challenge Cup contest when the defenders of the trophy (Dr. McAdam's team) defeated the challengers (N.S.W. Bridge Association) by 5850 points

Interest is now centred on the World Olympic contest, the N.S.W. section of which begins at David Jones' on February 2.

Mrs. J. B. Fielder, the game captain, strongly urges women players to enter for this great contest, for she thinks many women players are superior to men. But she also thinks women suffer from an inferiority complex so far as bridge is concerned, and don't enter contests as readily as they might.

Individual entries for the Olympic closed at the end of January, but teams of four will be accepted up till noon on February 2.

Remembers Australian Friends

THE Earl of Cassilis (pronounced Cassels), who is heir to the Marquis of Ailsa, and his Countess (who is sister-in-law of the Duke of Grafton) are the simplest folk, although the tapestried suite alone in their drawing-room is worth £10,000.

They never forget the friends they made in Sydney when the Earl, who is a prominent Mason, was on a visit a few years ago, and every New Year souvenirs arrive.

This year boxes of heather were sent, and are being distributed in several Sydney homes.

Tony from Romano's

TONY, who used to be at Romano's in Sydney, is now running the luncheon and dinner service very successfully at a new night club in London, the "Blue Train."

But Tony is still so fond of his Australian friends that he gave a special Christmas dinner for some of them at a famous Italian restaurant run by a friend of his in Euston Road. The guests were warned to fast the day before! Mrs. Ben Shashoua (formerly Joan Norton, of Sydney), Ray Daniels (Melbourne) and Margaret Nicholson were some of the Australians in the party.

Margaret, by the way, has been singing at the "Blue Train" with great success.

Seeing All's Well

ALTHOUGH Mr. Hill always kept his garden beautifully, and it was not affected, like the house, by the fire, Mr. T. H. Kelly, who is building his new home on the same site, is determined that it shall not go to ruin.

On Sunday he was to be seen in Darling Point pottering about and attending to it all.

Some Like Old-Fashioned Homes

EXCEPT for the rumor that it is a woman, who has recently arrived from England with her daughter, the identity of the recent purchaser of Lady Simpson's old home, "Cloncorick," in Darling Point Rd., has been shrouded in mystery. Mrs. Edmund Playfair was after it, but one look at the servants' quarters was enough. These are basement rooms, and she thought they would give rise to more trouble than she could afford

Time For a Trip Now

HAVING retired from being manager of the head office in Sydney of the Commercial Bank, Mr. Clive Weston, with Mrs. Weston, is leaving in the "Nieuw Holland" for Singapore, and, possibly, Egypt.

Mrs. Weston, who is noted for her exquisite arrangement of flowers at the Royal Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, is leaving her sons, Clive and Harry, to their University work, and daughter, Cecil, at "Frensham."

The two boys have always laughed at Cecil's exam. work, saying all her talent lies in her music, but she has just given the family a pleasant surprise by passing the Intermediate quite well.

Hordern Heir Returning Abroad

THE late Mr. Samuel Hordern had no liking for absentee landlords. He had such a passionate love of Australia that his chief desire was to found an Australian family of note. To this end he left the bulk of his fortune to his male heirs, with the proviso that they were never to be absent for longer than two years at a time.

Samuel and Anthony (especially Anthony) inherit this love for the land of their birth, and now it seems that the grandsons do likewise.

Young Sam is settling down to be a good Australian (with an office job), and young Lebbeus, who recently arrived here, though he leaves in the "Ormonde" for Oxford on February 3, where he will study engineering, will return frequently to Australia.

In and Out of Society — By WEP



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Sex EDUCATION in the SCHOOLS?

There is a growing appreciation of the need for imparting knowledge on sex matters to children, instead of letting them "pick it up" through mediums that are damaging to their health and mentality.

The question as to whether the knowledge should be imparted in the home or the school is a debatable one. Mrs. Linda Littlejohn gives her conclusions in the following article.

By LINDA LITTLEJOHN

HOW I wish that we could find another word for sex education! It is a fact that for many folks the word "sex" produces a sensation of disgust, either because they have a "passion for purity" or mock modesty, because they are definite hypocrites, or because the subject has been defiled for them by repressions or misrepresentations.

In these days of freedom a proper knowledge of the science of life is not only wise, but absolutely essential. Silence is fatal, but I doubt if it is less fatal than knowledge conveyed in a negative way by a series of prohibitions, unbacked by any reasons.

Now, as to whether this subject should be taught in schools, there is much difference of opinion—where there is any thought on the subject at all.

Personally, I believe the home is the right atmosphere, and the mother the right teacher, but, alas! owing to faulty training, and false bashfulness, few mothers possess either the complete knowledge, the correct vocabulary, or the intimate understanding of the child mind to accompilsh the task successfully.

So, after years of belief that this teaching should be reserved for the home, I am reluctantly obliged to change my opinion and determine that it should be given in the schools.

* * *

TWO recent cases that came under my notice were significant. One mother who had a growing family, the eldest a girl of 16, told me that she had decided to give away the family's pet dog, because, since it was about to have puppies, this might give rise to "awkward" questions on the part of the children!

The other instance was of a father who really believed that he had given his son the necessary information and, when some few weeks later during discussion he saw the boy was lamentably ignorant, he reminded him of the talk he had had with him, and all the lad replied was, "Was that what you were jawing about?" The father had clothed his remarks in so much language that no information had reached the mind of the boy.

So we must face this difficult problem—sex education must be given in schools. This week an interesting book came into my hands, written by a man and a woman—it details their experience of giving this education in schools, and is full of sound and helpful advice and of practical experience—and it will indeed convince any who disagree with me, for here we have practice, and it is worth all intuition.

The Councils of the Elementary Schools in Wales decided to try out this idea of school education, and this book details the procedure, the parents' attitude, the children's questions, and the accumulated result. The experiment was an unqualified success. The course comprised three lectures, but five are recommended as being more comprehensive. To sense the parents' feelings on the matter, they were sent a questionnaire asking them if they approved this instruction being given to their children. Of 492 questionnaires sent out, 91 per cent. of those who replied approved.

Noted Feminist Discusses Big Question

It must be realised that children are curious. But "curiosity is a great possession, and through its satisfaction comes much valuable knowledge." Alas, curiosity causes some people great fear; they see in it something harmful, whereas the only peril lies in the **method** of the satisfaction of that curiosity. Since the Welsh experiment proved a success could we not try it, too? The question then arises—who is to give this instruction?

Not the usual class teacher—most emphatically no. It is a specialist's job, not necessarily a doctor, a graduate, or a scientist, but one with personal as well as academic fitness, one who has a deep realisation of a child's need, and a real desire to help—a woman for the girls, and a man for the boys.

* * *

THE ideal course would be one which embraces biology, physiology, psychology, and hygiene. Few ordinary teachers are fitted for this, and since the Government has decided to spinsterise the teaching profession as far as women are concerned, the choice would be very limited.

Nature study lessons are not enough, nor are stories of the birth of animals satisfying—children want to hear about themselves, in plain language that they can understand, and the information should not be confined to the purely physical side of the work, because it is essential for their correct balance that the mental and emotional aspects should be dealt with simultaneously.

Parents who cannot handle this great duty efficiently do irreparable harm to their children if, knowing their own limitations, they oppose school education on this subject.

Domestic Insect Pests—No. 3

HOW *to* GET RID *of the* HOUSE FLY

By "ENTOMOLOGIST"

The name "house fly" is an unsatisfactory one since it suggests that the creature is a friendly little beast, which shares our homes with us, and, at the worst, is perhaps somewhat trying when one is attempting to have forty winks on a hot day.

IT has been aptly named "The fly that does not wipe its feet," but there are even more suitable names, the "Typhoid Fly" and the "Filth Fly"; the first emphasises its potentialities as a carrier of disease, while the latter draws attention to its disgusting habits.

The danger of the spread of disease by means of the house fly cannot be too strongly stressed, for it is known, beyond all dispute, to carry the germs of typhoid fever, cholera, dysentery, infantile diarrhoea, tuberculosis, anthrax, and possibly diphtheria.

To illustrate the loading of the body of the fly with the bacteria of disease, it may be mentioned that from 550 to 6,600,000 bacteria have been counted from the body of a fly, and 700,000 from a single foot-print.

The house fly breeds in horse manure, garbage, and other filth. Now that the motor car has so largely replaced the horse in the cities, the first factor has been removed to a great extent in those areas, but the neglected garbage-can and other sources of breeding have still to be reckoned with. In the country districts the flies breed in the sanitary conveniences, and these are a fertile reservoir for disease germs, which may be carried to food, and have formed the origin of many epidemics.

The fly is a filthy feeder, and usually regurgitates portion of its last meal over anything upon which it may be feeding. Germs find a ready breeding place in the intestine of the fly, and have been found in fly specks, after a period of several weeks, still in a living state.

In the cities the means of protection of food from infection by flies is usually adequate, although some butchers' shops and cafés require more supervision and attention to screening, but in the country districts sanitary conveniences should be made and maintained in fly-proof condition, and horse manure and garbage, etc., placed in securely closed receptacles. Fly-proof doors and windows should be fitted to all homes, and the greatest care taken that milk jugs, babies' bottles, etc., are kept covered and free from any possibility of contamination.

The best method for the destruction of flies in houses is by placing a mixture of formalin and water about the rooms in saucers; the flies will drink the liquid and die.

If desired the mixture may be sweetened and so made more attractive to the insects. The fly-sprays now on the market are of value when liberally used, but all flies falling to the ground should be swept up and destroyed, as the majority of these are only stupefied, and later recover.

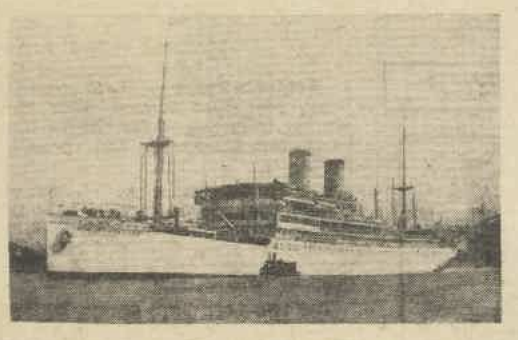
If the room can be kept closed for about a quarter of an hour after the spray has been used, the fumes will be retained in much greater concentration, and their efficiency will be increased.

HOST HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is sold in little glass jars. Dainty sandwiches can be quickly made.***

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You will want to see the fascinating islands of Dutch East Indies, and cosmopolitan Singapore. Nowhere else in the world will you find such an endless variety of scenic grandeur, allowing you to observe the habits, customs, and beautiful handicrafts of the Eastern peoples, visiting old temples, volcanoes, and elusive tropical scenery.

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Grey Hair is a real handicap, for to succeed one must keep youthful. If the natural colour of your hair is fading, restore it with a few applications of Raydene.

Raydene is the new antiseptic which restores grey hair to its natural colour without the use of dyes or stains.

Raydene contains no dye, paint, or stain, so that it cannot stain your scalp, fingers, or your linen.

Raydene begins with the hair-roots, invigorating them and cleansing the scalp of dandruff and impurities that cause baldness, and restores the natural colour to every strand of hair quickly and surely in a few short weeks. You can wash your hair in the usual way, because its colour is permanent, and will not wash off or change in shade, and the process cannot be detected by your friends.

If you are grey, get a 2/9 box of Raydene from your chemist, make it up at home yourself, and watch the result in a week or two.

Raydene Laboratory, Box 3817T, G.P.O., Sydney.

High Blood Pressure

CAUSES HEART FAILURE

"I suffered terribly with High Blood Pressure. The dizziness, flushes and headache were so bad that I had to give up business. Now after a course of Mentholds I feel 20 years younger, and go to the city every day. Yours, J. McD." To sufferers from High Blood Pressure, this Melbourne man's story is interesting.

Thousands of otherwise healthy people die prematurely from High Blood Pressure and the frequent symptoms are dizziness, palpitation, headaches, failing eyesight and memory, flushes, sleeplessness, and kidney and bladder disease. Dr. Mackenzie's Mentholds are the great antidote for High Blood Pressure, and if you suffer in this way get a flask of Mentholds from your chemist and take them regularly for 3 months, and then occasionally afterwards. Mentholds purify the blood stream of poisons, flush and kidneys and bladder, relieving the terrific pressure which causes heart failure and keep the blood pressure at a safe level. Mentholds are a pure herbal remedy and are safe for the most delicate sufferers. Large flasks of 80 Mentholds are 6/6 (sample flasks of 36 are 3/6) with the Diet Chart with every flask. Demand Genuine Mentholds in the green packet and refuse substitutes of this valuable medicine which is sold by all chemists, or post free direct from W. James Rogers Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 358 George Street, Sydney (upp. G.P.O.); C. F. Lloyd and Co., 343 Lt. Collins St., Melbourne; and D. Maclean and Co., Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane.



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12 DAYS SALE

WHICH COMMENCES TO-MORROW FRIDAY FEB. 2nd

SPECIAL MILLINERY CLEARANCE
ALL HATS TO GO AT DRASTIC REDUCTIONS



5/11 **2/-**	6/11 7/11 **4/-**	12/11 14/11 **7/-**	10/6 12/11 **9/-**	14/11 16/11 19/11 **12/-**	25/11 **15/-**
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Illustrated Brown Calf 3-Hole Tie Shoe. Round toes, covered Sport heels.

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Black Calf Ghillie Tie. Genuine welted soles and leather heels.

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Black Suede Court Shoe. Caps and backs of Black Kid.

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Westbrook, Spencer, Sharwood & Sherry.

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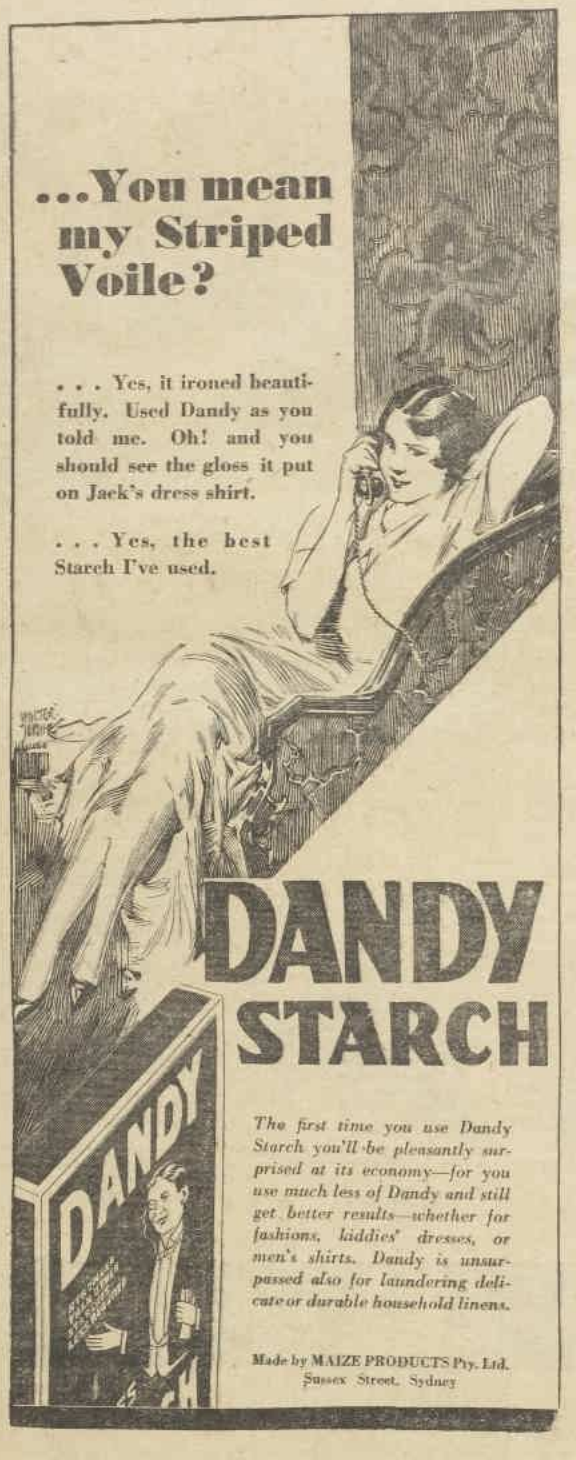
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...You mean my Striped Voile?

. . . Yes, it ironed beautifully. Used Dandy as you told me. Oh! and you should see the gloss it put on Jack's dress shirt.

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BE GENEROUS with *Hot Water* ... *for your* HEALTH'S SAKE!

A short talk on Modern Home appliances

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



ATTRACTIVE ARCHWAYS, heavy beams, plain walls—a pleasing simplicity of style and arrangement pervades this dining room.

THE health of the community is influenced to a great degree by modern domestic conveniences. A description of any English or Australian town of a century ago—no sanitation, no proper repository of rubbish, the water supply drawn from polluted streams or ditches—is enough to make one shudder.

The statistics of deaths from fevers and dirt diseases generally were appalling.

IN the past forty years the average expectation of life at birth in Australia has increased from 47 to 59 in the case of males and from 50 to 63 in the case of females.

Modern conditions tend to longevity. Home surroundings conduce to a healthy life, and each year further improvements are made which are duly reflected in the mortality tables of life assurance institutions.

To take an instance: The use of hot water in the home. The old practice of boiling the kettle will probably continue for ever—and a good kettle of boiling water is a first-class germ killer.

The kettle, however, is not to be compared with the various hot water appliances which are steadily becoming standard equipment in modern homes.

Hot Water Instantly!

TAKE, for instance, an automatic service gas water heater which is frequently to be found in an up-to-date bathroom. A small pilot gas light burns under it continually (if the householder is particularly frugal it might be turned off overnight). While the pilot light is burning, a water tap may be turned on at the bath, the shower or the wash basin, and two or three seconds later a stream of hot water is delivered which can be cooled down to any desired degree of warmth by allowing cold water to run with it.

In this type of heater the action of turning on the tap turns up the gas. The heater can be connected to any part of the house where hot water may be required. This type of water heater is made of stout copper, and is heavily chrome-plated throughout. It is particularly suitable for large homes, boarding houses, hotels or hospitals. It is sold from £13/10/-.

Then there is a smaller automatic water heater usually devoted to providing boiling water for washing-up or making tea. This type gives one gallon of boiling water every 25 minutes. The cost of the appliance is £6/19/6, and it consumes only 6 cubic feet of gas to raise a gallon of water to boiling point (212 deg.).

Another type of water heater which is very popular is the sink-heater priced at £6/17/6, which provides two and a quarter gallons of hot water at 180 degrees every half hour. This appliance is particularly useful for washing up, and its running cost at full pressure is only ¼d. an hour.

Storage Systems

THE hot water storage system, in the view of many, is the best of all appliances of its kind. This is usually a storage tank of 30 gallons or more which can be tucked away in some convenient corner. Under it burns perpetually a tiny gas flame which keeps the water at a temperature of 160 degrees, or more, as required. As hot water is drawn off, the storage tank automatically fills up, and the pilot light changes to a strong flame which speedily restores the temperature of the water. As much as 30 gallons of near-boiling water can be drawn off every hour if desired, but if, say, 30 gallons a day are used, the gas account will come out at less than 15/11 a month, or 6d. a day. This includes a special discount of 25 per cent., which is arranged for gas used for storage heaters.

The use of hot water in a generous way has a remarkable effect upon the health of the home. Drains and sinks are scalded regularly, floors are more thoroughly washed. Baths become easier to take than when only cold water is available. All these things improve the health, and the cost of the gas consumed in the service is trifling.

CLEVER IDEAS

WITH THE bathing season here, many will find the novel suggestion I have tried a great help in keeping the waves and condition of one's hair in good order as well as keeping out water. Soak an old white silk handkerchief, or piece of hemmed silk, in olive oil, and allow it to dry in the sun. Put this on under your bathing-cap.—**Mrs. W. L. Page, Becac, via Colac, Vic.**

TO REMOVE stains of any and every kind from table-linen, soak the article for ten minutes in boiling water and then wash in the usual way. I have done this for years and have never known it to fail.—**Mrs. T. C. Munday, "Woodpark," Armidale, N.S.W.**



Write your "Clever Idea" down, and send it by the next mail.

WHEN SUFFERING from a nervous headache, wring out a cloth in very hot water, close the eyes, and place the hot cloth on the back of the neck. Relief will be almost instantaneous.—**Mrs. Clarence Goode, Passage St., Cleveland, Qld.**

IF YOU find you have only a small quantity of butter left for a meal, mix a little milk into it. It will go almost twice as far.—**Elsie Wickins, Donald St., Hamilton, Newcastle, N.S.W.**

BEWARE OF mildew attacking leather articles during the latter part of January and throughout February. If a rag is dipped in oil of turpentine, however, and applied to boots, saddles, trunks, bags, etc., they can be stored without any fear of mildew spoilage. A rag placed in a saucer with a few drops of turpentine and left in the cupboard or storeroom will be a further safeguard. —**Mrs. C. J., St. Kilda Rd., Melbourne, Vic.**

SAVE BAKING powder and jam tins, cut evenly and closely at top. Make a large steam pudding mixture, and half-fill each tin. Tie down securely with greased brown paper. Stand them all in a boiler containing about 4in. of boiling water, and cook. They will keep for months. Very handy for emergency meals; saves much time and fuel.—**C. Egan, Byron Bay, N.S.W.**

WHEN PICNICKING there is often the likelihood that you will be using your spoons and forks and knives along with those of your friends. For easy identification and sorting, when packing-up time comes, it is a good plan to have a colored thread tied round each handle.—**"Myrtle," Nambour, Qld.**

TO KEEP bread fresh during the hot days, and prevent mustiness, line the bottom of the bread-box or tin with a thick layer of salt, and cover with a sheet of white paper.—**Mrs. M. Ratcliffe, 3 "Allawah" Flats, Rattray Rd., Waverley, N.S.W.**

AS AN enterprising housewife, I use transparent celluloid as a splasher-back for my kitchen sink. This costs a trifle, and is scarcely noticeable since the wall finish can be seen through it.—**"Lettie," Williamstown, Vic.**

HOST HOLBROOK says: The correct Olive for the cocktail is the Manzanilla. Holbrook's Manzanillas are crisp and tasty. ***

TO FAT MEN

Who Fight Shy of Weighing Machines

Time was when steadily increasing weight caused little alarm. It was even customary to invite congratulations upon one's swelling paunch. But to-day, it is a world which is for ever "stepping on the gas." It is an age of acceleration, of streamlining, and the man who fits his waistcoat overwell is looked upon as one who takes his ease—as one more likely to lag than to lead. Double chins and unwieldy bodies have come to be associated with too little muscular exercise and too much exercise with the knife and fork. This association, of course, is often unjustified. Besides the overfed, there are also many *moderate eaters* who fight shy of weighing machines—those relentless tell-tales of mounting avoirdupois.

Spa Treatment at Home

For generations, the wealthy amongst these over-weight people have been visiting these European Spas, whose waters are recognised for their reducing effect. It is called "taking the cure." To-day, a multitude of corpulent men and women are getting the really essential part of that Spa treatment in the privacy of their homes. They are getting it in their daily dose of Kruschen Salts. The formula of Kruschen represents the ingredient salts of the mineral waters from those far-famed spas. These salts combat the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to perform their functions properly—to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, will be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue. Unlike ordinary aperients, Kruschen does not confine its action to a single part of the system. Its tonic effect extends to every organ, gland, nerve, and vein.

When Fat Starts to Go

Your blood-stream is refreshed and invigorated; it floods you with a new feeling of vitality, a new urge for activity. You follow that urge, and after about a fortnight fat starts to go. "I have sold Kruschen Salts for years," writes one storekeeper, "but never tried it, not until six months ago. I have lost 28 lbs. of solid fat. Six months ago I was 15 st. 7 lbs.; I am now 13 st. 7 lbs., and I feel better in every way, aged 45 years. Before I began to take Kruschen Salts, I had difficulty to breathe in walking uphill—now I can do it with pleasure." —F. M.

The prescribed dose of Kruschen Salts for fat reduction is half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning. Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.



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REXONA

After a long, tiring day walking or standing, it's a wonderful relief to come home and bathe the feet, then apply Rexona Ointment. Rexona has a wonderfully soothing effect, it quickly relieves the pain and takes away all signs of fatigue.

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Our FASHION SERVICE and *Free Pattern*



WX332.—Frock of crinkle crepe. Material required, three and a half yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and one-eighth yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX334.—Floral crepe-de-chine frock. Material required, four and three-eighths yards 36-inch and one yard contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and a quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX335.—Linen jacket and skirt with silk blouse. Material required, three yards 36-inch for skirt, and one and a half yards 36-inch for blouse, and one and three-quarter yards 36-inch for jacket. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two and a quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



WX336.—Frock of linen with long sleeves, and godets in skirt. Material required, two and three-quarter yards 36-inch for skirt, and one and seven-eighth yards 36-inch for bodice. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, four yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX337.—Floral marocain frock with gored skirt, suitable for medium or large figures. Material required to fit size 36-inch bust, four yards 36-inch, three-quarters yard 36-inch contrasting, and half-yard 36-inch lining for sleeve. Width at hem, one and seven-eighth yards. Size 44-inch bust requires four and a half yards 36-inch, seven-eighths yard 36-inch contrasting, and half a yard lining for sleeve. Width at hem, two yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, 40, 42, 46 and 48-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX333.—Marocain frock with cowl sleeves and shoulder opening; tucks at waist and neckline. Material required, four and three-quarter yards 36-inch and three-eighths yard 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and seven-eighth yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38 and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

THIS very smart little jacket can be used to excellent effect on many occasions, in black velvet or taffeta for bridge, in linen or pique for street wear. Evening wear, street suits and practical notions for the small folk are all included this week.

Our free pattern is cut to fit size 36in. bust and all seams and turnings must be allowed for when cutting.

WX338.—Satin evening gown with lace sleeves and sash, suitable for maids. Material required, four and a half yards 36-inch and three-quarters yard 36-inch lace. To fit size 12-14 years. Other sizes, 14-16 and 16-18 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX339.—Boy's silk shirt and serge trousers. Material required, one and a half yards 36-inch for shirt, and five-eighths yard 40-inch for trousers. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 2-4, 6-8, and 8-10 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.**





All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated, at:—

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.

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BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann Street.



WX340.—Girl's cambric frock. Material required, one and three-quarter yards 54-inch. To fit size 10-12 years. Other sizes, 4-6, 6-8, 8-10 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.**

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from day of issue.

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"This is a real Summer treat"

THROUGH the long summer days children use up energy in spendthrift fashion. That energy can only be renewed from the energy-creating elements in food. But they eat less, and they prefer lighter and less nourishing meals. And so their energy is not restored and they become fretful and easily tired.

All that is necessary is that their meals should be supplemented by the most delightful and nourishing of all summer drinks—"Ovaltine," served cold. It is made from specially prepared malt extract, fresh liquid milk and new-laid eggs. It is brimful of the nourishment that creates energy and maintains health and strength. It makes the lightest meal complete in nutritive value.

But it must be "Ovaltine"—there is nothing to equal "Ovaltine" and nothing "just as good."

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine," sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of postage and packing. See address below.

PRICE: 2/-, 3/3, 5/9.

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When coating fish with egg and breadcrumbs before frying, press the crumbs firmly on both sides with a knife, or some will fall into the fat and burn.

Make a good-sized hole in the middle of a meat pie before baking to allow inside steam to escape, and so prevent the pastry from being soddened underneath.

For *Young* WIVES & MOTHERS

By . . .
M. TRUBY KING
Daughter of Sir Truby King, Authority on Baby Welfare.

IMPORTANT points concerning baby's third month have been given in this series. This vital article gives full directions for making humanised milk for feeding to the normal infant of three months. This, of course, in the event of the mother not being able to breast-feed her babe.

How to Prepare HUMANISED MILK!

THE purpose of "humanising" the cow's milk is to make it resemble as nearly as possible the human milk which baby should be having.

Cow's milk has a far greater percentage of flesh-forming material (protein) in it than has human milk, and so it must be diluted in order to get rid of this excess protein. This dilution reduces the percentages of fat and sugar, which are easily brought up to the quantities found in human milk, by the addition of the right quantity of a suitable sugar and fat emulsion. It is most unwise to use cane sugar for infant feeding. The best sugar to use is a blend of sugar of milk, dextrine, and fine granular gelatine, such as "Karilac."

The fat element should not be made up with cream or "top milk," but should consist of a finely homogenised fat emulsion such as "Kariol," recommended by the Australian Mothercraft Society, and manufactured under the supervision of Sir Truby King.

* * *

LET it be stated in passing that the directors of the Karitane Products Society (which manufactures Kariol and Karilac), give their services freely to the cause of mother and child and receive no money whatsoever from the sale of these goods. All profits go to the extension of Truby King centres in every part of the world. The services of the directors are entirely humanitarian and gratuitous.

The following recipe shows how to prepare 30 ounces of humanised milk for the normal infant of three months. The recipe given below is a standard recipe and full strength. When commencing to give humanised milk, it must be reduced to half strength by reducing the amount of milk to half, and a gradual increase made in the amount of milk in the mixture till full strength is reached, say, in about a fortnight.

Recipe for 30 ounces humanised milk:

FULL STRENGTH

Fresh cow's milk, 13 ounces.
Karilac sugar, 2 level tablespoons.
Water to make the total up to 30 ounces.
Kariol emulsion (to be given separately, by spoon), 6 level teaspoons.

The emulsion (Kariol) is not added to the milk mixture, though it is part of the recipe. It is given to baby by teaspoon or small bone spoon during the first half of the feed. This saves bottles and teats becoming oily and difficult to clean, and also teaches baby to eat from a spoon.

When making the humanised milk, the amount of emulsion for the 24 hours should be put into a scalded Marmite or other small jar, and placed in a cool safe along with the milk mixture. If baby is being fed five times in the day, one-fifth (as nearly as possible) of the emulsion should be given during the first half of each feed.

Directions for making the humanised milk.

(1) Stir your milk supply thoroughly.

(2) Pour out 13oz. into a 40oz. graded measure.

(3) Dissolve the Karilac sugar in a little boiling water.

(4) Add the dissolved Karilac to the milk.

(5) Make the total up to 30oz. with water. Stir.

(6) Put a lid on the saucepan and boil the milk mixture for at least three minutes—or as long as your mothercraft nurse has directed you.

(7) Strain milk mixture through double scalded butter-muslin into a scalded jug.

(8) Cool mixture quickly, by placing it in a stream of running water in your sink, or in changes of ice-cold water.

(9) When cool, keep in an ice-chest or other cool safe, the jug standing in a dish of cold water, and covered with butter-muslin, which dips into the water all round. The mixture is thus kept cool by evaporation.

If baby is having humanised milk for the first time it is as well to boil the mixture for ten minutes, gradually reducing the time of boiling, till at the end of 10 days or a fortnight the mixture is being boiled for three minutes only. Having boiled the milk mixture for 10 minutes, put it back into the graded measure again, and make up to the original 30 ounces with cold boiled water. It is water which will have boiled away—not milk. Always stir the mixture well before pouring out enough for baby's feed.

When commencing to give the emulsion to a baby who has previously had none, give only half level teaspoonful in the first 24 hours. Increase by quarter level teaspoon daily till the amount in the full strength recipe is reached. Go more slowly still if baby shows any signs of upset. Should baby at any time develop diarrhoea, discontinue the emulsion till the motions are back to normal.

* * *

Fresh Air! Sunshine!

REMEMBER the supreme importance of fresh air and sunlight for baby. Never have him in the house when you can have him out of it. Baby should see the inside of his home only at bathing and feeding times, and even when feeding it is preferable to be comfortably seated on an outside porch or verandah, or in a secluded part of the garden.

Little babies **cannot** grow and develop properly if denied fresh air. The most modern baby hospitals keep their babies out under shady trees most of the day, in airy wicker cots, and with their eyes well protected from the sunlight. Such babies grow up a joy in the home and are no trouble at all to their mothers. Should the temperature of the day be very high, bring baby inside and place him in his cot in the coolest room in the house, making sure that all the windows are wide open.

Sun-bathing is excellent for babies, but it must be introduced very cautiously, especially with babies whose complexion is fair. Let the direct rays of the early morning sun fall on to baby's bare arms for a few moments only the first day, then gradually increase the time of exposure. Also gradually increase the extent of the skin surface to be exposed, until in about three weeks or a month, baby can lie naked for five or ten minutes in the sunlight, always with his eyes well protected.

Sunshine which passes through ordinary glass windows is no use to baby, as it is deprived of the life-giving ultra-violet rays. A sufficiency of sunshine will keep baby from getting rickets, which no little baby should ever develop in this land of sunshine.

A Mother's World

Would we could give it back again,
This world of ours, to the mothers of men,
They gave to us with their hopes and pray'rs—
Would that the world again were theirs!
They taught us love, and we practised hate,
They taught us peace, and we said to wait,
That a dream's a dream, but a fact is near,
That the time was far, when the time was here.

They would take the world, the mothers of men,
If only we could give it back again,
And would look for law to a higher throne
Than the voters make or the monarchs own.
Then a borderline wouldn't mean so much,
Where the peoples meet, where the nations touch,
If the mothers of men could take the world,
With a hundred flags on its heights unfurled.

—Pax.

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The well-established favourite. A good quality salmon at a low price.

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IN JUST 30 DAYS

Yes, in just 30 days you can increase the size of your bust—mould them into firm shapely lines that are so smart and alluring. Hundreds of women everywhere have developed this greatest of feminine charm by following my simple method. Let me tell you how easily you can have the added attraction of the fashionable figure.

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"I am just thrilled at seeing my bust take on its one-time firmness—the lovely attractive curve and roundness I used to be rather proud of. The treatment is really wonderful."—Miss J.H., (F.T., Vic.).

"I have already gained 2½ inches in my bust measurement."—W.B., (C., N.S.W.).

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This FREE literature shows you how to develop this secret of feminine charm—quickly and easily in your own home. If you send NOW while this offer lasts it will cost you nothing, but you must get that coupon in the post NOW—TO-DAY!

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BRING *Glamorous* LIGHTS *into* YOUR HAIR!

By Evelyn

● Simple daily care with the right method will do it

LUSTROUS, silky and abundant hair is the birthright of every woman—and a necessary asset to beauty. But, are you perfectly satisfied with your hair? Is it dull and lifeless, or does it shine and gleam in the sunlight?

DULL, lifeless hair is the legacy of neglect, though a long, severe illness takes away sparkle and life, temporarily.

Nerves play an important part in your health, and the state of your nerves has a direct effect on the condition of your hair. How many women use the phrase: "This worry is turning my hair grey," without realising that their statement contains more than a germ of truth?

Worry undermines the health, which in turn affects the hair. And often in the case of the highly-strung, irritable woman, it has been found that her hair does turn prematurely grey.

Worry gets you nowhere, unfortunately. The only thing it does do is to make your life a shorter, miserable one. You are all familiar with the old saying: "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone."

So, heads up for brightness and beauty, my friends.

Think beauty, absorb beauty, act beautifully—and you will grow beautiful. . . . But, I must hearken back to my subject, the hair.

Combs and brushes should be washed daily. Have two brushes in use. And, of course, it is **not** advisable to use a comb or brush that has been used by another person.

Your Own Comb

A FACT not sufficiently realised is that the most frequent cause in the spreading of scalp troubles—especially among families—is the use of the communal comb.

You would not think of using another person's toothbrush, would you? Yet it is just as unhygienic to use a hairbrush or comb that someone else has been using, unless it is perfectly clean. After all, it is quite a simple matter to be fastidious in that respect.

One of the most common scalp ailments is dandruff. A most distressing and beauty-destroying complaint. Yet many either blindly ignore it or accept it stoically as something that cannot be avoided. It can be avoided, and it can be cured.

It is so destructive to one's charm to have a head coated with white powder or minute scales that fall on to one's clothes. Apart from that, is is also destructive to hair health and beauty, for it results in the hair becoming dry, brittle, lacking in lustre, and constantly falling out. And, let me whisper it, it also promotes premature greyness.

For the actual treatment of the scalp itself I would unhesitatingly say, "Massage your scalp as often as you can."

Massage is the best of all tonics, and by regularly massaging the scalp you will, provided it is in good condition, keep your hair plentiful, lustrous, and healthy.

For dry, brittle hair, an oil shampoo works wonders. Apply the oil with a piece of absorbent wool, parting the hair in sections so that you can reach the scalp with ease. Then rub briskly, with a rotary movement of the fingers, to loosen and move the scalp, thereby stimulating circulation and growth of hair.

After this, wrap a steaming towel around the head, as the picture shows, in order that the oil may penetrate more thoroughly.

A thorough shampoo follows. The larger illustration on this page is of interest. Here you see a handspray in use to wash away the soap particles, which will persist in clinging to the hair. Holding your head under the "shower" would be as effective.

FOR HAIR BEAUTY — two points of special import: (1) to thoroughly rinse out the soap particles which cling to the hair after a shampoo, a hand-spray or shower-spray should be used. Pelite Irene Harvey (M-G-M player), demonstrates for you. (2) Suppose you have an oil shampoo. After applying the oil, wrap a steaming towel around your head. In this way the oil penetrates more thoroughly. See story.





At times, when it is not advisable to have a wet shampoo, you can cleanse your head by rubbing the scalp with a piece of soft gauze impregnated with diluted sal volatile or eau-de-cologne. Before the application, however, the hair should be thoroughly brushed with two clean brushes.

Egg Shampoo

New lights to your hair can be given with the egg shampoo. Coarse hair will become softer and, apparently, finer with this method, and hair which has become coarse, dry, or brittle, is brought back to its normal state much quicker.

To make it, take two eggs, separate the white from the yolks, and beat the yolks with some hot water. If the hair is inclined to be greasy add a few drops of liquid ammonia. After wetting the hair, rub the yolks well into the scalp and then rinse in warm water.

The white of an egg is used extensively overseas by women with fair hair, but it can also be used by brunettes. It makes the hair easy to dress. Use in the same way as described for the egg-yolk shampoo, but use the juice of half a lemon in the rinsing water. This, incidentally, is a wondrous hair-brightener for blondes.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..



PATIENT: Do septic teeth cause rheumatoid arthritis, Doctor—and should they be removed?

THEY certainly do cause rheumatoid arthritis, but not always. It may seem inhuman to wish that everybody with bad teeth would develop rheumatics, but it would certainly simplify treatment if they did.

Every now and then we strike people with filthy teeth who are apparently as strong as cart horses, whereas we also strike cases of rheumatoid arthritis that do not benefit from having their teeth drawn.

That is the trouble with rheumatoid arthritis. It has no constant causal factor that we can find; it is almost certainly due to a septic focus somewhere, but the obvious one, such as a septic tooth, is not necessarily the only one. Moreover, once damage has been done to the joint, it is too much to expect the removal of the causal factor to remedy the damage. Putting out the flames doesn't bring the house back to a habitable state.

Septic teeth can cause all sorts of trouble; they can cause all the various forms of rheumatism and neuritis, heart disease, blood poisoning, paralysis, and a dozen other things; also they are dirty things, and should be removed forthwith.

* * *

PATIENT: Is there any connection between cancer and tuberculosis, Doctor?

THERE are many scientific men who support this theory. But it is only a theory, and no more. They point out the fact that the ratio between tuberculosis and cancer is constant.

When the death rate from phthisis goes down, the death rate from cancer goes up. This looks interesting.

It must be remembered, however, that T.B. is a disease of the young, while cancer is a disease of the old; so that the quoted figures may merely indicate that people who would otherwise have died of phthisis, now live long enough to die of cancer instead.

Figures can prove anything—even the truth, as has been said. The proper interpretation of death statistics is an extremely difficult matter; thus, the number of people dying from heart disease seems to be on the increase. But most elderly people die from heart failure eventually in some form or other, and the increased figures may mean that people are not dying of various things while young, but instead are living long enough to die of a senile-heart failure.

Someone once discovered that twenty-five per cent. of consumptives had a record of consumption in the family; then someone discovered that twenty-five per cent. of everybody had a history of consumption in the family.

Figures can be most misleading, and should always be read with caution. Listen to candidates at the next political elections—the same sets of figures will be made to prove exactly opposite things by the different parties!

* * *

PATIENT: Is it true, Doctor, that the bite of a tick is sometimes followed by death?

IT is quite true. Several cases of death have been reported following tick bite, usually in children—though some adults have died.

The common scrub tick is the offender, and only the female tick is poisonous. Some people are immune to the poison; some, indeed, the vast majority, remove the tick before any harm has been done. Symptoms may follow after as long as six days, and resemble the familiar symptoms in dogs poisoned by ticks; the legs are affected with a weakness and paralysis, which gradually spreads to involve other muscles.

To remove a tick, drop a few drops of oil, kerosene, turps, methylated spirit, or even nicotine from an old pipe, on him. He will, probably, hurriedly drop out. Don't pull on the tick forcibly, or you may break him, and leave the head behind.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY



A ROTARY waist movement for reduction of the hips and abdomen. Keeping the arms straight above the head, swing the body in a circle, brushing the fingers across your toes when bent forward and stretching back on the upward swing.



MISS ELLA SHIELDS, the world-famous Theatrical Star, is another of the lovely stage stars who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

Beauty Recommendations

By NANETTE

"HAIR CONTROL." Is your hair difficult to control, and does the wave go out quickly? Well, a little Hollywood Hair Dressing will soon correct this, and you will be able to retain your waves longer and easily dress your hair any way you want to. Used regularly, Hollywood Hair Dressing will stop dandruff, falling hair, and will increase growth. Your chemist can get it for you.

"TOO FAT." Your trouble can be easily overcome by taking clynol berries. These little berries have a wonderful power in helping to reduce superfluous fat, and they can be taken without fear of adversely affecting the health; in fact, they improve the general health and reduce excessive fat in a natural manner. Get some from your chemist to-day.

"HEALTHY COMPLEXION." This can only be attained by using a non-clogging cream which also has power to harmlessly remove freckles, moth-patches, sallowness, roughness, etc. Such a cream exists in the wonderfully popular mercolised wax which, applied to the skin at night, removes surface skin imperfections in a harmless, natural manner. A complexion treated to a course of mercolised wax is a complexion to be proud of and you should try this out at once. Splendid for sunburn, windchap, and skin roughness of face, neck, hands or arms.

"PREMATURELY AGED LOOKING." Grey hairs make the most youthful person look ten years older and should not be tolerated in these days as a youthful appearance is a very valuable asset, you know that. What you probably do not know is how to effectively and harmlessly get rid of these grey hairs. It was a secret once, but now most people know that tammalite lotion is the one truly effective remedy for grey hairs. It harmlessly restores them to their natural colour and, not being a dye, can be used with greatest confidence. Does not stain the scalp or pillow-slips, and no one can detect it.

"SHAMPOOING." The correct shampoo for the average head of hair is undoubtedly stallax. Delightfully perfumed, these stallax granules cleanse the scalp and leave hair beautifully bright and wavy.

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There is ONLY ONE FLY-TOX

Make 1934 *a* TREE-PLANTING YEAR!

Now is the time for preparation says the OLD GARDENER



HEED THE tree's prayer, "Harm me not," before you bring to earth its majestic beauty.

"YE who pass by and would raise a hand against me, hearken ere you harm me. I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights, the friendly shade screening you from the summer sun, and my fruits are refreshing draughts quenching your thirst as you journey on. I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table, the bed on which you lie, and the timber that builds your boat. I am the handle of the gardener's hoe, the door of the homestead, the wood of the cradle—and the shell of the coffin. I am the bread of kindness, the flower of beauty. . . . So, ye who pass by, listen to my prayer: Harm me not."

YES, Miss, that is just what the trees say to us as we pass them by.

The mighty king of the forest! And yet, year after year, thousands of trees are taken, but very few young ones are planted.

Now, that is just what I came to see you about to-day—plant a tree this season. Make 1934 a tree-planting year.

Plant one to grow as a living memory to some dear friend—and what about mother? Yes, plant one that you can look upon in memory of the best friend in the world—your mother.

No home or garden is complete without trees and flowering shrubs. So to-day I am going to give you the names of some of the most suitable trees to plant, and later we'll have a little chat about shrubs.

The preparing of the soil for planting must be thorough. Holes must be dug deep and the subsoil well broken. In sandy soil, the planting must be deep to stand up to the wind and rough weather conditions.

Remember when planting trees and shrubs that they are there for all time—hence the necessity for thorough cultivation.

Should the soil be sandy, holes must be dug and filled in with good, loamy soil. Oh, yes, plenty of well-decayed cow manure and a sprinkle of blood and bone mixed.

By the way, this is rather heavy soil. Add light sandy soil to this, with plenty of well-decayed horse manure. You see, Miss, cow manure builds up and binds light, sandy soil, while horse manure lightens, and breaks down, and makes heavy soil more friable.

February is usually the month we commence preparing for tree and shrub planting. But, please, in tree planting be careful to select suitable sites and positions. For instance, Miss, it is a mistake to allow trees to obstruct distant views. We love the view from our homes just as much as we love the home. So let us choose the tree-sites from the house or balcony, and always picture in your mind what the tree will be like when fully grown. Don't plant a wide-spreading tree near the house where the limbs will overgrow the roof and have to be cut back.

No tree should be grown and then have to be cut back. In many of our large cities the trees, year after year, are trimmed mushroom or umbrella shape. There is no beauty in this method. A tree should be allowed to grow in its own natural way. We all love ornamental trees around our homes.

What Kind To Grow

YOU ask me what kind to grow close to the house, Miss? You could not do better than select some of the following:

The juniperus, macrocarpa, torulasus, arizonica, and the sempervirens. These are all compact in growth, pyramidal in shape, and do not have the long, sweeping branches; all grow well on the high land and in cool climates, also along the coast; but care must be taken to watch out for borers, which, if not attended to, will soon ruin the trees.

On tablelands and in mountain districts all coniferous trees and pines do well; also acers, linden tree, liquidambar, lirtodendron, oaks, planes, pyrus, and ulmus.

For inland districts: Ceratonia, siliqua, eucalyptus corynocalyx and ficifolia, grevillea robusta, laurus nobilis, olea Europa, plantanus orientalis, robinia, schinus molle, and sterculia diversifolia.

No home is an Australian home without wattles, Miss, so we will add elata, baileyanci, decurrens, and pycnantha.

For coastal districts: Camphor laurels, calodendron capense, ceratonia siliqua, eucalyptus citriodora and ficifolia, erythrima indica, ficus Australis, grevillea robusta, jacaranda mimosaefolia, lagunaria pattersonia, lophostemon Australis, platanus orientalis, schinus molle, and ulmus chinensis. . . . I feel almost tongue-tied!

Oh, another thing: Before planting trees or shrubs, make a study of the types, and give consideration to the color of the flowers, etc. Do not have too many of the one kind together. Always plant deciduous and evergreens alternately.

In large or small gardens, a selection from those mentioned will do well, with a Lombardy poplar here and there.

How the time goes! There is so much I could say, but I must be going.

Good day, and please some time pass on the prayer of the tree. "Harm me not."

PERVERSITY *In* DOGS

Tailwagger Chats

By "PHILOKUON"

MORE by coincidence than not, perhaps, a number of letters have been received recently asking advice about Tail-Waggers that for no apparent reason have suddenly exhibited signs of bad temper, growling when their owners attempt to touch them, particularly when they are in their sleeping baskets at night. Curiously enough, all the delinquents happen to belong to the terrier family.

Bad temper may take two forms. There are some dogs in which it appears almost before they have got out of their puppyhood, and such may be written down as dangerous. Usually they can be trusted by their owners, but are not safe with anyone else, though I have known a few that are so unnatural as to growl at those who tend them.

There are others that become crotchety as they grow older, sometimes owing to indisposition, but more often than not bad management is responsible for their behaviour. When a dog is spoiled and allowed to have his own way, petted too much and made to feel that he is the most important personage of the household, he is almost sure to get the upper hand in time, unless he has a peculiarly angelic temperament.

He knows that he is master, and presumes upon that knowledge, refusing to obey any orders, and resenting interference. I am no believer in the use of a whip in training a dog. He can be made obedient and tractable without severity of any kind, but one has to be firm with him, never giving way if he is disinclined to observe orders. After he has been well drilled he will do what you want automatically as a matter of routine.

* * *

TREAT him justly and consistently, never scolding one moment for an act that will be condoned another. If you do, his mind will get confused, and he will not be able to draw a distinction between right and wrong. Handle him when he is being fed, and pretend playfully to take away bone or biscuit. One of the offenders about whom a complaint has been made refuses to get out of a chair when told, and if an attempt is made to remove him he snaps. Another will not let his sleeping basket be touched when he is in it, and his mistress is afraid of him.

Any derelictions of this kind should be checked immediately. Telling the dog he is naughty, put him out of the chair or basket, and scold him. Do not make excuses for doing so, saying, as some do, "poor darling! It's a shame to disturb him," or words to that effect. He understands every inflexion of your voice, and is perfectly aware when you mean business or otherwise.

If he really looks like snapping, put on a pair of stout gardening gloves, and take care how you handle him, but never give way to his humor. At times a sharp slap may be necessary by way of punishment. Remember that it is an unpardonable offence for him to attempt to bite anyone unless he is in actual pain.

Things that Happen

TOLD BY READERS

Exciting or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope, "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

A Matter of Mathematics

AT an annual sports meeting in a country town, residents were all rather mystified at the fact that the same person won the "stepping the distance" event every year.

Competitors were required to step as nearly as they could judge to 15 yards.

The lady who won so repeatedly always stepped it exactly—she wore an underskirt which measured one yard wide.—M.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

The Age Limit

IN reply to a query from an inspector on a Hornsby train, a passenger produced her ticket and explained that the small boy with her was only three years old.

Apparently the lad considered the matter for a few minutes, and then, deciding that his mother's statement was incomplete, he jumped up and called to the inspector, who was just leaving the carriage, "And mother's thirty-eight."—N.H.

❖ ❖ ❖

Idea Was Mutual

WHILE buying old gold at Bathurst a few weeks ago I bought an old ring from a garage proprietor. He happened to pass the remark that a girl friend had given it to him 14 years ago.

On perusing the other articles I had bought that day the gentleman picked out another ring I had and discovered through initials on it that it was the ring he had given the young lady in exchange for the ring he sold me.

The lady friend lived over 100 miles from Bathurst, but the ring was sold to me by a stranger.—R.D.

Marcelles for Males

THE quest for beauty is not, seemingly, the sole prerogative of the fair sex for, walking along our city street the other day, a gentleman sported a waving-pin, reposing along the front of his would-be locks.

The remainder of his hair was beautifully coiffed in a faultless marcelle.

None of the passers-by had the courage to tell him of his lapse, though he must have been puzzled to account for the unconcealed mirth that greeted his progress.—I.S.

❖ ❖ ❖

Crooked Deal in Straight Eights

AN old-fashioned car of a famous make pulled up in front of a motor showroom. Its owner inspected the models on view and decided on a glistening limousine priced at £850. He wanted to put his model in in part payment and asked £750 for it, but the firm's offer was only £120. They eventually agreed, however, to put the old car in the showroom and endeavor to sell it at his price.

This arrangement was made on a Tuesday. On the following Saturday the owner of the old model phoned the firm and wanted to take the car out for the week-end. He was surprised to learn that a buyer had that morning bought his car for £750, paying £25 deposit and arranging to take delivery the following week.

That settled, he came down to the showroom, paid the balance of £100, and drove away in the glistening limousine. But the firm is now a little suspicious, as two months have passed and the man who paid the £25 deposit on the old car has not been back since.—C.C.S.

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The LURE of the TOMATO!

Red-ripe, luscious tomatoes... Delicious any way you serve them ... and so many ways to serve them, too!

[[By Margaret Shepherd]]

THE tomato is indigenous to South America. It was formerly a small berry, and was used for decorative purposes only. It now ranks as an important vegetable (or is it fruit?) in the diet, appearing in different guises for three meals a day, while the health-giving juice is prescribed for infants.

FOR A CHANGE, try this tempting dish. — tomato savory—pictured here.



TOMATOES are chock full of health-giving vitamins.

REMEMBER *to* SERVE

STEWED fruits cold.
Orange juice freshly squeezed and well chilled.
Hot milk for cereals. Do not boil.
Toast hot and crisp. If piled it will be soggy.
Freshly-made coffee, piping hot.

ALTHOUGH tomatoes can be obtained throughout the year, they lack the color and flavor of the fresh, sun-ripened fruit.

On account of their color as well as flavor they are an asset in the preparation of salads and savories. If the skin is kept moistened it can be used for garnishing dishes in place of a chilli.

When preparing tomatoes for salads, the best way to remove the skin is to dip them for a few seconds in boiling water and peel with a sharp knife.

TOMATO JELLY

One pound ripe tomatoes, ½ cup white vinegar, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt, 6 peppercorns.

Cut the tomatoes roughly. Put into a saucepan with the onion, salt, sugar, peppercorns, parsley, and vinegar. Simmer slowly until well cooked. Strain through a fine strainer. Measure, and to every cup of juice, use 1 dessertspoon gelatine soaked in 1 tablespoon cold water. When dissolved in the boiling tomato juice, pour into a wetted mould, and stand on ice until set. Turn out on lettuce leaves, or serve with hard-boiled eggs and watercress.

STUFFED TOMATOES

Five medium-sized tomatoes, ½ teaspoon finely-chopped onion, 2oz. melted butter, 2oz. grated cheese, 1 cup breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, 1 egg yolk.

Cut the tops off the tomatoes, scoop out the pulp, and mix with the cheese and breadcrumbs, adding the onion, salt, pepper, and egg. Return the mixture to the tomato, piling it well up. Grease the outside of the tomato with butter, put a dab of butter on top. Bake in a buttered dish in a moderate oven 15 minutes.

Chopped ham or bacon may be added to the seasoning.

TOMATO CURRY

Five medium-size tomatoes, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon each finely-chopped onion and celery, ½ cup cream (or milk), salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 5 slices toast.

Wash tomatoes and cut in thick slices. Put into a saucepan with the butter, onion, and celery. Cook with the lid on 10 minutes. Remove to a hot dish. Blend the flour, curry powder, salt and pepper, with the cream. Pour into the saucepan and stir until it boils and thickens, then simmer 4 minutes. Pour over the tomatoes and serve on toast.

RICE MEDLEY

One cup rice (unpolished rice), 1 finely chopped onion, 3 tablespoons bacon dripping or butter, 4 large tomatoes, 2 cups boiling water, salt, pepper.

Wash the rice well. Cook in boiling, salted water for 7 minutes; drain. Fry the finely-chopped onion until a golden brown in the bacon fat. Add the tomatoes, skinned and cut into small pieces, the boiling water and the rice, and 1 small teaspoon salt. Cook for 30 minutes, or until the rice is tender. Serve with grated cheese on top.

RED TOMATO CHUTNEY

Five pounds tomatoes, 1lb. sugar, 1lb. sultanas, 1oz. green ginger, 1oz. garlic, 1 large cup white vinegar, 2oz. salt, 1oz. red chillies.

Peel and cut the tomatoes, slice the garlic and ginger, cut the chillies, add the sugar, vinegar, and salt. Boil till thick. The chutney should be red when finished.

TOMATO MARMALADE

Four pounds tomatoes, 4lb. sugar, 1½ lemons.

Peel and slice the tomatoes. Put into a preserving pan with the thinly-pared rind, the juice of the lemons, and sugar. Boil all together for one and a half hours. Bottle.

TOMATO SAVORY

Rounds of tomato, bread, butter, capers, salt and pepper.

Cut the tomato into rounds, and fry in a little butter. Cut the bread into rounds, the size of tomatoes, and fry or toast, and butter well. Arrange the tomato on the rounds of bread; sprinkle with salt and pepper, with some grated cheese on top. Garnish with a few capers on top of each, and reheat in the oven. Serve very hot.

MILK, EGG AND TOMATO

Four eggs, 2 tomatoes, 1 small cup milk, salt and pepper to taste, butter.

Cut up the tomatoes, and cook gently in a saucepan until soft enough to rub through a sieve. Add to the well-beaten eggs, milk, salt, and pepper. Melt sufficient butter in a frying pan to well grease the bottom of the saucepan. Pour in the above mixture. Cook slowly, turn gently with a wooden spoon, or palate knife. When set, serve on toast.

TOMATO PEA SOUP

One cup split peas, 3 stalks celery, 1 onion, 1 pint stock, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper.

Soak the peas in sufficient water to cover, and allow to stand overnight. Next morning, drain, cover with 2 pints of fresh water, and cook for 2 hours, adding more water if necessary. Add the onion, cut into slices, the tomatoes cut into small pieces, and boil half an hour longer. Rub through a sieve; add one pint of stock, sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and the above liquid, a little at a time. Stir until it boils, and thickens. Simmer 5 minutes, and serve with croutons.

BEST RECIPES

LEFT-OVER dishes can be delicious, judging by the recipes received for this week's popular competition.

Watch out next week for results of the pear contest—your name may be the prominent one on the prize-list.

A prize of £1 is now offered for your favorite fish recipe; any kind of fish—any kind of dish. See our issue of February 17 for results.

Happy Prizewinners!

SOME SUGGESTIONS

One of the best and easiest ways of serving left-over meat is to reheat it in some kind of a sauce. This may be either a cream sauce, a well-seasoned brown sauce, or a sauce a la king. In making sauces for left-over meats, care should be taken to make them smooth, and to season both the sauces and the meat well. In fact, one of the general rules to be followed in reheating left-over meat is to season it highly. When reheating meat in white sauce, it may be made more palatable by the addition of onion juice, chopped green or red peppers, olives or pickles.

SCALLOPED POULTRY OR OTHER MEATS

One cup diced celery, 1 cup of water from cooked celery, ½ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 2 cups of chicken, duck, turkey, or other meat cut in thin slices. Make a sauce of the celery water, milk, and seasonings. Stir in the diced celery. Arrange the meat and celery in alternate layers in a baking dish. Cover with buttered crumbs, and place in the oven until the crumbs are brown.

£1 prize to Mrs. Jessie Maitland, Brookstead, Qld.

SECOND-DAY DELICACY

Take the remains of cold poultry, rabbit, veal, or mutton, and put through the mincer with 6 sprigs of parsley, 2 stalks of celery, and 1 slice of ham. Add to 1 pint of the meat 3 crumbled soda biscuits, or a like quantity of hard-baked breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon of melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, and 1 teaspoon minced green mint. Add enough cold water to make just moist; beat in 1 egg and form mixture into a steak. Place in a baking dish with 1 tablespoon melted dripping, and roast in a moderate oven for 25 minutes, basting every 10 minutes with melted dripping and a little hot vinegar. Just before the last 5 minutes spread a thick layer of fine breadcrumbs mixed with seasoned egg-yolk over the top and sides, and leave to brown. When cooked turn on to a hot dish, garnish with sliced lemon, and serve with vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to J. Marchant, Newcastle, N.S.W.

ICED CURRY IN CUCUMBER CASES

Prepare cases of cucumber by cutting off neatly peeled lengths, stamping out in a fluted shape, and hollowing out in the centre. Prepare early and stand on ice. Curry for the cases 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 small onions, minced fine. Simmer for 10 minutes, then add ½lb. of finely-minced cooked meat (veal, mutton, or chicken), and simmer half-an-hour. Add a breakfast cup of milk and simmer until the moisture is almost absorbed. When cold pack into cucumber cases and put on ice until ready. Serve on lettuce with thin slices of lemon.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Hilda Kirkwood, Cordievale, via Allamuford, Vic.

KITCHEN WISDOM

REGULATE a gas-burner so that the points of all the jets impinge on the bottom of the saucepan. Gas is wasted round the sides of a pan.

HOST HOLBROOK says: A few drops of my Worcestershire Sauce impart a delicious flavour to the simplest meal.***

Some Tempting Ways With EGGS

When occasion calls for something different, serve one of these:

Egg Tartlets

Four hard-boiled eggs, 6 patty-shells of puff paste, 1 dozen oysters cut into halves, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 cup cream sauce.

Prepare the patty shells. Chop the whites of the eggs and mix with the oysters, which have been cut in two. Make white sauce and add the salt and cayenne and tomato sauce. Mix well. When well cooked, add the egg-whites and oysters. Fill the pastry shells. Rub the egg-yolk through a sieve, and sprinkle it well over the top of pastry.

An Egg Entree

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup white stock or liquid from mushrooms, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1-cupful of prepared and chopped mushrooms, some stuffed olives, 1 egg per person

Make a rich brown sauce by melting the butter, adding the flour, and stirring until a light brown. Add the stock, and stir until it boils. Simmer five minutes. Season with the salt, mixed mustard, and a little pepper. Add the mushrooms, which have been cut into ½-inch lengths. Simmer gently until cooked. Place poached eggs on rounds of buttered toast. Cover with the sauce, and garnish with slices of stuffed olives.

Egg Italienne

Butter some individual ramekins or moulds. Put in each 1 tablespoon cream and 1 tablespoon grated cheese, a little salt, and paprika. Drop an egg into each mould carefully; add some chopped parsley, and cover with cream. Cover with paper, and steam or cook in a moderate oven until the white is coagulated—about 15 minutes. Serve immediately.

AN OSTRICH
WILL EAT
FRENCH NAILS



Can you swallow this?

DON'T be an ostrich. Face up to the fact that many of your favourite foods — sausages, pork or duck or bacon are dreadfully rich — that is, when you eat them without Mustard. A fresh dab of Mustard, with its clean tang, makes them thoroughly digestible and nourishing, and ever so much more tasty. So, when next you sit down to a rich meat course, remember —

it's nicer with Mustard

– Keen's Mustard

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'not expected to live'

Bobbie Wilson, the sturdy young Australian shown here, was not expected to live at three months, he was so thin and delicate. Roboleine has made him a picture of health.

It can do the same for your kiddies. Roboleine has proved a real blessing to thousands of anxious mothers who have seen their ailing little ones brought back to health and strength by this "magical" tonic food. Why not send for a sample?

3d. in stamps to Muir & Neil Limited, Box 1562E, G.P.O. Sydney, will bring a generous sample.

Roboleine now costs only 4/6 per 12oz. jar or 12/- for 36oz., at all Chemists

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THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BOY



And NOW when he wants kisses
HE GETS THEM FROM THE GIRL NEXT DOOR!

"He used to like my kisses—he said they were divine—but now when he wants kisses—he sees Sweet Addine."

He Hum! Well, the Girl Next Door was clever—she used Kathleen Court's new Midget Lipstick. It doesn't make the boy friend look as if he had been eating jam—doesn't taste like cloves or cheap lollies. Goes on with creamy smoothness, stays on in spite of—well, everything, and doesn't make you look all painted up. Made in New York. In Light, Dark and a marvellous new kind of Orange-Red that's as indelible as can be. Neat, smart, effective and—no waste!
Only 1/6d. at all high-class chemists and stores.



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Call at the Treatment Rooms and consult the nurse in charge, or write for FREE Booklet of valuable information.
ERNEST HEALEY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 302N, George Street (between Lowe's and Angus & Coote's), Sydney. ★★★

Something SPANISH

Continued from Page 6

NANCY followed him hopefully to Blue's office, where that gentleman received them in a way which indicated that he smelled trouble, and was prepared for it.

"About that little Spanish song that Miss Lisa told us yesterday was out, so far as she was concerned!" Marsh began.

"It isn't out, it's in!" said Blue belligerently. He had just been browbeaten by the shrill Lisa, and he reckoned that he had stood enough for one morning.

"This little girl put it over wonderfully with the orchestra last night just after you left!" continued Marsh. "And I practically promised it to her, in view of the fact that you had offered her a short scene if she could find something to suit her!"

"Lisa insists on it!" snapped Blue, "and that's that end of it, so far as I'm concerned!"

"I wrote a French song for her last night that I think will suit her even better, and put over big!" said Marsh hopefully.

Blue eyed him dourly.

"I don't care whether you've got a French song, or a Zulu song, or a Scandinavian song!" he snapped. "She's doing that Spanish thing you wrote her, and that's that. Don't argue!"

Marsh knew him well enough to do as he was told. He shrugged his shoulders and gave up. Jobs didn't grow on gum trees, so far as he knew.

Nancy, however, faced the great man defiantly.

"It isn't fair, Mr. Blue, and you know it!" she said stoutly. "And I'll tell you something else, too. I could make a bigger thing of that song than Miss Lisa ever could!"

He scowled at her.

"Is that so?" he asked sardonically. "Well, I'll tell you something now. Lisa sings that song!"

Nancy's lips trembled, and tears were obviously near, but she stood her ground.

"I think you are horribly mean, and . . ."

"You don't understand!" Marsh put in quickly, afraid that she would say too much.

"I understand that you've let me down when I thought you'd have helped me!" she blazed at him.

With that she ran out and left the two men staring after her.

BLUE rubbed his nose thoughtfully, and looked quizzically at Marsh.

"Took it badly, didn't she?" he commented. "Pulled your nose for you, too. Lord, these women!"

"It's hard lines for her!" said Marsh. "There's no use talking about it!" said Blue impatiently. "Lisa's the star, and whatever she wants she must have. You know the rule about this sort of thing as well as I do. I'm paying her eighty a week, and I've got to get it back. There's no argument about the thing at all!"

Marsh nodded.

"I suppose not!" he agreed glumly. "Still, it's rather unfair to Nancy!"

Blue made a gesture.

"I can't afford to lose Lisa just now!" he said. "She's had a rush of temperament the last week, and is just as likely to walk out on me as not—particularly as I believe the Frohberg Syndicate has made her a good offer. If she goes, who am I going to get to take her place? Every woman in her class is booked up, and I must have a headliner!"

"I understand!" said Marsh. "She's got you by the wool . . . Well, I don't wish her any harm, but I hope she gets corns on her vocal chords, fallen arches and housemaid's knee!"

Blue grinned.

"After her contract runs out, my boy!" he agreed cordially. "After her contract runs out!"

To outward appearances Nancy took her disappointment bravely enough, and even Barinoff, the tyrant, could find no fault with her, but to Marsh she was more than cool.

He tried to find an opportunity of talking it over with her, but they were both so busy that it was simply impossible. All he could gather was that she thought he had let her down, which he thought most unreasonable. Certainly she was rather a beginner at stage life, he thought, but she should have learned that it was no use quarrelling with one's bread and butter. The very fact that Lisa had determined to sing the confounded song should have made her give it up with more or less grace, and wait patiently for another chance.

The opening night seemed to rush upon them, and take them almost unawares. Nothing appeared to be ready. The paint on the new sets was scarcely dry. Few of the performers were word-perfect in their parts, and even the very order of the scenes was in doubt.

The last rehearsal took place on the very afternoon of the opening night and lasted until the gallery patrons were already queuing up, and a novice would have said that it was impossible to show that night; the best thing Blue could do was to admit it and put up a notice to that effect on the box office.

Even Marsh, used as he was to the apparent chaos of dress rehearsals, wondered how the show would go.

The material was up to the mark, and the songs, if he did say so himself, were excellent of their kind, but it seemed to him that the whole thing had been too rushed to go smoothly. Besides, there was thunder in the air, and lightning, too, for Lisa was playing up as only she could do it. The lights, the songs, the ballet, everything suffered from the rough edge of her tongue, and everybody's nerves were ragged.

Blue was in a fever.

If it were not that he had lost heavily on the late lamented "Pink Legs" and was trusting to the new piece to give him some financial leeway he would have cancelled her contract and put up with the consequences. But he knew the public so adored its darling that to open without her would be suicidal; she had him on toast.

Even when the tired and nervy company had at last rushed out to snatch a snack before curtain-rise it was doubtful whether Lisa would condescend to appear.

"Is Miss Lisa in the theatre?" asked Marsh anxiously of the doorkeeper when he got back from a hasty meal.

"Only just, as you might say," answered the cynical old veteran.

Marsh whistled softly; it certainly did not sound encouraging. However she was in the theatre and had evidently made up her mind to play. Things might turn out all right, after all. If the first few scenes were well received she might make one of her



"Where does Mr. Brown live?"
"Next door—about 20 miles from here!"

quick changes from storm to sunshine and settle down to work in harmony with the rest of the company. He hoped for the best.

When he took his stand before the orchestra he found the packed house that a new Blue revue always attracted.

Evidently Blue's public was cheerily willing to overlook the failure of the last piece, and welcome the new—if it were up to the mark.

If! Marsh had a sinking feeling when he thought of how things were back stage.

He raised his baton. The orchestra plunged into the overture and put it over with such tremendous aplomb that it received a great salvo of applause from the audience. It was an excellent beginning.

The curtain went up, and the show began.

THE first scene went off very well, and when Lisa, all sweetness and girlish shyness, made her appearance in the second, the crowd held up the show while it thundered its applause. She acknowledged it with a timid, tremulous smile which made Marsh long for her demise.

But even he had to admit that she put over her stuff very well indeed, and that the audience was of the same opinion was shown by its frenzied applause, which did not let up until she came back to give her encore.

As Marsh had written both her songs this was all to the good so far as he was concerned, and she sang them so well that he began to feel a little affection for her.

All went well during the first act. The curtain went up and down to the accompaniment of terrific applause. Marsh felt sure that "Well, I Never" would have a long run, and that the company would settle down to something like order before long. Harmony, he knew, could never reign so long as Mona Lisa headed the show; she was a natural storm centre.

During the interval he looked in vain for Nancy. There was an enormous crowd back stage. In theory nobody but those engaged in the revue should have been there until the last curtain, but in practice back-stage usually resembled a football scrum during intervals.

The second, and last, act opened auspiciously. The success of the first act had given heart to all the performers, and they were throwing themselves into the spirit of things and giving of the best. This spirit had transmitted itself to the orchestra, and the revue simply flowed along as all good revues should.

When the curtain went up on the Spanish scene, particularly beautifully done, Marsh was almost paralysed with amazement when, instead of Mona Lisa, Nancy May pirouetted on to the stage.

He wondered what on earth could have happened. Mona Lisa had gone off two scenes before apparently in good spirits, and there had been no hint that she would not reappear. Had she met with an accident? It seemed the only feasible explanation.

He forgot his perplexity in his delight at Nancy's performance. She was fine. He doubted if Lisa at her best could do as well, and that she had captured the audience he felt by that sixth sense theatrical people acquire. She sang so delightfully that the song had a fragrant freshness about it even to him, despite the scores of times he had played it and heard it played. Yes, he thought, she's got the goods. There was no doubt that she was destined to achieve stardom, and before long.

SHE received a tremendous ovation. Marsh could see that she was tremulous with delight as she took bow after bow. He tried to catch her eye and signify his pleasure in her performance, but, either by accident or design, she did not seem to remember that he was there.

She had to sing it again, of course, and she held up the show for some time; her place in the revue was assured.

Marsh was in a fever, which increased when Blue came on the stage after Nancy's exit, and announced with an exceedingly grave face that Miss Lisa had suddenly become ill and would not be able to appear again that evening. Miss Dorothy Dasher, her clever young understudy, would take her place.

Marsh scoffed inwardly at this; not for a moment did he believe Blue's story to be true.

After the last curtain he turned the orchestra over to his assistant and left the pit. Back stage he found an excited, milling throng, and almost the first person he met was Blue himself.

"Hello, Marsh," said that gentleman cheerily. "Your little friend did very well. She sings that song for the run of the show, and after that—well, we shall see. I believe . . ."

"For heaven's sake," Marsh cut in, "tell me what happened to Lisa?"

"Oh, just a little bother," said Blue airily. "She'd been throwing herself about quite a lot and giving no end of bother to everybody. After her second scene after the interval she came off the stage in a tearing rage about something or nothing and threatened to walk out. I had warned your protege to be in costume, so while Lisa and I exchanged torrid, nasty words off stage Nancy May walked on. That rather tore it, and Lisa went out of my life forever."

Marsh grinned; he sensed that that was not all the story.

"You're taking the loss of your best drawing card rather calmly, aren't you, Mr. Blue?" he asked.

"Well, you see, Marsh," Blue explained blandly, "I've been in touch with Violet Varco for the last week. She's been leading in 'Why the Hurry?' and it's gone up in smoke. No fault of Violet's, you know, for she certainly knows her business. A better draw than Lisa, too, and the same money. Lisa having broken her contract there's no chance of trouble from that direction—quite a good night's work." He suddenly became serious. "This is under your hat, young fellow; you know I trust you. Violet opens with the show on Monday."

"It's the best news I've heard for years."

"Those songs of yours have shoved you up the ladder quite a lot, my boy," Blue continued. "We'll have to go into that in a day or two, but I must be off. I'm throwing a party at midnight. Like to come?"

"Very much. May I bring a friend?"

"Certainly," said the entrepreneur cheerily. "Bring all your friends. See you there." He sauntered away, a man obviously pleased with himself and things in general.

Please turn to Page 39



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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS.

Conducted by EVE GYE

Filet Crochet Towel Borders ...are Charming

Here is a quaint but simple crochet pattern for you to work the white swan.

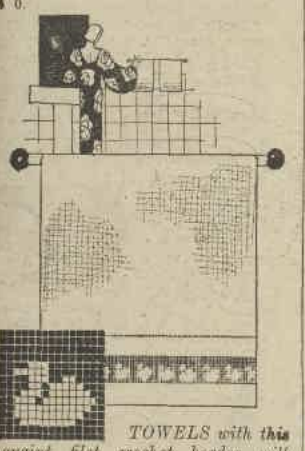
THE white swan motif is such a change from the average crochet design you see on guest towels, isn't it? I think it is very attractive and most appropriate. Use No. 60 mercer crochet cotton with a No. 4½ steel hook, and follow these directions:

46 chain.

1st Row: 15 0 (0 equals open mesh, which is made by making 3 ch. 1 tr. over 3 ch.). Repeat for 2nd and 3rd rows.

4th Row: 9 0, 1 s (s equals solid mesh, which is made by making 3 tr. into 3 ch., and 1 tr. to complete the square, i.e., when working groups of solids, 3 tr. will be allowed for each and 1 extra), 5 0.

5th Row: 4 0, 3 s, 8 0.
6th Row: 7 0, 5 s, 3 0.
7th Row: 2 0, 7 s, 6 0.
8th Row: 6 0, 7 s, 2 0.
9th Row: 2 0, 6 s, 7 0.
10th Row: 7 0, 6 s, 2 0.
11th Row: 2 0, 5 s, 8 0.
12th Row: 4 0, 3 s, 2 0, 4 s, 2 0.
13th Row: 2 0, 3 s, 1 0, 3 s, 1 0, 1 s, 4 0.



TOWELS with this quaint filet crochet border will intrigue your guests.



14th Row: 4 0, 9 s, 2 0.
15th Row: 2 0, 5 s
16th Row: 5 0, 1 s, 3 0, 3 s, 3 0.

Repeat from commencement for length required.

Turn each row with 3 ch.

By the way, this white swan design crocheted in coarse thread as a motif, similar to the enlargement shown in the illustration, could be used for attractive milk jug covers.

I would suggest you using No. 8 crochet cotton, and a No. 5 argosy steel needle for this.

Finish in the usual way with colored or white beads, according to the color scheme of kitchen or nursery.

THE TRANSFER and PATTERNS quoted on this page may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated at—

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.



THESE ARE actual photographs of Parisienne frocks for little misses, 2 to 5 years of age. Note the unusual sleeves to the flowered silk smock. How dainty for little rounded arms! The exquisite little affair of white crepe-de-chine can be copied in Jap. silk or fuji, quite easily, too. Copy them—even to the smocking. Transfer sheets with smocking dots are available. Price 4½d. each.

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No matter how difficult, how charmingly intricate it may appear to the average person, it is really ever so simple to do. Even the beginner need have no qualms about the results.

☆ ☆ ☆

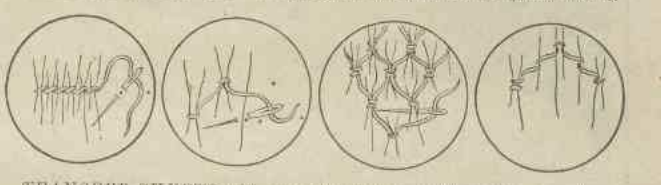
SMOCKING may be straight, or circular to fit the neckline, as exemplified in the adorable little French frocks illustrated, and delightfully worked in one or more colors.

Transfer sheets of smocking dots, measuring 10 by 20 inches, for smocking in the new simplified way, may be had for 4½d. each on application.

With these you can decorate, with quite a professional touch, wee tots' frocks, your summery blouses and frocks—combining any of the stitches shown in the diagrams.

Now, just a word about the two very Parisienne frocks illustrated: The smocking stitch used for the easily-to-be-copied little model on the right, is shown close-up fashion, in diagram No. 6, extreme right. Simple over and over stitch was used for the hem. Palest water green, the color chosen for the smocking, is just sweet against ivory.

The square-yoked little frock features a more elaborate combination of the stitches shown in colors to harmonise with the flowers. A pretty idea. Blanket stitch was used for the quaint sleeves.



TRANSFER SHEETS with smocking dots to enable you to copy these effective stitches may be had immediately on application. Price 4½d. each. Send for them and beautify your frocks, blouses, etc.

IN *the* INTERESTS *of*.... SMALL FOLK

—And in the interests of economy, mothers everywhere will delight in making these dainty and practical garments. Send for the patterns!

BABY'S jacket will most certainly interest the young mothers and mothers-to-be. Prettily scalloped, with ribbon bow and touches of hand embroidery, your babe will look his (or her) very best.

And how little girls from two to twelve years will adore having a dressing-gown to slip on early mornings!

WX69.—Baby's jacket, material required, three-quarters yard 30-inch. To fit size infants. Other sizes, half and 1-2 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.**

WX68.—Girl's dressing gown. Material required, one and seven-eighths yards 54-inch. To fit 6-8 years. Other sizes, 2-4, 4-6, 8-10, and 10-12 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9½d.**



DAINTY JACKET for baby and useful dressing-gown for girls 2 to 12 years. Note the smart collar and simple blanket stitch, which gives a smart finish. Patterns 9½d. each.

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Make this bag to match your frock

NEXT time you go shopping, buy ¼ yard of tailor's canvas, three-eighths yard of plaid (or any material you like), 9in. strip zip fastening, 1¼ yards binding, ¼ yard lining, then—

Cut a paper pattern, 10 inches long and 9 inches deep. Gently round off corners. Cut two pieces each of canvas and lining on the straight of material. Cut a strip for gusset, 21 inches long and 2 inches wide at centre, narrowing off at ends to 1 inch in plaid and lining.

Tack one piece of lining and canvas together, and machine a small pocket made of lining—about 3 x 4 inches—to this. Tack one piece of cloth to the work, sandwiching the canvas in the middle. Tack the pieces for the other side together in like manner. Now tack gusset strips together; sew this round the edges of sides with raw edge on the outside; machine all round. Machine the zip along top to cloth and canvas, carefully. Fell lining along the top, and bind raw edges.



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Let the mute appeal of thwarted ambition in the faces of the futureless boys be a reminder to every provident father of the possibilities that lie ahead of us all. The Prudential, the Empire's Greatest Assurance Institution, has devised a number of policies specially adapted to the needs of the parent who desires to make the future sure for his family, whatever his own fate may be. They are replete in their provision, and are secured by assets which exceed £263,000,000 sterling.

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The Gargoyle

Continued from Page 8

MAURICE was taken aback. Swiftly he recalled the conversation he had overheard upon the previous evening. The beam upon his ugly face wavered for an instant.

"That's dangerous ground," he ventured. "Is it a fair question?"

The old man looked about him, over his shoulder, and at the open french window of the sitting-room. Following the glance, Maurice could see a corner of the green lawn, and a profusion of beech leaves, rich and tender.

"To tell you the truth," said Mr. Pearson, in an undertone—"mind, I'm indiscreet—I'd rather it was anybody else. Eh?"

The Gargoyle's eyes gleamed. He was amazed at such indiscretion. But he had the sense to know that it was not vulgar indiscretion. It came direct from an appreciation of his own trustworthiness.

"But your daughter, sir?" he asked, in the same low tone.

"Pooh! A pretty boy. No mother. It happened a year ago. She's older now. She's older now. She's waking up to him, I think. They do, you know. They see through us—eh? Well, then, it's a question of fancy whether they stick to us or not."

"You think she'll throw him over?" The Gargoyle was aware of strange excitement.

"As soon as she sees a real man," answered Millicent's father, with his wide grin. "Don't you?"

CHAPTER X

IT was at this juncture that Everard's mother arrived. She walked straight in by the french window, as though she had a right there. Maurice saw an elderly dame in a flannel frock which hung about her as a sack might have done. He saw ugly arms, an eagly nose, and piercing eyes under a broad-brimmed youthful straw hat. Mrs. Manners was warm, as a result of her errand and her physical exertion. She came into the room abruptly, stared at both Mr. Pearson and the Gargoyle, and looked beyond them for Millicent.

"Oh, I wanted to see Millicent," she said, rather rudely.

"Out," answered Mr. Pearson, straightening himself and gazing ironically down at her. Maurice saw that Mrs. Manners would look more impressive seated. Here, upon her feet, she was dwarfed by the tall old man, and her massiveness took a great deal from her own height. "May I introduce my friend, Mr. Domayne? Mrs. Manners, our parson's wife. The mother of the young man you met yesterday, Maurice."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Manners again, staring at Maurice for the second time. "So you're the young man my son saw yesterday."

Maurice bowed. Mr. Pearson drew forward and patted a comfortable chair.

"Sit down," he said. "You're warm. You've come to ten, I dare say."

"I have not," said Mrs. Manners. "I've come to have a few words with Millicent."

"A few words! Tut-tut!" rallied Millicent's father. "Say them to me, Mrs. Manners. Say them to me. As a matter of fact, I'm glad to see you. I'd rather have seen your boy."

"My poor Everard!" exclaimed Mrs. Manners.

"Poor?" Maurice could not restrain the inquiry.

The effect upon Mrs. Manners of this simple ejaculation was electrical.

"Yes, sir, poor," she repeated. "As well you know." Her head seemed to twitch as she glared at him.

"Is he in trouble, then?" questioned Maurice.

"I decline to discuss him with you," said Mrs. Manners, haughtily. She turned away, and swept Mr. Pearson with her eyes. "I don't know if you have heard, Mr. Pearson, of the shock my poor boy has had?"

Before replying, Millicent's father interrogated Maurice with a mute glance. Maurice's face had taken on an amused expression, but he was not at all perturbed. Mr. Pearson's eyes gleamed.

"Dear, dear," he murmured, sympathetically.

"A shock" pursued Mrs. Manners, "which has been as great to myself."



"You are a henpecked little shrimp." "You wouldn't dare say that if my wife were here."

"And the cause?" questioned Mr. Pearson.

"This young man knows perfectly well what the cause is." Again her head twitched with excitement. Her face reddened.

"Greater to you, I'm sure," suggested Maurice. "After all, your son has only himself to blame."

Mrs. Manners appeared astounded.

"Blame?" she stammered. "You're very impudent, Mr.——"

"What is it? What is it?" demanded Mr. Pearson, testily.

"Mrs. Manners is naturally distressed," said the Gargoyle, pleasantly. "She has a very difficult task to perform. She has come to apologise to Miss Pearson."

"Apologise!" cried Mrs. Manners. "Certainly not!"

"Her son, she finds, has been carrying on an intrigue with another young woman while he is engaged to your daughter."

"Ridiculous!" interrupted Mrs. Manners. "Ridiculous! It's the contrary of the truth. Mr. Pearson——"

"And so Mrs. Manners has come up to make what apology she can——"

"Be silent, sir! Mr. Pearson. Poor Everard came here yesterday to see his fiancee—his fiancee—and upon entering the room discovered her in this—this young man's arms, kissing and being kissed by him. I have called for an explanation. Such a thing has——"

The Gargoyle interrupted her.

"Do you want the explanation?" he demanded.

"Come along, Domayne."

"Miss Pearson was choking——"

Mrs. Manners could not restrain her laughter.

"As you or any other lady might choke," persisted the Gargoyle.

"Really, Mr.——" cried Mrs. Manners, scornfully. "I should have thought you could have thought of a better explanation than that!" She pretended to laugh again.

"I wonder," said the Gargoyle, with great deliberation, "whether your son could give quite as good an explanation of the way he is deceiving a poor young village girl here."

Mrs. Manners became furiously angry. She grew crimson. She trembled violently.

"What young village girl?" she almost shouted. "I don't believe it!"

"I'll give him a chance to tell you her name," said the Gargoyle.

"Pooh!" cried Mrs. Manners, violently. "You can't do it!"

"I could. I won't. Ask your son."

"I never heard——"

Mrs. Manners rose impetuously to her feet. She was seething with rage. She could not complete her sentence. Instead, she caught her breath, took another, tried once more to speak, took a third breath, and at last, as if suffocating with all the emotions which this young man's coolness could arouse in a life-long tyrant, she most vehemently choked.

To one choke was added another. And another. Gasping frantically, and almost weeping with fright, Mrs. Manners put out a hand and clasped the first arm that was proffered. Her chokes grew deeper and deeper, like whooping-cough. They racked her. She stood choking and choking, at the same time holding tightly to Maurice's stout arm, gripping him with unconscious ferocity. The blood rushed to her cheeks, which grew darker and darker. Tears filled her eyes, which started from her head. It seemed as though she would never stop choking. As though she would die of choking. The horrors of suffocation were upon her. Never in the experience of any of these three had there been so overwhelming a fit of choking. It was voluptuous, regal, terrifying. Anxiously, both men gathered to her side, patting her shoulders and supporting her, looking at her and looking away, full of concern and helplessness.

And at that moment Everard himself appeared in the open french windows, as he had done upon the previous day. He stood transfixed with astonishment at the sight of Mrs. Manners in the embrace of two agitated members of the opposite sex.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, reproachfully. "Mother!"

Please turn to Page 39

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PILOT: Can you swim?
PASSENGER: About as well as you can fly.

The Gargoyle

CHAPTER XI

Continued from Page 38

A FEW weeks later, in the same room as that in which these events had taken place, Millicent was pouring out afternoon tea. She was wearing a pale blue dress which revealed deliciously the clear pink and white of her complexion. She held the teapot aloft in her right hand, while her left hand, ringless, rested upon the edge of the tray. Near her, in the chair which he had occupied upon the occasion of his first visit, sat the Gargoyle. But he did not seem to Millicent any longer to resemble a gargoyle. She felt that his very fine dark, humorous eyes dominated every other feature. They were full of laughter and full of nonsense. And laughter and nonsense, she now saw, were the most charming—and indeed the most valuable—qualities in the world. It was impossible to overestimate their charm or their value.

"Daddy isn't coming down to tea to-day," said Millicent. "He's not very well. He's resting."

"He's getting idle," said Maurice.

"Is it as nice tea as you get at the Crown?"

"Almost as nice," he teased. "Of course, Mrs. Howard——"

"Yes, I know she's perfect." A pretended frown crossed Millicent's face.

"This afternoon," proceeded Maurice, "as I was strolling up here, I ran into young Everard. That was what made me late. You know, although he's a puppy, he's not an absolute fool."

"No, I suppose not. Where was he going?"

"He didn't say. Out to Parrott's Farm, I suppose. He tells me that Mrs. Manners has given in over that."

"They're engaged? Oh, how good!" There was no bitterness and no pretence in Millicent's exclamation. But in a moment it might have been observed that she gave the smallest of sighs. Maurice was unaware of the sigh. He was busy with his own thoughts.

"It's an extraordinary thing," he said, at last. "Wherever I go, I seem to have an effect of some sort."

"You're very conceited," criticised Millicent, looking at him disapprovingly. "Very. And don't we all have some effect?"

"Perhaps." He nodded his head. "When I came here first, Mrs. Howard——"

"Oh, bother Mrs. Howard!" cried Millicent, laughing.

"And you——"

"What about me?"

"Well, you were engaged."

"Was I?" The hand resting upon the edge of the tray moved slightly.

"To Everard. Don't you remember?"

"I've forgotten," said Millicent.

"And now he's engaged to Nellie Rich. That leaves only you—and me—Millicent."

She made no reply; and the Gargoyle, as if discouraged, fell suddenly silent. With the quickest of glances, Millicent saw that he had become very grave. His expression was serious, his eyes were lowered. That grin, which she was beginning to find so subtly reassuring, was absent from his face.

A terrible constraint seized them both. It lasted—oh, endlessly. Until Millicent seemed to feel a little cold spot, which was her heart, sinking gradually lower and lower, and becoming heavier, heavier. Tears gathered behind her eyes; her smile was forced. She raised her teacup very calmly to her lips, to show that she was entirely mistress of herself; and she set the cup down again untasted, with her lips and her fingers trembling.

But just as she was beginning to feel like a little girl who is in disgrace, Millicent received an inspiration. It darted through her mind as quicksilver might have done. It was an inspiration that came straight from Mother Nature, who must have been hovering there in protection of her children. Millicent, in fact, reached out her hand and took a piece of cake. Nothing in that, you will say. It is done every afternoon. But listen! It was not the same cake as that one which had produced the earlier catastrophe, but was the twin sister of that cake. It contained currants, and it crumbled. And Millicent, putting into her mouth a first piece of this providential cake, and very archly glancing during the process at the Gargoyle (but unseen by him), allowed herself shamelessly and deliberately to choke. It was not a very serious choke—not a choke such as Mrs. Manners had suffered, or even a choke such as Millicent herself—— It was merely a little cough or two, or at most three or four. And having choked once, she must needs choke again. In choking, she laughed.

It was nothing. Neither in point of time nor dangerousness was it anything at all. And yet the choke and her laughter brought warm blood into the Gargoyle's cheeks. It brought a light to his eyes. Slowly, slowly, from between her eyelashes, Millicent saw the grin return to the Gargoyle's face, and expand, and at last envelop him entirely. It was at this point that Millicent closed her eyes fast. Her little handkerchief was held close to her lips. She seemed almost to lose consciousness, even to fall into a dream. And in dreams, as all know, the strangest things happen—the strangest, most incredible, and at the same time (often enough) the most agreeable things. When next Millicent opened her eyes it was to find that she was no longer mistress of herself. By some miracle, Maurice's arm was drawn closely about her. She was pressed to his side. His ugly, gargoyle-like face, decorated and suffused with a grin of delight such as would have melted a heart of stone, was irresistibly near to hers. His eyes were so deep and so near that she could see herself drowning in them.

"Thank you," Millicent murmured, gratefully. "I—— Oh, Maurice!"

Mr. Pearson, who had changed his mind about coming down to tea, looked in at that moment through the french windows; but as he was a wise old man he withdrew quite hastily and in silence. It was a sacrifice to him to go without his tea; but he would have sacrificed more than his tea for the sake of his daughter's happiness. Indeed, as he sauntered about the garden, Mr. Pearson was smiling to himself as though a secret wish of his own had just been fulfilled.

(Copyright.)

Something Spanish

Continued from Page 36

MARSH searched diligently for Nancy May, and found her in eager conversation with Johnny Gurner. He cursed under his breath, and wondered just how far that affair had gone.

Suddenly she caught his eye, paused, and looked confused. Marsh was about to turn away when she came over to him.

"Please, Mr. Holden," she said gently.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"Don't make it so hard for me," she asked timidly. "I—I want to apologise. I didn't realise what I was asking of you, and I'm awfully sorry. Can you forgive me?"

"Why, of course," he assured her. "I know how you felt at having the song snatched from you when you had made such a success of it; I get all temperamental myself, sometimes. You certainly showed what you could do with it when you got your chance to-night. You're fine; just fine. I mean it."

"Really?" Her eyes glowed. "That's lovely. I hoped you would be pleased, although I was just too scared to look at you."

"I didn't know that you cared much about my opinion," he said, trying to appear casual.

"Of course I do," she said earnestly.

"Going to supper with Johnny Gurner, I suppose," he remarked apropos of nothing in particular.

"I don't think so," she said. "Milly arrived to-day, and I think they'd rather be alone."

"Milly?"

"His wife; my sister."

He gaped at her.

"Do you mean to tell me that Johnny Gurner's your brother-in-law?" he asked excitedly.

"Why shouldn't he be?"

"And is he the only matrimonial entanglement you have?" He was very anxious to know. "No husbands, fiances, or anything like that?"

"None whatever."

"Well, that's great." He beamed. "You see, I've got an idea; I'll write songs and you can sing 'em. How's that for a brainwave?"

"Splendid." Her eyes sparkled with mischief.

"Of course, we'd have to see a lot of each other if I'm to write stuff to suit your particular personality. You can see that?"

She nodded.

"That's good," he said, visibly relieved. "We'll get married in a week or two, then, and get right down on the job."

"Is that a proposal, Mr. Holden?" she asked, her eyes twinkling more than ever.

"Marsh, please."

"Very well, then, Marsh. Am I to consider that a proposal?"

"Of course. Would you like it in writing?"

"You're awfully funny." She was highly amused. "What on earth would you do if I took you seriously?"

"Do," he said. "I want you to. And your answer in the affirmative would be considered a great favor."

She contrived to look at him both appraisingly and provocatively.

"I suppose I might do worse," she said thoughtfully.

"Quite a lot," he told her, without any particular modesty. "There are a lot of wrong 'uns about—regular wolves in sheep's clothing—and I'd hate to see a nice girl like you throw yourself away on a bounder. Marry me, and get it over. After all, you'll have to marry somebody, so why not me?"

"It's quite an idea," she conceded gravely. "I shall give it my earnest consideration, Mr. Holden."

"Marsh," he corrected her.

"Marsh," she said gravely.

He wiped his forehead.

"Well, that's settled," he said with relief. "And now let's talk of something serious. Blue's giving a supper party and you're going as my guest. Wear something Spanish; you look wonderful—in mantillas and high-backed combs and things. Blue has practically promised you that Spanish scene for the run of the piece—I had to bounce him into it, as a matter of fact—and it won't do any harm to show him you can keep in character off the stage as well as on it."

"Oh, Marsh!" she cried delightedly. "Did he really?"

"I swear it."

"It's wonderfully kind of him—and of you," she said, in a seventh heaven of delight. "I don't know what I can do to thank you."

"Let me make a suggestion," he said eagerly. "Kiss me!"

"What?" she asked incredulously. "Here? Don't be absurd."

"It isn't absurd," he told her stoutly. "It's a grand idea. Do you think anybody would notice us in all this hubbub? And do you think anybody would care if they did?"

She saw his point immediately.

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THE Girl of To-day has many more difficulties to overcome than the girl of ten years ago, yet she is determined to make good, even in the face of world-changing conditions. She possesses courage and initiative to overcome her difficulties. The strenuousness of it all affects her nerves, gives her headaches—nerve pains — nervines—causes sleepless nights, and generally tends to lower her power of resistance.

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Human Story of Gratitude

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Dear Sirs, Wahgunyah, Vic.

I feel as if you were my best friend, as your marvellous 'ASPRO' does for me what nothing else has done—that is, dispels that very wretched feeling, accompanied with black spots and blurs in front of the eyes, which I suppose come to most women of my age (47-48). I was recommended Aspirin, but it fills my mouth with sour water, and makes me very sick—a thing which 'ASPRO' has never done.

We are a fair distance from shops, but I feel quite safe when I have 'ASPRO' in the house, and I would just say to all women between 43 and 50 years of age, that they need not dread this period, if they pin their faith to 'ASPRO.' I take one after each meal, and two on retiring, and feel well and able to work hard.

Yours in gratitude,
(Sgd.) Mrs. P. COOPER.

35Fb./33.

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Dear Sirs,

For years I have been a martyr to very severe Headaches. The pain was almost maddening.

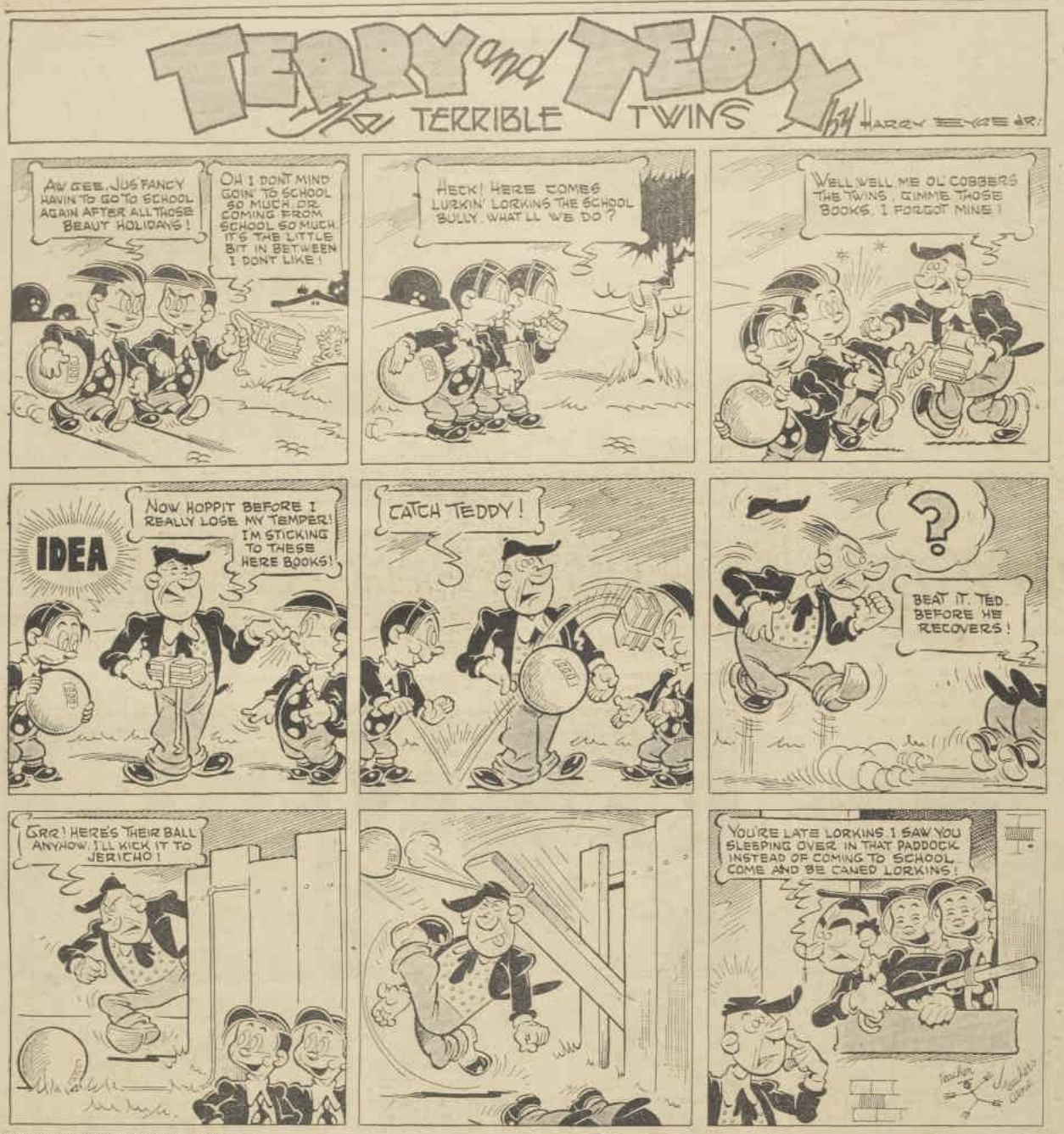
After these periodical attacks I was left very weak and unable to take food for some time. At last a friend (a returned soldier) recommended 'ASPRO.' I took two, and within ten minutes the pain had disappeared, and I was able to take my meals in the ordinary way.

I have used 'ASPRO' since with the same satisfactory result when attacks come on. Now they are less frequent and not nearly so severe.

Yours faithfully,
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FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

C. Marshall.

FRED and Wunderlust were sitting in a hammock on the wide verandah that encircled Mushroom Grove cottage. Both were gazing at the sky, and complaining about the terrific heat.

"I say, Fred, how about coming for a swim?" said Wunderlust at length. "I think it will be lovely and cool in the Crystal Lake."

"Yes; I'll come," said Fred, jumping out of the hammock.

They spent no time in getting to the water, and were soon to be seen splashing about in the lake.

Fred thought he heard someone, and casually glanced towards the shore. He was surprised to see a pretty little girl watching him. She saw that she had been seen, and beckoned Fred to come to her. Fred swam to the shore, and jumped up on to the bank. Then, when he came nearer to the little girl, he saw that she had been crying.

"Could you tell me where I could find Prince Willing? He's my cousin, and I want him to help me," she sobbed.

"I hardly think anyone can tell you that," said Fred, "for only last night I heard that he had completely disappeared. Wunderlust told me—that's my friend in the water—that he left this country with Princess Rosebud to be married in another land. So I don't think you have anything to worry about him," went on Fred.

"Oh, it's not him I'm crying about. It's my stepfather. He's going to blow up all his kingdom and turn it into a golf course. All his fairy folk will be homeless, and I know he won't be happy, 'cause when he does get his golf course made he'll get tired of it after a while and be sorry he turned all of us out," the girl said bitterly.

By this time Wunderlust had got out of the water, and was at the side of the little girl.

"Now, now, don't cry," said Wunderlust, "you know I think a hearty meal would do you good." In so saying he touched a mushroom that was growing



KING LEOPOLD

by the riverside, and it immediately turned into a table laden with all nice things to eat.

The little girl's eyes opened wide, and she looked at Wunderlust in utter amazement.

"Now, while we're eating, tell me all the sad news," went on Wunderlust, smiling, as he saw her little hand grab a nice big buttered bun. She soon told Wunderlust all that she had told Fred only a few minutes before.

"I think we should lose no time in getting to your stepfather. I'll get my aeroplane," said Wunderlust.

☆ ☆ ☆

AS they drove through the air, Wunderlust was thinking what he could do or say to prevent the King from carrying out his threat.

"Does your stepfather play tennis?" said Wunderlust, after thinking deeply for some time.

"For goodness' sake don't mention the word 'tennis' to him, or he'll blow us all up," answered the little girl.

"H'm, well, that's no good," said Wunderlust; "what about polo, can he play polo?"

"No; what is polo?" said the little girl. "We've never heard of such a game in our land. Do you need much land to play that?"

"Not nearly as much as to play golf on," said Wunderlust.

Just now they came in sight of King Leopold's kingdom (Leopold was the name of the little girl's stepfather), and clouds of smoke were rising from the centre of it.

"I think we're too late," said Wunderlust; "looks as if he's blown everything up."

"No; that's only the tennis courts burning," said the little girl, "he told me he'd start on them first."

As soon as the aeroplane landed, King Leopold was close by, storming at the intruders.

"I've only come to give you a horse," said Wunderlust, opening a side door in the plane, and letting a beautiful, shiny horse out. Fred and the little girl stood amazed. Where had Wunderlust got that horse from? But nobody knows what fairy men can do, do they?

The King was overjoyed at his present, and when Wunderlust explained how polo was played he forgot all about his threat to burn his kingdom down, and invited them to dinner.

(Another story about Fred next week.)

Just Chatter

DAPHNE PARKS, of Kogarah, writes clever verses; Syd Wilkins, of Croydon, likes reading jokes; Mavis Callaway, of Illingamite, lives on a dairy farm.

Dallas Hetherington, of Ballarat (Vic.) has recovered from her recent illness; Decima Kearney, of Double Bay, is fond of sketching; Mavis Needham, of Campsie, recently went to the mountains.



Here is Brian Power, of Bronte, who greets his pals with a smile.

Paul Rumballe, of Townsville (Q.) writes a very interesting letter; Valda Butcher, of Vaucluse, likes swimming; Rachel Boardman, of Smithfield, is 11 years of age.

Betty Phillips, of Leichhardt, likes writing poems and stories; Joyce Blackett, of Young, attends Young Intermediate High School.

Betty Jones, of Bendigo (Vic.), has 13 pets; Olive Stephenson, of Watson's Bay, is 14 years old; Leah Wright, of Ballarat East (Vic.) likes reading, gardening, and playing tennis; Doreen Mansley, of Waverley, is fond of swimming.

BERYL BUTLER, of Waverley, recently visited the zoo; Agnes Taylor, of Melbourne (Vic.) has a sleeping doll; Teddy Perry, of Bundaberg (Q.) has recovered from his recent illness.



Introducing Joan Longmore, of Marrickville.

Joan Spark, of Double Bay, a short time ago went for a trip to Melbourne; Kathleen Eartam, of Chatswood, is 14 years old; Lily Garcia, of Innisfail, does clever drawings; Billie Cosgrave, of Moree, does not like the hot weather.

June Wrigley, of Woolahra, writes clever verses.

Andree Blairon, of Killara, is only nine and can write a very interesting letter.

Dorothy Culliford, of Flemington, is fond of gardening; Mary Wells, of Bendigo (Vic.) is a keen tennis player; John Christie, of Ipswich (Q.), has a toy motor-car.

Candle-light

By Geoffrey Whimpey

I love to sit in candle-light,
Before I go to sleep;
And gaze into the starry night
Or watch the shadows creep.

I love to see the misty shapes,
That dance upon the wall,
Wizards old in flowing capes,
And elfin men so small.

A million dancing forms I see
In mellow candle-light;
They seem to take me o'er the sea,
To a land of pure delight.

But oh! what pain flies through my head
When soon I hear the shout,
"Now, Tommy dear, get into bed
And put that candle out!"

Prize of 5/- to Geoffrey Whimpey, 63 Darebin St., Heidelberg (Vic.), for this clever verse.

Connie's Letter

My Dear Pals,—

Now that so many of you are back at school I won't expect such long letters from you. I know that you have your studies, but I don't think they should prevent you from writing just a few lines to me, do you? I always like to hear from my pals, and the smallest letter is always very interesting to me.

Eunice Allares (15), Oxleigh Heights, Nambour (Queensland), wrote to me and told me all about the district surrounding Nambour. Her letter was very well written, and she wins the prize of 5/-.

"Mt. Buderim is noted mainly for its wonderful scenery," says Eunice, describing that particular mountain.

Well, good-bye, pals, until next week.

Cheerio,
From your Pal,
CONNIE.

FOR FUN & FANCY

AN absent-minded professor had been attending a lecture, and his thoughts were so full of the subject that he was more absent-minded than ever when he arrived home in the evening.

Entering by the back garden, he thought he heard the sound of voices from the chicken-run.

"Who's there?" he called out.

"Only we hens!" came the answer.

The professor scratched his head thoughtfully. "That's funny!" he murmured. "I could have sworn I heard someone!"

Teacher: Can any of you boys give me a sentence containing the word "fascinate?"

Boy: I have a coat with nine buttons, but I can only fasten eight (fascinate).

Prize Card to Allan Kirkwood, Cardiervale, via Allansford, Victoria.

SAY THESE QUICKLY

The sun shines on the shop signs.
She says she shall sow a sheet.
The sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep's sick.
Phyllis fell flat forward for fun.

Prize Card to Nita Nilon, Box 85, Forbes.

A GENTLEMAN who was giving a grand reception engaged a butler to announce his guests.

"Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones, Master Jones, and Miss Jones!" called out the butler, as he ushered in the first four arrivals.

"You must make your announcements shorter, James," said the host, taking his new butler to one side, "such as Mr. Jones and family."

As the next arrivals were Mrs. Penny and her three sons, he opened the door and shouted out, "Fourpence!"

Prize Card to Jean Eggleton, Speed P.O., Victoria.

What trees never grow on their own?—Pear trees.

When is a man like a piano?—When he is upright.

Prize Card to Annie Muir, "Kdington," Yalpeol.

Of what trade is the sun?—A tanner.

Why is a plum cake like the ocean?—Because it has many currants (currents).

Prize Card to Kathleen Ray, "Weranga," O'Connell Rd., via Bathurst.

BELOVED ALICE



A PEN picture of her as she appears in the forthcoming "Alice in Wonderland" picture. Color her with paints or chalks. A prize of 10/- will be given for the prettiest entry.

What is full of holes but holds water?—A sponge.

What is it that one can catch without running after it?—A cold.

Prize Card to Vera Harrison 42 Prince St., Grafton.

What is the centre of gravity?—The letter "v."

Why are soldiers like good flannels?—Because they never shrink.

Why are stockings like mice — Because they run into holes.

Prize Card to Marie Cleary, Hexham, New South Wales.

Guest (in country inn): How long have I to wait for the half of duck I ordered?

Waiter: Be reasonable, sir, until someone orders the other half. We don't go round shooting only half a duck, you know!

Prize Card to J. Wright, 111 Railway Rd., St. Peters.

What is the difference between a bad boy and a bottle of medicine? One is taken and shaken, and the other is shaken and taken.

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For LOVE *of a* LADY

Continued from Page 11

THE appointments were of the plainest, and only when his eye lighted on an ancient volume on the shelf of a small table did he feel a spark of hope rekindle in his breast. Picking it up he found it was a family Bible, and, opening it at the first page, he read:

"Robert Erskine, born Ross Shire, Scotland, 1860, married 1885 Mary Sybil, daughter of John Hedley, farmer."

"Sybil, born 'Karoo,' 1887."

This had been scored out, but, further down, and in fresher ink, were the words:

"Sybil, daughter of Robert and Mary Erskine, born 'Karoo' 1887, died in London, 1923."

Foxley, pondering on this short record, reflected that the old man must have heard of his daughter's death, and repented his harshness in erasing her name from the family record. It proved also that there must be a later will in which, no doubt, her child was bequeathed the property. But where was the document, and where the child?

With a muttered curse Foxley replaced the Bible and went in to dinner.

"I'm afraid," Mrs. York remarked as they sat in the drawing-room afterwards, "that you will find 'Karoo' rather flat. Being strangers in the district, we don't know anyone yet . . ."

Foxley, however, who expected to find his visit anything but flat, smiled.

"I am perfectly happy here with you and Miss Robin," he assured her.

"You'll soon get bored with us," Robin said, glancing up from the jumper she was knitting. "But how did you enjoy the library? Find anything exciting?"

"There are several first editions there that would fetch a good round sum at Christie's," he answered. "Your uncle . . ."

"Great uncle," Robin corrected him.

". . . Seems to have had a flair for collecting," went on Foxley; "how on earth did he come across them?"

"I don't know anything about him really," the girl said; "my father was his nephew, you see, and died when I was a baby, so I never even heard of him till the lawyers discovered me. He had one daughter, though, who eloped with an overseer and was never heard of again."

"Lucky for you," remarked the man.

He saw her fine brows come together in a quick frown, and realised he had made a mistake.

"But it does seem rather dreadful," added Robin, "to think she gave up this lovely home and broke her father's heart, and that I, a stranger, should have it. I feel quite guilty sometimes."

"She was advertised for very widely," Foxley declared; "I know I saw several notices in the papers. And I never dreamed that I should ever be a guest here at 'Karoo.'"

"He must have been a wonderful old man," Robin said, musingly. "Miss Porter, the housekeeper, told me he used to boast of having read 'Paradise Lost' ten times. It was his constant companion, she says."

Foxley, wandering about the room, picked up a photograph and looked at it abstractedly.

"I haven't read it since I was at school," he remarked casually, "but it's a wonder I didn't come across it in either the library or his bedroom."

"Miss Porter says it hasn't been seen since he died," Robin told him, "and it was a very rare edition, too . . ."

At that moment the wireless launched out into a dance programme and he came across to her.

"It's a pity to waste good music," he suggested, holding out his hand. "How about a dance?"

"I'd love it." Robin answered, standing up.

Mrs. York, watching them, sighed comfortably. How wonderful if she manoeuvred her charge into a marriage with a scion of the British aristocracy, and, incidentally, installed herself permanently here in "Karoo," for of course, Robin would never permit so true a friend to leave the homestead. After having steered her charge into the primrose path of matrimony the girl would naturally have some sense of gratitude. She smiled in blissful anticipation of endless luxury.

Meanwhile Foxley was not insensible of Robin's nearness, and he glanced down into the lovely face against his shoulder. Suppose he were instrumental in wresting her inheritance from her? Suppose he secured his thousand pounds payment for sending her adrift again, would he feel himself a Judas? In any event, it meant that one of them must fail, and he preferred that it should be Robin.

"Suppose," he hazarded casually, "the real heir ever turned up; what would you do?"

She missed her step, and frowned.

"Give 'Karoo' up at once, of course," she said quickly, "although it would nearly kill me. I love it so. Still, Mr. Thompson says they've explored every avenue and have interviewed countless people who said they had, what he calls, authentic information."

"I don't think," he remarked smoothly, "there's any need for you to worry."

At that she laughed easily and changed the subject, and, soon after, on the score of fatigue, he excused himself and went to bed.

ONCE in his own room, however, he showed no inclination to retire, but, taking out the old Bible, again he pored over the domestic record of the Erskines until such time as he was sure the rest of the household had gone to bed. Then, going into the library, he closed the door leading into the hall and resumed his search. Every book, every shelf, and corner were explored with devastating thoroughness; the knowledge that he had so little time at his disposal adding zest to his work. He knew that the lawyers had been over all this ground before him, but even legal eyes missed things occasionally, and he smiled grimly at the thought of outwitting the cynical Mr. Thompson.

"Paradise Lost" had been the old man's inseparable companion, and it had not been seen since his death; neither had the document signed by the housekeeper. He was pondering on these two facts as he turned out a desk when a sudden faint noise disturbed him. Flinging back the papers he opened the door and looked down the hall, but nothing met his anxious eyes there except the grandfather clock ticking on regardless of wills or villains.

Turning again to the room, he noticed a pencil of moonlight coming in through a break in the curtains. Going across to it, he looked out. Nothing there, but the garden wrapped in the peace of midnight.

He was a fool to be so easily alarmed. Who, in this remote country place, would be sufficiently interested to prowl about at this hour, peering through windows? Then he drew in his breath sharply and recalled the disturbing fact that Lane was five miles away. Suppose Robin had told the fellow that he, Foxley, was coming to "Karoo." Suppose . . .

With an exclamation of rage he turned off the light and went to bed.

The next morning, as Robin was driving him along the road, he asked carelessly where Lane was living.

"Over there," she answered, nodding in the direction of a large house in a distant paddock. "He brought me home the other day when my car broke down."

"Does he know I'm here?" Foxley inquired, lighting a cigarette.

"Yes, I told him you were coming for a three days' visit," she said unsuspectingly. "Don't you think the sunlight looks lovely on the gum-leaves?"

Please turn to Page 12

The Little Light

I stood upon a city's height
And saw a giant beacon light
Sweep all the arc of all the air—
And yet the wonder was not there;
Ten thousand little beacons bright
It was that made the city fair.

The light above was very grand;
But at my feet lay fairyland,
Each jewelled line some little street,
Each little lamp a cottage neat,
Perhaps a lantern in some hand
To light the way for someone's feet.

The little kindnesses we do
May help to bring a brother through.
It is not given us to lead
Some land, some party, or some creed,
And yet they serve a little, too,
Who only serve some little need.

—S.T.



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WHAT

shall I have for Dessert to-night?



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★ *Chocolate Junket with Bananas.*

1 Hansen's Junket Tablet, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 quart milk, ½ cup cream, 1 dessertspoon powdered sugar, bananas. Dissolve cocoa and sugar in a little hot milk. Make junket as instructed on tube. Add dissolved cocoa and sugar. Pour into dessert glasses and chill. When ready to serve, add sliced bananas and whipped cream.

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For LOVE *of a* LADY

Continued from Page 41

BUT Foxley was not interested in gum-leaves, all that mattered to him was Lane's nearness and the mysterious noise that had disturbed him the previous night. He cursed the girl silently for telling the other man of his visit, and felt an overwhelming longing to dispossess her of the fortune she was enjoying with such childish innocence. He longed passionately to flaunt his authentic information in Thompson's face and see Robin return to the obscurity from which she had come, but both laudable ambitions seemed at the moment unlikely to be fulfilled.

"I suppose," Mrs. York remarked at lunch, "we could not persuade you to stay a little longer?"

He saw her glance at Robin, and noted the girl's rather forced support of the invitation.

"I'm afraid not," Foxley answered politely. "I've booked my passage for Saturday."

The old lady clicked her teeth impatiently as she saw her fond hopes falling.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," she remarked cryptically, and her companions not being able to think of a suitable answer made none.

"Anyhow," Foxley said after a pause, "I have to thank you both for my first, and probably only, experience of station life."

He reflected bitterly on the futility of the visit, and hated with consuming passion the man who had stolen into his cabin and rendered his effort at securing the reward abortive, bitterly reproached himself for not having accused him openly of common theft, and shamed him before the two women. Listening to Mrs. York's futile chatter about commonplaces and Robin's half-hearted answers he felt an overwhelming longing to throw his cap over the windmill and then and there denounce the girl as an interloper. The thought of her embarrassment at such an action gave him a meagre satisfaction, but he checked himself and made agreeable conversation until night came, and he could continue his search.

BY Wednesday night he had resigned himself to the inevitable and admitted defeat. No inch of the library or bedroom had been left unexplored, and judicious questioning had told him that Robert Erskine rarely went up to the next floor, which contained only the women's sleeping apartments. But the dining and drawing rooms still remained, and he decided that when the others had retired he would continue his task there. By some means, human or otherwise, he would wrest the secret from the old house and force it to yield up the document that meant so much to him . . . and to Robin.

He waited until "Karoo" homestead lay wrapped in midnight silence, then creeping out of the library he stole into the drawing-room, closing the door behind him. Its smug air of security seemed to jeer at him, but he was in no mood for vagrant impressions. Only to-night remained for him, and after that Robin would be in undisturbed possession.

Going over to the Buhl table he took out the contents of its drawers—letters, programmes, papers of all kinds, but nothing to interest him, and he turned his attention to the bookshelves with the same result. Apparently Erskine had furnished them with light literature suitable for feminine guests. Finally, with a gesture of despair, he turned to the door, looking back at the dignified room which had resisted his efforts to disturb its serenity.

With a growing sense of failure Foxley made his way stealthily along the hall to the dining-room, and here the same air of assurance met his panic-stricken eyes. Thompson, no doubt, had turned out the writing desk, but he did the same and flung the stock reports and agricultural catalogues back with a curse. With a nervous gesture he looked at the curtained windows, remembering the sound that had disturbed him the first night of his visit. Then going across to the mantelpiece he opened the back of the clock, peered into the tobacco jars, lifted up the large ornaments. Nothing. He felt a physical desire to wreck the pleasant comely room.

He was gazing unseeingly about him when his eyes lighted on the leather cushion of a large shabby chair in a corner near the fire-place—essentially a man's chair, shabby and rather shapeless. The one no doubt the old man sat in, for the rests were scarred with tobacco burns, and the back showed a hollow worn by much usage.

Going over to it he thrust his hand down between the upholstery and the woodwork, and felt some object wedged firmly into the crevice. He pulled it out and looked at it.

"Paradise Lost."

A cover had been stitched over the original one, and as he opened it with trembling fingers he detected the edge of paper protruding slightly. Hardly daring to breathe he ripped off the cover and found two sheets of a letter. Carrying it to the table he steadied his shaking fingers and began to read them. The first one was dated 10 Bellairs Square, December 30, 1923.

"Dear Father, I hardly dare write to you after all these years, but I feel very ill to-night and want to tell you how bitterly I regret the great wrong I did you in marrying John Morton. He was killed in France in 1918, and I have been wandering about England with my son since then, and only came back here to John's sister a few days ago. She has been so good to me always, but is getting old now, and I want my boy to come back to his mother's home if you will have him. You were right about John, and my life with him has been one long agony and shame, but I loved him. . . Be good to Gilbert for he has never known a father's love, does not even know his name, as I have called myself Lane since John disgraced his own. Think then of him as an Erskine, and of me as always your loving daughter, Sybil."

Gilbert Lane!

The name danced before Foxley's eyes, but he forced himself to read the next letter. This was written in a man's hand and dated some months later from an address in Lincoln's Inn.



BURGLAR: I don't want your life. I want your money. RICH WIDOW: I thought so. You're just like all the rest.

"Dear Sir,—The enclosed letter was found among the effects of my client, Sybil Morton, who died recently. I regret the delay in forwarding it . . ."

But Foxley was not concerned with the legal gentleman's regrets, his attention being riveted on the few lines scrawled in fresh ink at the foot of the page.

"I, Robert Erskine, hereby revoke all previous wills, and leave all I die possessed of to Gilbert, son of my daughter, Sybil Morton, known as Lane. Dated December 10, 1932."

Foxley stood for a moment dumb. Even the stupendous fact that he had found the missing will paling before the more staggering one that Gilbert Lane was the old man's grandson. Then why had he stolen into his own cabin that night on the boat, why had he allowed himself to be branded a thief, why did he not declare himself instead of living as a jackaroo five miles away from his own property?

Suddenly as he stood there going over the amazing problem he heard the sound of a door being wrenched open and steps cross the room; the next instant the papers had been torn out of his hand and he met Lane's blazing eyes.

"You devil," the other man exclaimed furiously. "But I've got you at last." At the sound of his voice Foxley recovered himself and made a desperate effort to retrieve the papers, but Lane was too quick for him.

"So," he went on, his voice a dead level, "this is why you never dared accuse me of stealing your papers. This is why you've been Roberta Erskine's guest. From the moment I saw you going through her cases in the Cairo train I knew you were a cad. Then when you came into my room I knew you were a thief, and when I read the letter on the blotting paper to your wife I realised what it was you were after. This will," he flaunted the paper before Foxley's angry eyes.

"I've watched you every night since your arrival, going through your hostess's property, and now you've found what you were after it's no use to you . . . or to me either," and as he spoke he tore the papers into fragments, scattering them on the floor.

Appalled, Foxley watched him, then sprang forward, hate and fury in his face.

"What are you doing, damn you," he shouted. "That is old Erskine's will . . ."

"I know it is," answered Lane smoothly, "and I'm his grandson . . ."

"Then why . . ." began Foxley, dazed.

"We're out of this," Lane told him. "You and me, too, Foxley. You because I've destroyed your authentic information, me because I love Roberta too well to rob her of her inheritance."

He did not speak theatrically, but with a deadly calm which struck the death knell of the other man's hopes.

"So you romantic fool," he sneered. "You're willing to give up 'Karoo' for love of a lady."

"Yes," Lane answered. "Just that. Her happiness means more to me than anything, and so far as I am concerned she will never know Erskine had a direct descendant."

He turned as he spoke to the door, and, as he did so, came face to face with the girl, who had entered unobserved.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded, looking from one to the other.

"This fellow," Foxley said quickly, "has just broken into the room and destroyed a valuable document" he glanced venomously at Lane as he spoke as though challenging him to defend himself. "Your grandfather's last will."

Roberta's face whitened, and she steadied herself against the table.

"Is that true?" she asked, trying to control her voice.

"Yes," Lane answered, "and you are at liberty to detain me here and report the matter to the police."

She was silent a moment as though endeavoring to take in what this new revelation meant, then turning to him she made a dignified little gesture.

"I shan't do that," she answered, speaking tonelessly. "But go now. I never want to see you again."

"Very well," Lane said, walking toward the window, "but I just want to say before I go that this man," he made a contemptuous movement in Foxley's direction, "has gone through every drawer in your house since his arrival. I have watched him each night . . ."

The girl gave a bewildered look from him to Foxley and passed her hand across her eyes.

"Why . . .?" she began slowly.

"Ask him," Lane interrupted. "I am going now," and with that he stepped out of the window and disappeared.

Roberta watched him go, feeling that a vein had been opened releasing her life-blood. Foxley watched him go, too, and then looked down at the fragment of papers scattered on the floor.

"The fool," he shouted in an access of frustrated rage. "The mad fool. He is Robert Erskine's grandson, and the will he destroyed left 'Karoo' to him unconditionally."

The girl caught her breath.

"Did he know that?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes."

"Then why did he destroy it . . ." but as she spoke a new light dawned in her eyes.

"He did it," Foxley answered with concentrated malice, hating this girl even more bitterly than he hated Lane, "For love of a lady . . ."

But Roberta did not wait to hear any more. Running to the window she jumped out.

"Gilbert!" she called into the clear empty night. "Gilbert!"

There was no answer, but down by the gate she saw a figure pause an instant, then hurry on, and with a little sobbing cry she followed, cutting her slippers on the rough gravel, tearing her dressing gown on the rose bushes.

"Gilbert! Wait for me. You must . . ."

But the tall figure went inexorably on, and she ran swiftly after it, her breath coming in hard, panting gasps.

"It's Robin, Gilbert."

The urgent plea in her voice reached him and he slackened his pace a little as though unable to resist it. Then she caught his coat.

"Foxley has just told me," she cried breathlessly, "that you destroyed your grandfather's will. But it doesn't matter if you have. 'Karoo' is yours . . . I don't want it."

He looked down into her dark eyes shining clear and beautiful in the moonlight.

"It is yours," he said gently. "That paper was the only authentic record of Erskine's grandson, and no one will ever know"

"I know," Roberta told him. "Gilbert, why did you do it?"

"Can't you guess?"

She did not answer and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

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HARD FOUGHT SETS
In Championship Finals

By JOAN HARTIGAN, winner women's singles and mixed doubles championships of Australia.

FOR the finals of the Australian championships on Saturday, the courts were rather slippery as a result of the light showers in the early morning.

There was a large attendance and we all felt that we were playing to an enthusiastic and keenly interested gallery.

THERE were quite a number of surprises during the last few days of the tournament. Many expected Mrs. Westacott, the No. 3 seeded player, to reach the semi-final of the singles with ease. She was defeated, however, in the quarter-final, by Miss Muff Wilson, who proved that her win against Miss Le Messurier, the S.A. player, the day before, was no chance win. Miss Wilson, the present holder of the country women's singles championship, has recently returned from a trip abroad, and has greatly benefited from play in overseas events. She is a very sound player, being strong in both forehand and backhand.

Mrs. Molesworth played excellently to defeat Miss Hall with the loss of five games. Her service and backhand were outstanding among the women players. Miss Hall, on the other hand, was far from being at her best, and she appeared to find the heat very trying.

Miss Bickerton, who recently won the singles title in New Zealand, proved superior on the day to Miss Alison Hattersley, who was inclined to be very erratic. In the other quarter-final, I played and defeated Miss Una Valkenberg, who partnered me in the doubles.

Excellent matches marked the semi-finals, the one between Mrs. Molesworth and Miss Wilson, the other between Miss Bickerton and myself. Mrs. Molesworth was extended to 7-5 in the first set, and 6-4 in the second. Miss Wilson played splendidly, and was rather unfortunate not to take a set. Miss Bickerton was not at her best against me, repeatedly missing on her forehand.

The final of the singles between Mrs. Molesworth and myself was much closer than the scores indicate, there being ten deuces called in one game before I eventually won it. Mrs. Molesworth is very attractive to watch playing, and as she hits the ball hard and cleanly, is very nice to play against. I thoroughly enjoyed our match.

Mrs. Molesworth and Mrs. Westacott, who have won the Australian doubles title on two occasions, are again the holders this year, defeating Miss Valkenberg and myself in the final.

In the semi-final they proved too good for Misses Chitty and Lewis. Miss Valkenberg and I had a good win over Misses Bickerton and Hall.

Mrs. Westacott was the outstanding player in the final. Miss Valkenberg and I took the first set at 7-5, mainly due to Mrs. Westacott's mistakes at the beginning of the match. From then on she played fine tennis, rarely missing a shot. Overhead she was very severe, being easily the best girl in Australia in that department of the game.

Mrs. Molesworth gave her very sound support. I think we played well, but had to bow to a superior pair.

There were some very interesting matches in the mixed doubles. Ray Dunlop and Mrs. Westacott scored a great win against Harry Hopman and Miss Hall (who were seeded No. 1) in one semi-final, while Gar Moon and I had a great struggle against Aubrey Willard and Miss Hattersley in the other semi-final, the scores being 13-11 and 8-6 in our favor.

In the final, Gar Moon and I had a win from Ray Dunlop and Mrs. Westacott. Mrs. Westacott played well, but Ray Dunlop could not produce his form of the previous day.

Miss May Blick reversed the result of her Wilson Cup match with Miss Nina Vickery by defeating her in the final of the junior singles championship of Australia—a very fine win. Misses Blick and Vickery are Australia's two most promising juniors, both possessing good all-round style.

Miss Blick is one of the fortunate ones to be helped along by Mrs. Harper, who deserves great credit for the wealth of junior players in Victoria. Miss Vickery is at present handicapped with a very poor service, which she should concentrate on improving immediately. These two attractive girls are sure to go a long way further.

Misses May Blick and Truda Cox were favorites for the junior doubles, but were defeated by the two N.S.W. girls, Misses Edna McColl and E. Crystal. Misses Vickery-Greenwood were also unexpectedly defeated by Misses Parsons and Stevenson.

The final match was a great struggle, the N.S.W. pair winning in the third set, the two outstanding players being Miss McColl and Miss Stevenson.



MISS JOAN HARTIGAN

CRICKETERS
Be Careful!

By RUTH PREDDEY

RECENTLY in a first-class women's cricket match in Sydney a bowler was penalised to the extent of five runs as a result of carelessness.

In running to the crease to deliver the ball, the wind blew her cap off so that the batsman, in gently tapping the ball back to the bowler, caused the ball to lodge in the cap. The umpire had no option but to award five runs to the batting side.

The bowler, probably, had no desire to hold up the game while she retrieved her cap, and also, no doubt, considered it a million to one chance that the cap would be hit in such a large area of ground, but as cricket is a game of uncertainties it is always advisable not to take any risks, no matter how small.

Blazers are frequently left lying about the outfield, and it is the captain's duty to hold up the game while the player responsible for the leaving of her coat or hat removes it to a place of safety. In the words of a well-known player, "If you must field the ball with your hat be sure your head is inside it first."

* * *

CAPTAINS have all the responsibilities to bear as regards the members of the team. Onlookers are only too anxious to transfer any blame from a member of the team to the captain.

To stand out in the hot sun, remember the number of overs that are bowled; how the batsman treated certain bowlers; if a ball bowled high on the leg side will tempt the batsman to send a catch to fine leg; will the fieldsman at fine leg be capable of taking a running catch if it comes her way; how many runs are needed for the opposing side to win; are a few of the matters that a captain has to think out.

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COUNTRY *Cricketers Have* IMPROVED

With the conclusion of country cricket week, women cricketers and their supporters are eagerly anticipating the announcement of the team which will be selected to represent New South Wales in the matches against Queensland and Victoria at the Sydney Cricket Ground, commencing on February 15.

The team to represent Queensland is announced. Players from the northern State will again be captained by Kath. Smith, who has been a member of every interstate team to play for Queensland.

Last week the State selectors of the Women's Cricket Association established something of a record in selecting nine teams—six from the first, second and third grades in the metropolitan area, and, with the country selectors, Mesdames Evans, Emery and McDonnell, three representative country teams.

The players from Newcastle and Illawarra have improved to such an extent in batting, bowling and fielding that the final choice was obviously difficult.

Both the Newcastle and Illawarra I teams were equal in points at the finish of the matches and the premiership had to be decided on averages. Illawarra I followed up their success of 1931, in which season they were the premiers.

The most outstanding and also most improved player during the week was Ruby Monoghan. Her 44 against Newcastle, and her 41 for the Combined Country team were made with powerful and forceful shots.

Bendyke, Lamont, Mason, Gilmore and Marks all gave bright batting displays, but the country bowlers were not so fortunate. There is a great difference between bowling on turf and a matting wicket, and, in view of the fact that all the interstate and international matches will be played on turf, it is necessary for the country bowlers to get as much practice as possible on wickets of this kind.

The country girls proved that they are now a factor to be considered in interstate selections. It would not be surprising if several won their right to recognition by the State selectors this year.

* * *

THE Queensland Women's Cricket Association has announced its team to take part in the interstate matches to be played in Sydney next month.

Kath Smith, the brilliant all-rounder, will captain the team. This player has represented Queensland in all interstate matches. Joyce Brewer will be vice-captain. The rest of the team will include P. Clayton, D. Brewer, J. Brewer, M. O'Sullivan, Q. Mateer, E. Doolan, O. Attwood, E. Crouch, I. Barnett, B. Webb, N. Whillans.

Mrs. Waldron, the popular Queensland secretary, who also holds the position of secretary of the Australian Women's Cricket Council, was elected manager again.

The New South Wales selectors, Misses Peden, Shevill and Preddey, will select the New South Wales team within the next few days, and the team will be announced at the association meeting at the Y.W.C.A. on Tuesday night.

ANNUAL MEETING

THE annual meeting of the Illawarra Suburbs Lawn Tennis Association Ladies' Mid-week Competition was held at the School of Arts, Kogarah, on Monday.

Mrs. Campling, president, Mrs. Mathews, secretary, and Miss Thacker, assistant secretary, proved so popular during the past twelve months that they were re-elected unopposed.

An alteration was made in the grade committee. Hitherto this committee has been representative of the grades partaking in the competitions, but the meeting voted that the members should be district representatives, and Mesdames Mooney, Ward, Baxter, Harris, Murrell and Crawford were elected to fill the position as a grading committee.

In the recent summer mid-week competitions 308 teams competed, and it is anticipated that a still larger number will enter for the winter competition. Mr. Short, the secretary of the Illawarra Lawn Tennis Association, in a brief address, said he was sure that this mid-week competition was the largest in Australia, if not in the world.

The entries for the winter competition will close on February 17, and play will commence on March 8.

WHY NOT WOMEN *On Australian* TENNIS COUNCIL?

That the interests of women tennis players are not at present given the consideration they warrant is a matter which is occasioning some concern.

"Give us Commonwealth representation and we will take Commonwealth responsibility," says Mrs. Roland Conway, councillor to the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association.

UNDER present conditions, N.S.W. is the only State in which women officially have a voice in the conduct of the season's programme. In 1928, as a result of gathering dissatisfaction among the women players, Mrs. Conway, Mrs. G. S. Warburton, and Miss Nell Lloyd were appointed to the council. The fact that they have been re-elected each successive year since their appointment speaks volumes for their achievements.

But in Victoria and in Queensland there has been no such move. Women players have still to abide by the decisions, or suffer the neglect, of the men's committees.

Reviewing the present status of the women players in both these States, the position is indeed an anomalous one. In Victoria, Mrs. Harper, who will be remembered in tennis circles throughout Australia as Sylvia Lance, has afforded tremendous encouragement to the junior girls. She has coached them regularly, and the fruits of her efforts have been apparent in the play of the Victorian entrants in the junior singles and doubles events at the Australian championships completed last week.

Mrs. Molesworth's efforts on behalf of individual members, and of the welfare of the association in Queensland, are well-known, and have been applauded for a number of years.

Yet neither of them is granted a voice in the direction of activities in her own State. Both are exceedingly fine players, as was evidenced at the championships and each has obvious executive ability.

Until women have been recognised and appointed to the councils in other States representation on the Australian Council must remain a mirage in a desert of frustration.

Are the men too blind to see what could be accomplished if they will officially recognise the many advantages that would accrue were they to deliver into the hands of women officials the responsibilities of the women players?

A striking example of what may be done is afforded by the members of the Swimming Association. This association, with which is affiliated the women's association, wisely delegated to Mrs. Chambers and her stalwart assistant the conduct of the recent carnivals.

MRS. F. J. DAVY, secretary of the Australian Women's Hockey Association, in her effort to arrange a Pacific hockey tournament, has discovered that there is a hockey team belonging to the Tokyo Women's Training College, and another at the Seijo Girls' School, Japan. Cyprus Island is another hockey centre which has been in communication with Mrs. Davy.

At the present time Miss Joyce Cooper, British champion, has been brought to Australia at a cost of £400. She will tour the country extensively, receiving first-class accommodation both on the journey and during her stay.

For her exhibition swims in country centres, clubs will pay appearance money and, before the invitation was sent, financial clubs guaranteed certain sums to assist in defraying expenses.

Actually the entire tour has been arranged and directed by a women's committee, and to the secretary, Mrs. Chambers, the major portion of the credit is due. From the initial step of providing the necessary finance to the detailed direction of the carnivals, there has not been a hitch.

Yet it is probably safe to state that there are more women tennis players in the metropolitan area in Sydney alone than there are women swimmers throughout Australia.

Carping criticism of the methods employed at the recent championships will not assist the situation, but constructive enumeration of the obvious discrepancies will serve to show just what women could accomplish.

In the first place, there was not only a great deal of difficulty in procuring umpires for various matches, but championship matches were played without umpires.



MRS HARPER, whose coaching of Victorian juniors is deeply appreciated by the association.

There was some discussion of the calling in the men's matches and no little dissatisfaction at many of the linesmen's rulings. These things are unfortunate and not always avoidable, but the absence of an umpire in the quarter-finals of the women's doubles championship of Australia is a fact that is not easily believed and should certainly not have been allowed.

During the extremely hot weather in which many of the matches were played, Dr. Hone, from South Australia, asked in no uncertain voice just why he could not get cold water to drink between sets.

* * *

IN reply to a query as to why women had not appeared as umpires, Dr. McElhone, president of the Umpires' Association, replied, "They are too lazy, they would not do it." This with a smile, after which he added more gravely, "anyway, their voices would not carry."

If this can be taken as the general view held by the officials, then they are greatly mistaken in their premise.

In New South Wales, where the women players have women representatives on the council, women conduct their own badge matches, and there are many women qualified to act as umpires.

As regards the carrying quality of their voices, this would not be any drawback, for only the matches played on the exhibition courts before an audience would impose any strain. For these courts there are surely men available.

The Australian Tennis Council can derive the greatest benefit by granting representation to women, and the first step towards this desirable finale is the appointment of women to the respective State bodies.

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